THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1913

WINNIPEG, CANADA

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Blue Ribbon Tea. We assume all the risk when you buy a package of Blue Ribbon Tea.

If you are not perfectly satisfied with it—if you do not prefer it to any kind you ever tried—your grocer will refund you the full purchase price. If, as more likely, you appreciate Blue Ribbon Tea, you have made a valuable "find." We invite you to buy a package today.

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The Work is Pleasant and Easy and the Salary Generous

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If your income is limited, and if you will devote spare time to looking after the subscription work of The Western Home Monthly among your friends and neighbors, you can earn all the spending money you need.

In your town we need a representative to look after new subscriptions and renewals to

The Western Home Monthly

We will pay you, for part of your leisure time, a liberal commission and salary. Renewals count the same for you as new subscriptions. In the three months remaining before Christmas arrives, you can earn all you need, and more, to put your plans into effect.

Last year hundreds earned nice little nest eggs through answering a similar advertisement of ours. Your reply to this advertisement will not obligate you in any way. Address **Agency Division**

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Absolutely Pure and of Fine Quality

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

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is a delicious and wholesome drink

Made by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals, thus preserving the delicate natural flavor, aroma and color characteristic of high-grade cocoa beans.

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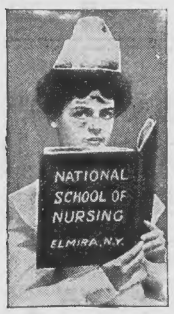

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Grocers sell it. If not, *write*

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV. Published Monthly No. 9.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is $1 a year or three years for $2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1,50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

Our Annual Day of Play

Saturday, August 2nd, found the big printing establishment on McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg, where The Western Home Monthly is produced, completely deserted. Principals and the army of employees had bade adieu to toil and care, and at an early hour were speeding merrily to Winnipeg Beach, where the excursionists, numbering about 700, gave themselves up, with splendid abandon, to sport and the many pleasure-giving attractions of the Beach. The photo group reproduced on this page will perhaps interest our readers, inasmuch as almost every one represented has some part in compiling the magazine as it passes through its many stages in course of preparation. Each year sees the staff greatly increased, men and women who are experts in the various branches of the printing art being constantly added. To give an idea of the variety of talent necessary to the proper equipment of a large magazine owning its own plant, it may be added that in the illustration will be found editors, writers, proof readers, advertising solicitors and writers, compositors, engravers, binders, lithographers, electrotypers, rulers, map makers, pressmen, artists, bookkeepers, stenographers, mailers, etc.

Promptly at 9 o'clock the long string of coaches pulled out of the station and before very long "everybody was friends with everybody." The excursionists included many children and their excitement and joyous anticipation was impossible to curb. The kiddies always seem to have a good time with us at the Beach but this year they seemed to enjoy themselves even more than usual. On arrival a game of football was played between two picked teams for the Toronto Type Foundry Cup. While this was going on, the ladies—God bless 'em—were busy unpacking hampers of large dimensions, and very soon the many long tables under the trees were laden with dainties which would have tickled the palates of the most finnicky epicure.

Despite the fact that some of the picnickers seemed to have been doing nothing else but eat all morning, the call for dinner was hailed with delight and half an hour later the depleted tables gave ample evidence of the fact that no one was on a hunger strike. Then, of course, came that popular diversion—washing up—and the men, fearing they might be in the way, very considerately withdrew a short distance and had a quiet smoke, so that their wives and sweethearts could work undisturbed.

At one o'clock a group was taken by our staff photographer and then the company repaired to the athletic field where the following programme of sports was pulled off:

1. 50 yards tots race, under 6 years.
2. 50 yards girls race, under 12 years.
3. 75 yards boys race, under 12 years.
4. Tie race.
5. 75 yards girls race, under 16 years.
6. 100 yards boys race, under 16 years.
7. 100 yards mens race.
8. 75 yards young ladies race.
9. Elephant race.
10. Potato race, ladies.
11. Thread and needle race.
12. 50 yards, married ladies race.
13. Pie race.
14. Kicking football, three kicks.
15. Throwing baseball for distance. Men to throw with the wrong hand, ladies with the right hand.
16. Special handicap for sports over 40 years. Handicapped according to weight and age, 100 yards dash.
17. Tug-of-war for Toronto Type Foundry Cup. Team of six.

These events were all very keenly contested and the large crowd of onlookers made the welkin ring by the cheers of encouragement for their favorites.

The elephant race, potato race, thread-the-needle race and pie race, were all excruciatingly funny and the curious predicaments in which the contestants constantly found themselves created roars of laughter.

Later on, the equatic events were held, and these too, were responsible for heavy entries, while a fashion parade by mutual entertainers on the pier, kept everyone in rare good humor.

After tea a very exciting baseball game was played between the ladies and the gentlemen, the latter receiving a severe trouncing at the hands of their fair opponents.

By this time the official programme being concluded, the excursionists were left to provide their own amusement, which did not seem to cause them much difficulty. Right up to nine o'clock in the evening the sounds of innocent revelry were heard on all sides, and it was a tired but happy crowd which eventually bade a reluctant au revoir to the scene of their day's enjoyments. The members of the firm were all present and heartily entered into the spirit of the day. To them and the committee in charge are due the thanks of all for a day which will long be remembered for its delightful associations.

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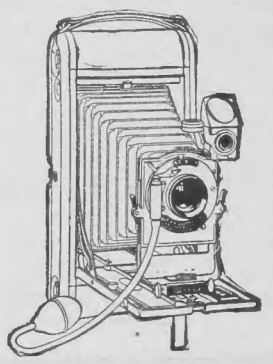

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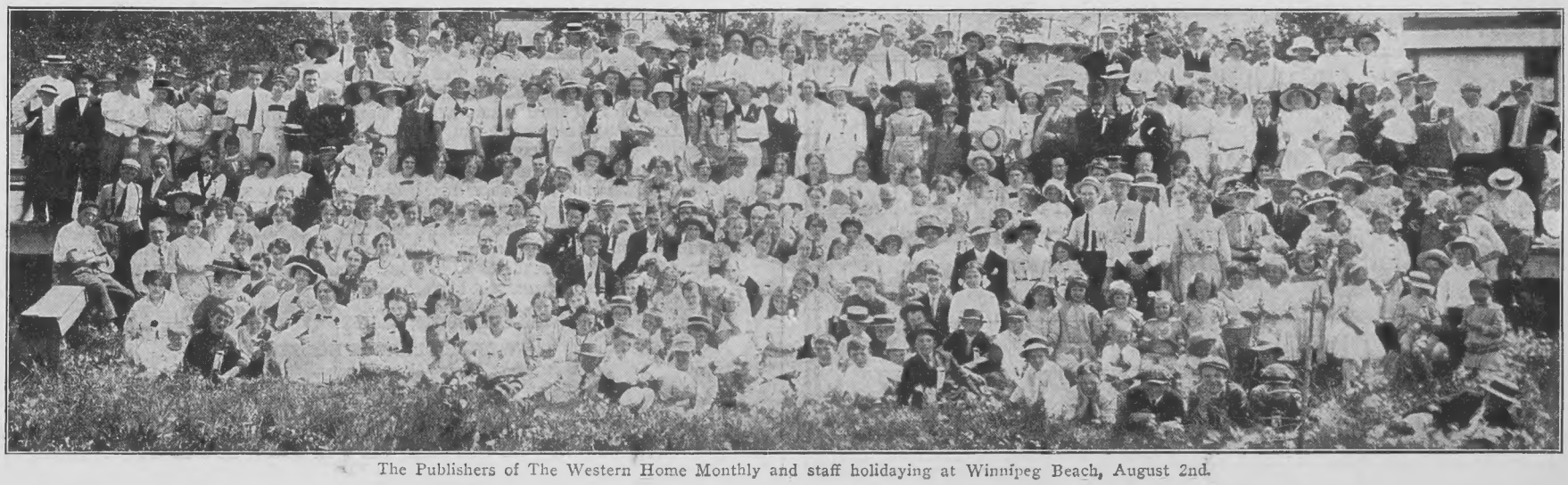

The Publishers of The Western Home Monthly and staff holidaying at Winnipeg Beach, August 2nd.

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Established 1865

Head Office - Winnipeg

Paid-up Capital $5,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits 3,300,000
Total Assets, over 70,000,000

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Collections made in all parts of the Dominion, and returns promptly remitted at lowest rates of exchange.

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As you, therefore, desire to have the very best service, and the best possible attention to your individual interests in turning your grain into money, **please continue to ship your grain to us,** and you will be certain to receive the highest possible price going at time of sale, besides prompt, intelligent and courteous attention in correspondence, accounts and statements. Keep in mind we are always prepared to make liberal advances on grain after it is shipped from country points.

In order that we may supervise the inspection of your grain and get the terminal elevator weights promptly, be sure and write on your shipping bills **"Notify Thompson, Sons & Company, Winnipeg."**

Address all correspondence and inquiries to

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Grain Commission Merchants

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WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER, Winnipeg - - $1.00
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg 1.00

REGULAR Price - - $2.00

SNAP OFFER

Both for One Year

$1.00

This offer does not apply to those living within the City of Winnipeg limits or in the United States of America. It holds good, however, to Great Britain.

.....1913

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed $1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and The Western Home Monthly to the following address for one year.

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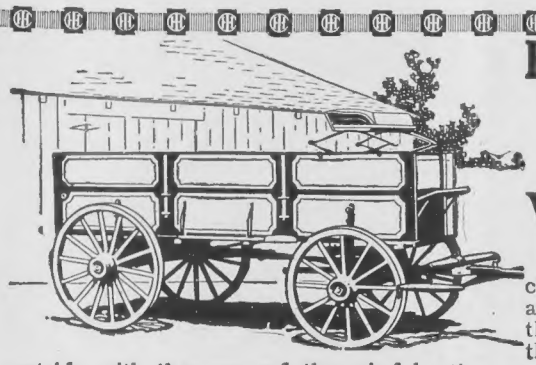


Endurance Counts Most

WHEN your sheds are full of machines and one or two are crowded out into the open, which is it that invariably stands outside, with the sun and the wind beating on it every day, drying and warping the wood, or with rain rusting the iron? It's the wagon. Other machines are stored away, but the wagon works the year around, is always under the strain of heavy burdens, always getting rough treatment. It can't stand the strain of such a life for many years unless, like I H C wagons—

Petrolia Chatham
Hamilton Old Dominion

it has built into it the utmost of endurance, toughness, and sturdiness. I H C wagons are built of wood of very best quality, every bit as good as they look. Examine them closely; you find no cross-grained knotty, split, or faulty timber. Every stick, oak and hickory for the wheels, yellow or bay poplar for box sides and long leaf yellow pine for bottoms, is selected from first grade lumber and carefully inspected. Every stick is toughened and seasoned by two or three years of air-drying. No brittle kiln-dried lumber is used.

All steel and iron parts are chosen with the same end in view—greatest durability and longest life. Experts test and verify every part. Before the wagon is ready for you it must pass many thorough inspections. The timber, metal, shaping and fitting, painting, every detail down to every brace and bolt, must be just right.

Buy one now, watch its steady service on your farm, and mark this—your future reliance will be on the I H C wagon. That future order is our ultimate aim. Ask the I H C local agent to show you the I H C wagon best suited to your needs. Get catalogues from him, or, write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

WESTERN BRANCH HOUSES:
At Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

The Dominion Fair at Brandon

THE DOMINION FAIR

Credit must be given to the Management Committee of the Brandon Exhibition. From a financial, an artistic and educative viewpoint, the Fair was a gratifying success. So again all due praise must be given to the Committee of Management. There are some other committees not so open to commendation, but they are feeling badly enough without any added rebuke.

The outstanding feature of the Fair was the display of stock. There are few places in the world where a finer exhibition could be made or a finer parade witnessed.

Western Canada may easily become, and doubtless will become, as famous for its stock as for "its wheat". It should be so. Three things in farming go together. They are complementary. These are grain-growing, cattle-raising, the growing of legumes. A farmer who depends on wheat alone must either buy artificial fertilizer or impoverish the land. He must get back into it what he is robbing from it. The easiest way is to grow peas and raise cattle. In too many cases men have sold a dollar's worth of phosphorous for fifty cents—that is, for an immediate return of money for their wheat, they have permanently robbed the land of its most necessary ingredient.

In recent experiments made by Jas. J. Hill, he shows how by proper fertilizing the land one man may get as much from forty acres as another from three hundred acres. It is not land that is valuable, but the ingredients in the land. So we are glad to see good stock in Western Canada, for it means a revival of this old business. It means permanent wealth to the soil.

Three kinds of stock every farmer should own—horses, cattle, hogs. The horse in a few years will again be King. The demand for cattle and for butter was never greater than now. In a country where there is so much coarse grain and where vegetables grow so easily, there is no better investment than hogs. It is only the man who wants to make a fortune in a few years of new land that can afford to crop it in flax and wheat continually.

If the Brandon Fair had done nothing more than arouse a fresh interest in stock-raising, it would well have served its purpose.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

We sometimes find ourselves thinking that if we can only get good laws upon the statute books our difficulties are solved. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Over and over again the people of England, after enforcing legislation from their rulers, had to appoint committees to see that the legislation was enforced. A short time ago, a faithful policeman was appointed in New York and assigned the tasks of checking the accuracy of weights and measures. What he found was beyond imagination. It was not one or two scales which he burned in public as an object lesson. He had to take them out to the ocean in boatloads and dump them overboard. Every conceivable device was used to cheat the public. One man had an axe tied below the scale pan. Others had weights doctored with lead and false arms made. It was the same with measures. Wire was strung across the bushel measures one-fourth of the way up, berry boxes—but who needs to remark upon these. They are on the market to-day wherever we go, and one has to look twice to tell which is top and which is bottom, for the division is about the centre. A gentleman went to South America and found a fine wood for butter-plates. He shipped a machine down South and began to manufacture. Not a single plate could he sell. They were too light. Of a thousand barrels of fruit and potatoes, not a single one was up to weight. An honest man could not live. All the time, of course, there was a law in New York making false weights and measures illegal and their use a misdemeanor.

Now, in Western Canada, we have little to complain of in this matter, but in the case of other laws there is continual failure to observe the plainest directions. In some places the liquor law is largely a dead letter, because those who are supposed to see it enforced for some reason or other are not particular. The laws against vice were openly violated until public opinion rebelled. The Child Labor Law, Compulsory Education Law, the Election Act, and other acts that any one can name, have been violated openly time and again, without a word of censure, without any action on the part of those appointed to administer the law. Indeed, it is notorious that in some cases it would be unsafe for those who administer the law to act, because the men higher up had ordered otherwise. There is in actual practice a power above the law.

This is said to emphasize the fact that the appointment of the right kind of public officials is of the utmost importance. The time has come when their appointment by an independent Commissioner seems absolutely necessary. The party system may be the only system possible at present in selecting legislatures, but the appointment of officials should not be in the hands of any one party.

This is a most important matter. Private individuals do not feel it to be their duty to see that laws are enforced. They trust to public officials. Being fairly honest as a class, our Western people do not look for dishonesty in officials of the government. Here they are often deceived. Modern governments which are unscrupulous have found that the best way to retain power is to appoint officials who know enough to wink at wrong-doing. Evidently some of them have grown so accustomed to winking that they have one eye closed all the time.

A GOOD ACTION

The average man does not take very kindly to a man with a disposition like that of the Minister of Militia. Bombast and braggadocio in these days cause laughter rather than a feeling of respect. Yet it takes a man of just this type to do things that would daunt others. Let us honor him for his onslaught on the canteen, and for his rebuke to the social dissipation that he found so common among the officers of the militia in certain sections. It has always been a failing of certain military officers to consider themselves too seriously, to adopt a lordly attitude, to pose as the social or rather the official aristocracy of the nation. This is downright nonsense. The real defenders of our liberty to-day are the ordinary everyday men and women who stand for principle, for right and purity. Brass buttons, ribands and stars belong to flunkeys just as well as to lords. It is well that the Minister of Militia has called a halt to unseemly behaviour and demanded in those at the head of a responsible service, respectful sobriety and manly humility. It is good commonsense which prompts the Montreal Witness to say:

"It is quite a modern innovation quite out of harmony with all our rollicking tales of military life, to dismiss an officer for getting drunk at dinner. In the good old days that was the usage. An officer who avoided doing so would have found himself uncomfortable at the mess. Still, if there is any one who should never get drunk it is a military officer. For one thing, his drinking is warrant for the men doing so too, and undoes the discipline of the force. For another, the lives of many men are, when occasion occurs, absolutely in the keeping of the officer. For him to be found at such a time unfit to exercise his soundest judgment would be a crime. For him even to lower his general fitness by habits which undo the nerves and impair the judgment is unpermissible. Moderation is strictly enforced in the navy, and the officers of passenger steamships are forbidden drink while on service, and would be dismissed if they transgressed even moderately. Those in charge of railway trains now come under the same rule on most roads. So that it is not altogether a thing for amusement that our active Minister of Militia intends to discipline such officers as are found to have been the worse of their dinner. The time seems to have come for such a rule in the Canadian service."

CONSERVATION

Probably the most important gathering in Western Canada during the summer was the Forestry Convention. Quite properly the conservation of the great forest areas was under discussion. The most pleasing feature during that discussion was the address of the representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who explained that his Company was attempting to protect the forest areas. When the governments of the Dominion and the great railway corporations join forces, there will probably be less likelihood of a repetition of those disastrous conflagrations which have robbed Canada of its wealth and beauty.

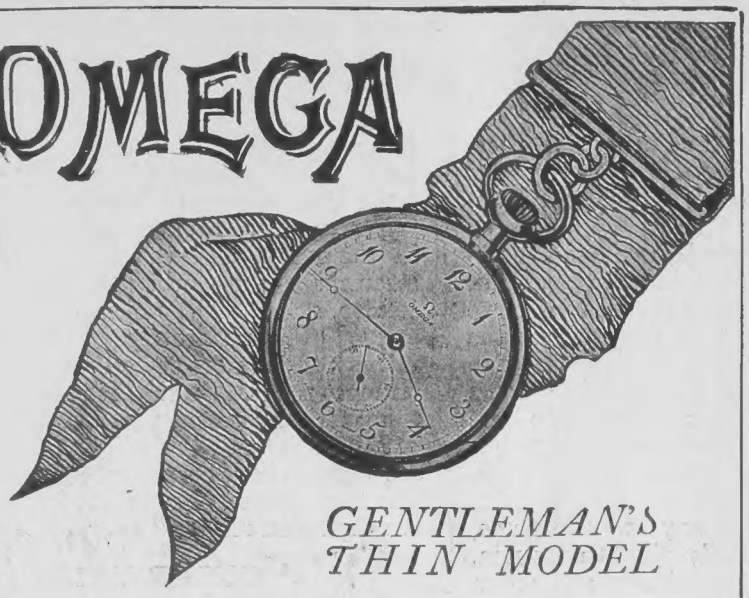
The conservation of the forests is only one form of conservation. Every day we wastefully throw away our wealth. It is said that a German would make a fortune out of the dump heaps at some of our mines. One of the most noteworthy of recent cases of saving was the discovery by New York that its garbage is a mine of gold. The city has been paying $51,000 a year to a firm to clear out the garbage. This year the firm raised the price to $130,000. A new firm appeared on the scene and offered to do the work for nothing and give the city bonus of $62,000 a year. The new company had learned how to make a dollar a ton on all garbage handled.

Here is a pointer for Western Canada. We shall get wealthy when we know how to avoid waste. That is as true of the dweller in the city as it is true of the tiller of the soil. It is as true of time as it is of matter. The man who can plan his movements so that he saves every one for a good end is surely going to succeed. The man who can dispose of every last ounce of his farm products to some useful end will make rich while others grow poor.

The greatest waste in this country as in others is the waste of life. The long winter evenings might be usefully employed in every farm home. The years from fourteen to sixteen need not be lost to so many city youths. All that is needed is a little planning and a little expenditure that will repay itself a hundred times over and in a hundred ways later on. To make money is desirable, but it is not as important as making rich one's life. A good library in the home a suitable school for the growing girl and the growing boy—these are among the best preventatives of waste of life.

The nation concerned for the conservation of its people should make the country home rich in comfort, in intellectual and social privilege and in spiritual aspiration. It is from the country home that the national life records its leaders. Twenty years ago seventy-five per cent. of the University men of Canada came from the farm house. Not more than twenty per cent. of the great leaders, even of the commercial world, were born in the City. The building place for homes is the broad bosom of old Mother Earth. The land, the farm, the country—the sweet clean open country—that is God's place for the making of a home. The country home has the first claim upon the farm.

OMEGA



GENTLEMAN'S THIN MODEL

THIS "OMEGA" Gentleman's Model is as thin as a good watch can be. It is remarkably compact, refined looking and a splendid timekeeper, being fitted with the famous "Omega" Swiss movement.

"Omega" 17 jeweled adjusted movement, 14k "Ellis" "Regal" gold case, complete in handsome box $50

"Omega" Thin Model Gentleman's Watch is also supplied in "Ellis" "Sovereign" Gold Filled Case..... $25

"Omega" Watches are sold throughout Canada and the United States as well as in 67 other countries. And everywhere "Omega" Watches are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

For sale by the jeweler in your locality.

WINCHESTER

W TRADE MARK

MODEL 1912

20 GAUGE

Light Weight

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

This new Winchester is the lightest, strongest and handsomest repeating shotgun made. It weighs only about 5¾ pounds, yet it has surpassing strength, as all the metal parts are made of Nickel Steel, having about 50,000 pounds more tensile strength to the square inch than ordinary steel. The receiver is free from screws and unsightly pins to collect rust and dirt and work loose, and its solid breech, closed at the rear, makes it extremely safe. It operates and works with an ease and smoothness not found in similar guns of other makes. It is simple to load and unload, easy to take down, being separated into two parts quickly without tools. For pattern and penetration, it is fully up to the established Winchester standard of shooting quality, which has no superior.

Ask your dealer to show you one, or send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for illustrated circular.

A 20 GAUGE GUN FROM BUTT TO MUZZLE.

Turn Tables

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Vera Roberts

WITH a few last instructions, about the chores to be done, Mr. Thompson gathered the lines into his hand, and stepped up into his wagon. He was just starting to their nearest town, some forty miles distant, with a load of potatoes.

His wife, a meek little woman, had followed him to the gate.

"Now John," she called to him, as he was starting away, "Don't be gone any longer than is necessary this time, will you?"

"Of course not," her husband answered, "Don't I always come home as soon as I can?"

"Well, I don't think you do, because the last time you stayed away nearly a day longer than you really needed to."

"Oh! women are always scolding," replied John.

Thompson had plowed, and harrowed the ground the day before. They planted all the early garden seeds that day as it was such a fine day for such work.

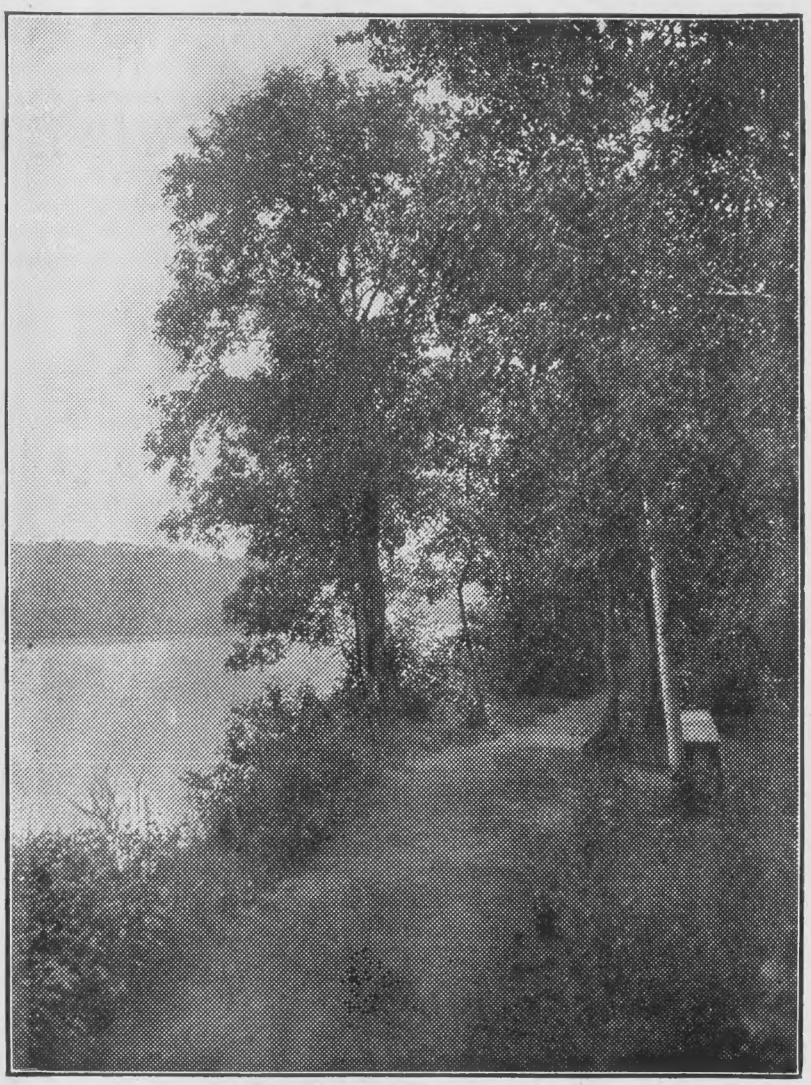
The day passed uneventfully and chore time came.

Mrs. Thompson prepared supper early, put the two elder children to bed, and then rocked little Glen to sleep. She hastily donned jacket and cap and hunting up the milk pails, she went to the barn.

Eggs were to gather, the setting hens to attend to, pigs to feed, horses to be watered, and last but not least there was the milking of four cows.

She hurried at the task, for she knew it would soon be dark.

When she had finished she went to the house, glad that the night's work was over.



View at new Exhibition Site, Winnipeg

"The chores are getting so hard to do, with so much milking, and besides," she added, "I do not like to leave the children in the house so much alone."

"Oh! Pshaw," John answered, "You will get along all right. No use worrying over trifles," and with a hurried good-bye he started away.

"I will be back tomorrow afternoon some time," he called back to her, from the outer gate.

"That just means one night at any rate," she said to herself as she turned back to the house.

"I suppose I can manage the work that long, for it won't be the first time I have had it to do." She then finished up her work in the house, and prepared the children's breakfast.

They had not risen yet, as it was still early in the morning. It was not long however until she heard them coming downstairs ready for their breakfast.

The oldest was a boy, Jamie, eight years of age, Josie the small daughter was just four and baby Glen was not quite two.

They were a jolly bunch of youngsters as a rule, and all came down smiling this morning.

When the breakfast was over, morning work all finished, they went out to plant some of the early garden. Mr. Thompson had planted the early garden seeds that day as it was such a fine day for such work.

The day passed uneventfully and chore time came.

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She hurried at the task, for she knew it would soon be dark.

When she had finished she went to the house, glad that the night's work was over.

She decided to get up early the next morning, and get the chores done before the little folks were up, so setting the alarm for five o'clock she went to bed also.

Five o'clock seemed to come quite early in the morning, but she arose at once, making as little noise as possible, for she did not wish to arouse the children.

She found everything all right at the barn, and soon she had the chores finished again.

Turning the horses and cattle out to pasture and letting the little chickens out of their coops, she went back to the house.

By the time breakfast was ready the little folks were up.

"Josie seems to have a cold this morning," she said to herself, as she heard her little daughter coughing as she came downstairs.

"I hope she doesn't have the croup again," she thought anxiously.

"I don't like the sound of that cough. She must have caught cold in the garden yesterday, but perhaps it will wear off today."

She gave her some simple home remedies, which she always kept on hand, and she soon got better.

The second day passed about the same as the first one, and when noon had passed. they began watching for the father to come home. The afternoon wore on but he did not come.

"Surely," she thought to herself, "John will be home today." As evening came on, and he did not come she thought she had best get the outside work done for she knew it would be late when he came.

When they had eaten their supper she placed his supper on the back of the range where it would keep warm, and put the older children in bed.

Baby Glen, however, was in no mood for sleep, and it was almost dark, when she finally put him in bed.

Getting her milk-pails, she went out to the barn.

She expected to find the cattle in the lot, but some they were milking were not there, and she knew she would have to hunt them up.

Calling the dog, she started down across the pasture for them.

"Oh! dear," she said to herself, as she came up to them, "another fresh cow to take care of tonight." With the dog's help she drove them slowly to the barn.

The little calf did not care whether it went to the barn or not, and gave her considerable trouble. She finally drove them into the lot.

Glancing around she saw that John was nowhere to be seen.

"Not home yet. Well I might as well tackle these chores again and be done with it for it's no John tonight." She took her buckets down from the pegs she had hung them on and went at it.

When she reached the house after finishing the outside work, she sat down in the nearest chair.

The clock struck ten.

"Well, I am tired," she said to herself. "I just wonder how a man would enjoy doing the work in the house, taking care of three children and doing chores too. I guess they would find out it was something more than mere trifles."

She was so tired she went to bed immediately, glad of a chance to rest.

The children were all sleeping peacefully when she went to bed, and she soon dropped off to sleep. How long she slept she did not know when she was awakened suddenly by hearing Josie coughing. She got up hurriedly, for she knew she had no time to lose when Josie had the croup.

Hastily she measured a dose of croup medicine from a bottle on the shelf and coaxed Josie to take it.

Sitting down by the beside she gave her frequent doses of medicine and watched her carefully for nearly two hours. She quit coughing and went back to sleep.

Knowing that the danger was over for the night, Mrs. Thompson went wearily back to bed.

The baby had been cutting teeth and was quite fretful the rest of the night, and she arose in the morning, almost as tired as when she went to bed the night before.

"Raining," she said to herself as she heard the rain on the roof.

"I think I will get breakfast first this morning, and it may quit raining before I go outside to work."

She soon had a tempting meal ready, and the little folks dressed. In spite of the bad weather they had quite a merry meal.

Josie seemed quite well again and only coughed several times. Her mother was thankful it had been no worse.

Breakfast things had been cleared away, the children were playing school, with their blackboard and chalk. Glancing at the clock she noticed it was nearing ten o'clock. The rain was still coming down in torrents, but she hunted up her jacket, cap, and rubbers and prepared to face it.

The chores were hard to do this morning, but finally the last of them was attended to. She was just going through the gate with two pails of milk, and not noticing a hoop which the children had left in the path the day before, she stepped into it, and the next moment she measured her length on the ground.

When she struggled to her feet she was mud, water, and milk from head to foot.

"Well, Maggie, you are a sight."

"So are you," she retorted. "Why didn't you come home to do the chores and then I wouldn't be quite such a sight. You may find this quite funny, but I fail to see it," and with an angry toss of her head she stalked into the house.

"Well," thought John, as he climbed down from the wagon, "I guess I'd better keep still."

When he entered the house some time later, he found his wife with a clean dress on, hair combed neatly, and looking as though she had never had any accident with the milk pails.

"Well Maggie, I didn't mean to make you so mad," he apoligized, as he came in, giving her a present.

She was pleased with it, but was too angry yet to say so. Pretty soon she asked, "Why did you stay away last night?"

"Well you see," John explained, "it was like this—I ran across an old friend of mine in town that I had not seen for ten years, and he invited me out for supper. I went intending to come on home afterwards, but it got dark so quickly, they would not hear of me driving home after dark.

"It would have been too bad if you had driven home in the dark," she said sarcastically.

"It was too dark for you to come home, but," she added, "it wasn't too dark for me to do the chores, take care of a fresh cow, get up in the middle of the night to doctor Josie with the croup, and spend the rest of the night soothing a fretful baby."

One of the neighbors called and left the mail and she laid it aside until after supper. When supper was over and children in bed, she brought out the mail.

John was soon deeply interested in the farm papers and Maggie read her letter.

"Oh! John," she exclaimed as she read it, "Father says in his letter that mother is quite sick and wants me to go home."

She handed the letter to him and when he had read it through he said:

"You will have to go early in the morning as she must be quite sick."

When he came back, he washed the dishes and cream separator, made up

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the beds and swept the floors. The house looked as well that day as if Maggie had been keeping house herself.

When chore time came he did not know what to do about the children, but decided to take them with him again.

He did not know that Maggie always put them to bed before she went outside to work. He had just commenced to milk, when one of the cows caught sight of her calf and went to bawling.

This startled the baby, and he commenced to cry lustily. John tried to quiet him, but it was of no use.

He set the pails in the manger and took the children to the house. He put the elder two in bed, and then sat down and soon rocked the baby to sleep.

"Well, I wish I had thought of this way first," he thought to himself," but I can't expect to know it all at once."

By the time he had finished with his chores, he was quite tired, for it was getting late. Setting the supper dishes aside, he went to bed.

Josie fell out of bed in the night, and awakened him with her howls, but he soon quieted her, gave the baby a drink, and then slept until morning.

The next day passed about the same as the first, but he was glad Maggie was coming home that day, for it was not like home without her.

He prepared supper early thinking she would be at home by the time it was ready.

He wished more than once for Maggie, and had plenty of time before morning, to think of the many nights she had sat thus alone, while he was away.

"I did not think or realize," he thought to himself, "that croup was as serious as this."

"Morning at last," he thought, as the first streak of daylight began to show in the eastern sky.

Josie was now sleeping but was getting her breath so hard that he was more alarmed than he had ever been in his life. He went to the barn to attend to his work there but he slipped back to the house several times for he was afraid Josie might choke while he was away. When he had breakfast ready, Josie could not eat. She tried to talk, but no words came.

John put Jamie's coat and hat on him, then sent him to their nearest neighbors.

He wrote a note to Mrs. Jones telling her how bad the little girl was with the croup, and to bring some medicine over with her when she came.

When she came soon after, she brought some simple remedies with her, but confessed she knew very little about the croup.

"If Maggie were here she would know of something to do," said John, "but I never saw her get so bad with it."

"Hurrah!" shouted Jamie. "Here is mama," and looking out they saw her driving in at the outer gate.

5 a.m. on the Nechako River, B.C.

She did not come, and they ate supper without her. He then placed supper on the back of the range, where it would keep warm for her when she came and persuaded the little folks to go to bed.

Baby Glen was beginning to miss his mamma and cried and cried, first hard and then harder. Mr. Thompson rocked him, talked to him, and finally walked the floor with him, until, utterly worn out, the baby finally slept. With a sigh of relief John placed him carefully in bed, scared lest he should wake up, and cry some more.

It was almost eleven o'clock when the chores were finished for the night, and still Maggie did not come.

Knowing she would not get home that night he blew out the lights and went to bed.

It was nearly one o'clock when he was awakened by one of the children coughing. When he had lighted the lamp, he found Jamie sitting up in bed, beside his sister, telling him that Josie had the croup again. She seemed to be strangling and catching her up out of bed, he asked Jamie how her mother doctored her when she had the croup. Jamie showed him the medicine on the shelf, and taking down the bottle, he read the directions. He gave her some of it, as quickly as he could, for he soon realized she was very bad, and in spite of the repeated doses, she seemed to get no better.

All the rest of the night he sat by the bedside, giving her the medicine, but each spell of coughing seemed to get more severe.

It was sooner than John had been expecting her but he was glad to see her.

Jamie ran out to meet his mother and said: "Mama, Josie is nearly dying with the croup, you had best hurry. Mrs. Jones is here, papa has been crying, and we are just having an awful time."

With cheeks pale and hands that trembled, she tied the team to a post, and stooping to kiss Jamie's little anxious face, she caught him by the hand and hurried into the house.

As soon as she opened the door, she could hear her little daughter breathing, and she knew Jamie had spoken the truth.

As soon as she had spoken to John and Mrs. Jones, she threw aside her wraps, and was soon kneeling beside her little daughter. She covered the little face and hands with passionate kisses, calling her every pet and endearing name she could think of. Josie slipped her arms around her mother's neck, and tried to talk, but no words came. The only sound was a hoarse strangling cough. She then asked what they had been doing, to relieve her, and Mrs. Jones explained, as quickly as she could.

John sat at the table, with bowed head, too heartsick for speech. "I was speaking to the doctor that was waiting on mother," said Maggie, "about Josie having such frequent attacks of the croup, and he advised trying a steam bath with lime, followed by mustard poultices."

"I can get the lime, Maggie, for I brought some home with me the other

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ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

day," and rising, John put on his hat and went at once for it, glad of a chance to be doing something.

The women undressed little Josie, and slipped a clean nightdress on her.

Maggie held her in her arms, keeping her well wrapped up, while Mrs. Jones prepared the mustard ready for poultices, by using one part mustard and three of flour, stirring together with cold water and placing the paste thus made between cloths. The water was now boiling, and taking the lime from him when he came in, she threw it into a bucket, and poured the boiling water over it. They then threw a blanket over Maggie and Josie and enveloping her completely.

The steam from the lime was horrid but Maggie closed her eyes and stood it. The sweat poured from her face in streams. Josie was sweating from head to foot, and coughing, also trying to cry, but Maggie soothed her, and kept telling her it would soon be over, and it would help Josie get well. As soon as the steam bath was over, they placed the mustard poultices on her back and chest as the doctor had directed, wrapped her up snugly and tucked her into bed.

Maggie then opened her suit-case and found the new bottle of croup medicine, which she had brought home with her and gave Josie a dose of it.

She commenced coughing and strangling again, and they thought she could not recover, but much to Maggie's relief she heard the dry hard cough loosen, and soon the little throat began to clear itself. The breathing got easier and the danger was over.

Maggie was utterly exhausted, and as Josie was now sleeping, her head dropped forward on the bed and she, too, slept.

Little Glen had not received much attention, and now that the excitement was over, he crept to his mother's side, and wanted to be taken.

John with rare thoughtfulness, picked the little fellow up, and taking Jamie also, they went out to help daddy unhitch the team, which was still standing where they had been tied.

Mrs. Jones tidied up the house, and prepared their lunch ready on the table, and then said she must go home.

"Many thanks, Mrs. Jones, for your kindness," said John, as she was leaving, "perhaps we can do as much for you some time."

"Don't mention it," she replied hastily tying on her bonnet, "if you need me any further send Jamie for me."

Promising to do so, he went back into the house. Maggie and Josie were still asleep when he tiptoed into the room, but Maggie roused up when he came in.

"Maggie," he said earnestly as he came at once to her side and put his arms around her, "I will never stay away from home any longer than is necessary again. I did not realize quite what it meant, to stay at home alone with the children, until I tried it for myself. They say experience is the best teacher, and I believe they are right."

She answered, "John, do you wonder now why I dread to stay alone, and am angry when you could come home sooner and you do not come? I would have been home yesterday but the crisis in mother's illness came last night at midnight and the doctor and father would not let me leave.

"When the turn came it was, I am happy to say, one for the better. I stayed up until four, then ate some breakfast while father hitched up the team for me, and then I started home."

"You did not sleep at all last night?" exclaimed John.

"No, I was uneasy about the children, and I could not rest until I got started home."

"Well," said John thankfully, "All's well that ends well, come let's eat our lunch Mrs. Jones so kindly prepared for us before leaving." They were all so glad to think the little daughter was so much better that it was a happy meal. Maggie cleared things away and John went out to do his chores.

When John leaves home now he does not stay away as carelessly as in days before, for the few days and nights staying at home had proved to him that the staying at home was by no means the easiest proposition of the two. He had often told Maggie that if he had nothing harder to do, than stay at home, life would be easy. But John says, "Wise men change their minds," and he ought to know.

River Scene at the new Exhibition Site, Winnipeg

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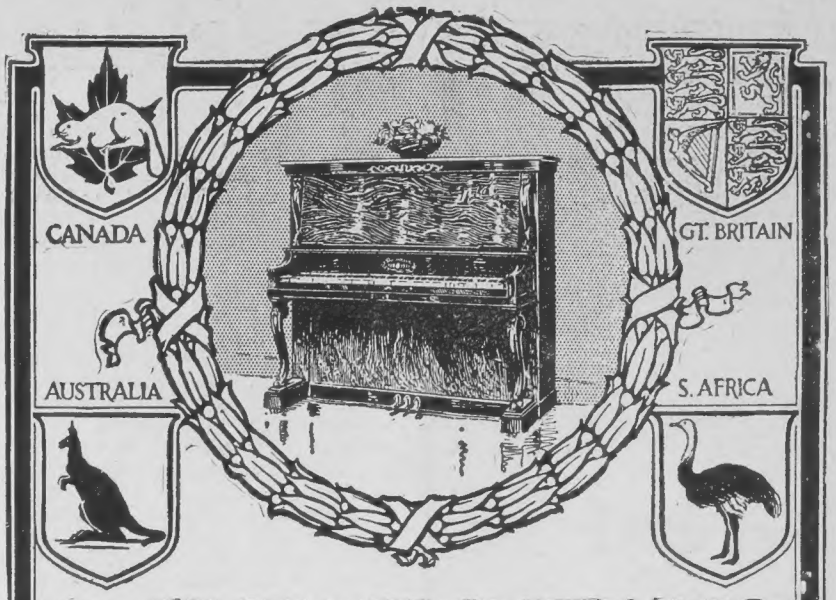

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As the hands of the office clock marked ten, a roar from the Stock Exchange across the street rose upon the air, lulled, and swelled again. However the volume of sound might vary, there remained always a steady undercurrent of tone, not unlike the shoreward surge of surf.

The "ghosts" in Buncombe's gathered round the ticker, one calling the prices as they printed. Buncombe's was, in its way, unique among the brokerage firms of Wall Street, a backwater whither the wrecks of that financial sea drifted to find a haven. So far as Trenham knew, not one of them had a pecuniary interest in the market, yet punctually each morning they appeared, no one could say whence. After sitting the day through in Buncombe's easy chairs, reading his news slips and crowding his ticker, they disappeared, whither none could tell.

Several of them bore the earmarks of breeding; one or two, despite shabby clothes, still looked the gentleman. Their talk was largely reminiscent, and stories or anecdotes were invariably prefaced by "when I was a member of the New York Stock Exchange, sir."

At ten thirty a timid little man crept in and joined the group around the machine.

"Good morning," said he, generally. "How's Sugar?"

"Not out yet."

"London up?"

"Two points."

The late comer chose a chair next Trenham's, and drew in behind a commercial newspaper. As a rule, Trenham had observed, he sat silent, eye upon tape or newspaper, jaws working automatically upon borrowed tobacco, in time to lifting brows. Presently the little man peeped forth, very much as a mouse from out a hole.

"I look for a bull market today."

"Can't see it, after Saturday's bank statement, even though London was higher," replied Trenham.

"I am sorry," said the other mildly. "I hoped it might rise."

For days the market had been feverish. Anything might be expected of it, and in whatever direction it went the movement was likely to be decided. The roar from the Exchange grew momentarily louder; the ticker clicked and thumped, and prices grew more buoyant. The little man again sat down beside Trenham. Jaws and eyebrows worked at racing speed as the upward tendency of the market increased the excitement. More than ever did he remind one of a mouse, so deprecating and unobtrusive he was in his pathetic little way.

"Sugar nineteen and a half," called some one at the ticker. It was an advance of one point over the opening.

The little man twitched nervously. "Twenty is my price," he whispered to Trenham. "See, a call on one thousand shares at a hundred and twenty. Anything above that will be profit! But it's good only today."

Trenham would have liked to ask how his companion came by an option that might, ere the day closed, become valuable; but no information was volunteered.

There was a constant bustling in the office, every one excited, all talking at once. Buncombe raced in for a moment, hair tumbled, voice hoarse from shouting, and raced out again.

"Ah, it's the deuce of a day," he croaked as the swinging door banged behind him.

Messengers clattered in and out, telephone bells rang, tickers thumped. Above all was the infernal babel from the Exchange. Prices were rising. Sugar alone held back. The little man writhed in his chair, ears astrain to catch quotations. Luncheon time came, and the office thinned. He made no move. He had explained so often that he thought lncheon unwholesome, that two meals a day were enough for any man. Yet he accepted Trenham's invitation with alacrity, and, once at table, ate with the relish of a hungry man, though casting side glances at the ticker. He was palpably anxious at the sluggishness of Sugar.

"Don't think about the market," Trenham said to him, and made him drink part of a bottle of sherry. The wine steadied him.

'I must apologize, sir, for my nervousness," he said. "When I was a member of the New York Stock Exchange, I could stand to win or lose without a tremor. For more than a year I have waited for this opportunity, watching and studying the movements of Sugar, scrimping, saving, and denying, in order to be ready to take advantage of any chance that might present itself. And, sir, just when I judged the time ripe, I was enabled to secure this call. It seems the hand of fate."

"I hope you'll win something handsome," said Trenham sympathetically.

"I am not without hopes. It is my daughter for whom I am anxious." He opened his watch and passed it to Trenham. "Her picture, sir. She is not strong; the physicians fear for her lungs, and recommend a higher altitude. she is a fine girl, sir, a fine girl; beautiful character. It has long been my wish to take her from the city. We both have a fondness for farming, and often spend entire evenings over the seed catalogues. I know a place that would suit us exactly, in the locality prescribed by the doctors. It is expensive. When I tell you the price is ten thousand dollars, you will be able to appreciate my anxiety for a substantial rise in Sugar. Shall we return to our office, sir?"

Helen Walcott, daughter of Dr. Chas. D. Walcott, Secy. Smithsonian Institution. Miss Walcott is a noted Alpine climber and proposes scaling Robson Peak this summer, Miss Walcott is now in the Robson district with her father who is engaged in an extensive geological research.

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whether Underwear, Sweater, Gloves, Cap, Coat or Rug, you do not realize the thought and care that has gone to making of it, but you appreciate its excellence.

It is the attention to every detail of manufacture, from selection of the wool in the first instance, through all the processes of spinning, weaving, knitting and finishing that has given JAEGER goods the name they bear for quality throughout the world.

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They found the place in an uproar. "Ah, will you look at Sugar!" a threadbare individual was shouting, as he danced clumsily in and out among the group. The little man forced his way to the machine. Quotations flowed in quick succession: Sugar, 127, 127½, 128. He caled Buncombe aside, showed him the privilege, and asked him to watch the market.

"Shall I sell for you?" Buncombe asked.

"Not yet."

It spread through the office that "old Dave" had a call on a thousand Sugar, already showing a profit of seven or eight thousand dollars. He was asked to show it, and upon complying, became at once the center of an excited group. Men who had formerly scoffed at him or ignored him clamored for his opinion on the market. For the first time in years he was treated with consideration as a person whose lightest word was of value. He swelled visibly under this homage, and paced the floor with lordly tread, his hands beneath the tails of his coat. Personal views and pet theories on speculation, to which no one had ever listened before, were now received with attention and respectful silence. His voice, hitherto low and deprecating, took on a surer ring; his shuffling step became brisk and firm; he held his head erect, and exhibited his option when asked to do so, speaking of it in a casual fashion, as if it was a matter of little moment. It struck no one that he was ludicrous. The price of Sugar went up to 130½, hung there, went back to 129, up half a point, and down again as much. Trenham touched Dave's arm.

"Give your order to sell at thirty and a half."

Dave shook his head.

"You can buy your farm," Trenham pleaded.

"Sir, there is a fortune in it!"

"Think of your daughter."

When Dave next spoke he was more like his former self. "Sir, the curse of my life has been losing my nerve at critical moments. When I refuse to sell, be sure it is for my child's sake."

The market hung steady. Buncombe rushed in.

"I don't like the looks of things," he said. "You'd better take your profit, Dave."

"Not yet."

Dave's voice was confident. A new dignity sat upon him. A person having known him in past years would have hailed the recrudescence of Mr. David Mallett, a man of authority, a power in his day.

"Mr. Mallett," said Buncombe earnestly, "let me sell. That market will get away from you; it's tricky as the deuce."

Mallett turned his back, with a conclusive shake of the head, and walked away. The Exchange became bedlam. As three o'clock was neared, the ticker thumped like a high power engine at full speed. Sugar 130½, 130, 129½, 129, 128⅜, and down by eighths and quarters to 126½. Dave weakened in a flash.

"Telephone Mr. Buncombe to sell," he said. "And call the stock; here's the privilege."

The clerk rang the bell, and rang it again. "Hello! Hello!" he cried whacking the box with his knuckles in his excitement. He worked the handle for a full minute, and still the ticker thumped, as ineluctable as death: Sugar, 125½, 125, 124, 123½. The clerk wrote an order.

"Here, boy, run with this to Buncombe. Something has happened to the damned 'phone."

Mallett walked up and down, his hand beneath the tails of his coat. Three o'clock chimed from Trinity, and shortly after Buncombe came in.

"Sorry, Mallett," he said. "Twenty and three quarters was the best I could do."

"Yes, sir?"

"Ought to have sold when I wanted you to."

"I s'pose I had, sir," replied Mallett.

His figure seemed to shrink to its former insignificance; his head sank upon his shoulders, his eyebrows resumed their automatic twitch. For a time he stood buttoning and unbuttoning his thin coat; then he turned towards the door, where he paused, a hand on the knob.

"Good night, gentlemen."

"Oh, good night, Dave."

"Now ain't that hell?" said a threadbare individual when the door had closed.

Jonathan Henley.

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Built up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild waster nerve cells, is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts before retiring.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 lbs. in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh, has changed from a thin, pale nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Joys of Old Age

Yes, youth is of life the Spring-time,
With everything glad and gay,
When the bells of joy peal a merry chime,
And the heart signs all the day.
But the rosebud is fairest and sweetest,
When the fragrant, pink petals unfold,
So the life that is rarest, completest,
Must be lived by the one who is old.

And youth is the time of beauty,
Of form and feature fair,
Untouched by the call of stern duty,
Unmarred by the world's cark and care;
Yet each wrinkle of age a long story,
Of patient endurance has told,
And the gray head, the true crown of glory,
In its beauty belongs to the old.

And youth is the time for the story,
Told in a low, tender tone,
When eyes search hers for the glory
Of love that is filling his own;
But the testing days with their hopes and fears,
Come after the story is told,
And the love that has stood the test of years,
Can only belong to the old.

For Autumn has many rich treasures
That cannot be found in the spring;
And winter has other rare pleasures,
Than those that summer can bring;
Each year of life is a gem God lent
To hang on its chain of gold,
And the tranquil joys of a life well spent
Can only be known by the old.

—Mabel Cooper.

"There's just two things that break up most happy homes," observed a philosopher.

"What's them?" inquired a listener.

"Woman's love for dry goods an' man's love for wet goods, b'gosh!"

DELICATELY PERFUMED

Ask for the soap that comes in the sanitary package.

Cocoanut Oil from the sunny Orient. Olive Oil from the hillsides of France. Exquisitely blended perfume of flowers. Fifty years' experience in soap making.

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TOILET SOAP

A Bathing and Toilet luxury. A Skin Tonic combining rare cleansing power with soothing, softening, refreshing effect. The original Taylor Toilet Delight. Each cake in its own sanitary package.

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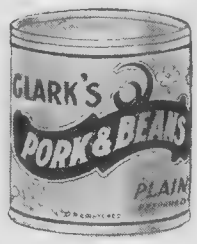
Taylor's "Shavers" Your Choice—All Good

Oldest and Largest Perfumers and Toilet Soap Makers in Canada.

POWDER CREAM STICK

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



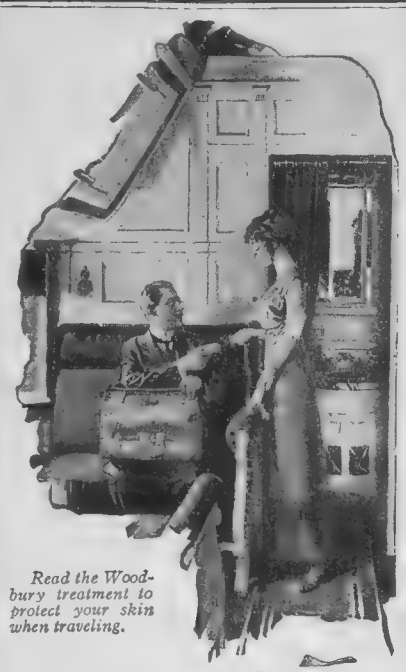
The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Special Rates in combination with other papers



Read the Woodbury treatment to protect your skin when traveling.

To protect the skin when traveling

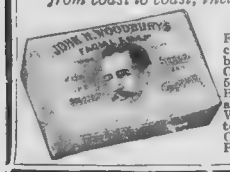
Bathe your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap several times during a day's journey. Rub its lather gently over and over your face so that it reaches every pore. Rinse and repeat with a fresh lather. Then bathe with clear water.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is made from a formula worked out by an authority on the skin and its needs. Its refreshing, stimulating lather counteracts the irritation of the smoke and dust; relieves the "drying" effect of the heat. The antiseptic it contains (the strongest known to medical science) is just the protection your skin needs when traveling. Make it a habit to use Woodbury's regularly *wherever you are*. It makes your skin active, so that it can withstand trying conditions, keeps it in perfect health.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland



Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake, For 10c, samples Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Sherbrooke St. Perth, Ontario. 101-H.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
357 Notre Dame Avenue
WINNIPEG MAN.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Mrs Sweeney's Tactics

By Charles R. Barnes

WHEN a lady has got to pawn her hair to pay her gas bill with," said Mrs. Sweeny, "it ain't no nice thing."

"No," agreed the Border sympathetically.

"'Specially," she continued, "when it makes you look sort of fell-away in the face."

The Boarder had never been able to divine the plot of his landlady's harangues from the opening paragraphs; so he settled back in his chair to await the great light which must presently break. He felt certain that something of moment was afoot with the race-track bookmaker's widow, and he listened attentively while she went on, contenting himself with the observation:

"Women seem to be hair crazy, these days."

"Ain't they, though!" she cried. "They all wants to look like they was a haymow. But that same hair business is what——. Say, mister, them windows oughta be washed, and washed good!"

She paused to pass her fingers over the degenerate panes, and to examine critically the resulting track of clearness.

"Yep," she resumed; "them oughta be made over some by a scrub-lady. Say, I ain't told you about my enterin' Mrs. Belle Sweeny, widow lady, meanin' little Bright Eyes that's remarkin' in the great Dee-plomacy Handicap!"

"Now, now!" objected the Boarder. "Won't you please talk in something besides race track?"

"Sure! I mean I was a matchmaker, only I didn't live up to the advertisin'. That there Louise McCarty, her that every jockey lovingly hollers 'Hello, grandmaw Mac!' to, because she's ninety years old, or oughta be if she ain't, and is about as desirable a proposition as a place bet on a doped horse that——"

The Boarder's puzzled look caused the speaker to pause until apparently her listener had assimilated the information, before purveying more.

"Louise ain't no good," came the explanatory note. "She was follerin' the ponies, makin' piker bets and hopin' for a big winnin', when Sheridan was twenty miles away—she was! Alwus lookin' to grab off a rich husband, too; and so, when she is introduced to that pet of the foolish house, Aloysius Boyle, that's twenty-two years old but don't dare claim more'n six, she's on the job to oncet, mister, as I seen plain from where I sits.

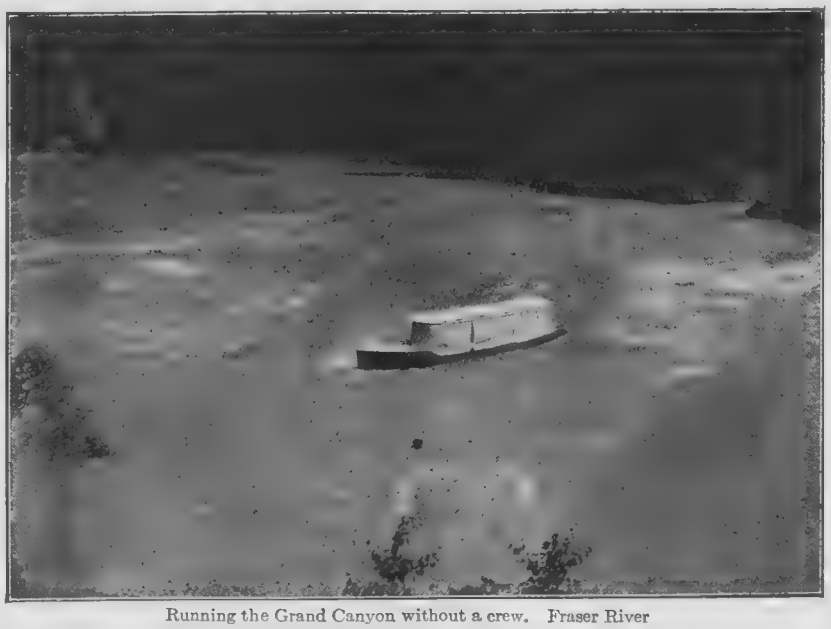
"Aloysius' ma is the widow lady of Yellow Money Pat—you've heard of him, mister; for there wasn't nobody here in New York made more money at the books than him, not even my poor Danny. And this kid's come over with a wad of a hundred thousand since he was twenty-one. It was easy as findin' kicks against a janitor to pry checks out of him. His ma and me usta be friendlier than a oil king and his chauffeur, we did; but when Danny died and I was left alone and up against it—worser broke than the Sunday closin' law—Mis' Boyle, she says: 'Belle Sweeny ain't in our set no more, bein' down and out; so I'll chop her from my gossipin' list,' she says. And so her and me ain't spoke much since, and I grew to love her like Danny loved my first cookin'. I alwus usta think I'd be happy enough to try to sing if I could bat her over the head with a social amenity stuffed with a brick and wrapped up in a pair of spiked shoes.

"So there was I, mister, with a fine grouch against a lady, and a way to get even. For, you see, Louise McCarty blows along and wants to sign me as trainer, so to speak.

"'Belle,' she says, 'I have went and got dippy over the loveliest man!'

"'You ain't mentioned no names,' I reminded her.

"'Well,' she says, 'my new gent'man fr'en' is Aloysius Boyle,' she says, 'and, Belle, I want you to plug my game—tout me good and hard, so's I'll get a invite to Mis' Boyle's house. A lady can't be too intimate,' she says, 'with her gent'man fr'en's family, if she makes good in nailin' him with one of them "with there here ring I wed you, kid" things.'"



Running the Grand Canyon without a crew. Fraser River

"You weren't really going to help along a match like that, were you?" asked the Boarder, incredulous.

"I sure was," Mrs. Sweeny declared, "and you don't know women, or you wouldn't of ast that. When one lady gets it in for another lady, she won't stop at nothin', not even lettin' the other lady go out with too much make-up on. No, sir! And there I was, hatin' Mis' Boyle somethin' fierce, and holdin' the cards that would sick a designin' grandma on to her only son. Honust, mister, I could almost hear that uppish, snippy lady comin' around to me and cryin' on her knees: 'Oh, Mis' Sweeny, Mis' Sweeny, gimme back my che-ild!' Oh, gee!

"I got real excited over it, I did; and the very next thing I done was to have 'em meet in my house for dinner. That there dinner burned up so much gas that when the bill come I jest gasped—uh—uh—like that, real hard. Then I goes out and pawns three pints of my hair, not countin' some swell puffs. I got the bill paid; but I've looked dented in, ever since.

"Well, honust, I never seen nobody fall for a lady like Aloysius fell for that Old Ladies' Home sign. Anybody could see that she was the one best bet with him. He'd set and hold her hand, which was the same as grabbin' a fistful of toastin' wires, and look into her eyes like he was seein' the loveliest biograph pitchers ever, in 'em. Land, that woman was so sure of him that she promised to pay my rent six months in advance, the minute he comes across with the question! I'll say for her that she was liberal and fair-minded.

"Somehow, though, mister, all this here thing wasn't makin' me as happy and chirpful as I thought it would. Two or three times I got sort of wrinkly in my forehead over it. 'Belle Sweeny,' I says, 'if your Danny knowed this business, he'd hate you worse than carryin' a bundle home,' I says. And so, after a while I begun to loose my ambish, so to speak, mister." She paused, and put a finger to her lips, in a reflective manner.

"Some of them editorials you write in the paper is awful hard on gamblers, and I ain't sayin' some of them fellers at the track don't deserve all they gets. But I'll just say this for my Danny—he developed me, he did. There I was, a kid workin' in that West Baden, Indiana, store, sweepin' change out of the cash drawer now and then—yes, I did, mister! I uster knock down worse'n a barkeep!—and along comes Danny, makin' me see how low-down was stealin' and tellin' lies and bein' a lady crook. He usta talk soft-like, and nice, about underhand tricks and deceivin' your best fr'en's, till I couldn't of lied to him to save a new hat from bein' rained on. Honust, I couldn't, mister!"

"There's a good streak in everybody, even in gamblers," interrupted the Boarder.

"Well," announced Mrs. Sweeny, "I'm a mighty sight better lady than I was before he cops me out and sticks me in this flat in Central Park West, here. And it wasn't nothin' more than the decent streak he'd cultivated in me that called me off on that Aloysius business. After while it seemed like I just couldn't do it. Something said to me: 'Belle Sweeny, if you want to get even with Mis' Boyle for slightin' you, bat her in the jaw, all open and aboveboard. Don't do nothin' unladylike.'

"So that got me thinkin', mister, that it wasn't enough just to kick out of the game. I'd helped Aloysius to lose that thing he called a head, and I realized that there was matters that must be undid. And I kin tell you, mister, I never studied out such a puzzlin' dope sheet. Every entry, so to speak, was a dead one. The first didn't seem no good; the second had a crooked jockey up; the third never won a race; and, as for the rest, I couldn't see 'em at a hundred to one. I guess it was the Sweeny luck that butts in just when I was due for a 'Don't cry, little girl, don't cry' argument. It was this way:

"The villainness of the piece drops into my flat to get some help in dopin' out where she stood with the angel child, and she says: 'Belle, I seen him pipin' off my hair one day. Ain't it all to the come-on?' she says.

"'H'm!' I says, gettin' a flash on somethin' I wanted a minute to study over. 'You haven't had no new hair for a long time, have you?'

"'Well,' she says, apologizin'-like, 'times ain't been no good with me lately—and hair costs so darn much, you know, Belle, dear.'

"'You oughta have more,' says I, and I wanted to giggle, 'cause it was the truth—oh, gee, how true it was, mister! Why, she ain't got enough hair to make a toupee for a lima bean, she ain't. But, honust, the way she pins on the store stuff would actually shock you, as the newspapers might put it. She carries around enough hair to make eight lawn-tennis nets, double-court size."

Mrs. Sweeny regarded the Boarder doubtfully before she resumed. Hers was the attitude of one who questions the ability of mere man to draw proper conclusions in a matter peculiarly feminine.

"I ain't sayin' that I'm above wearin' a short quart or so of hair, myself, mister. All ladies does, these days. It's like this, for instance: I seen Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen las' Sattidy wearin' a hundred-and-fifty-plunk blonde switch. Ladies was lookin' at her all up and down the avenue, and says I to myself: 'If my Danny was livin' now, I'd get him to blow me to one of those lovely bundles of hair.' All the other ladies was envious, too, just like me. Hair ain't hair no more, like it was when your ma was in her prime. Them days, ladies never wore nothin' but their own hair, except when it got awful thin. Then they'd get frizzes and bangs and a switch, and blush because they thought every one was next.

"But it ain't nothin' like that now. Mrs. Plunger Einstein, she says to Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen, she says:

"'They's a sale of transformations down to Madam McDowd's to-morruh,' she says, 'and I gotta get one, sure. This here one I'm wearin' makes my face too full.'

"'Dear me, ain't it the truth?' says Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen. 'And I guess I gotta get me some new puffs. These here ones ain't a good match with my natural hair.'

"'Why don't you just hang on to them and get some more to sorta cover them up,' says Plunger's wife. 'You kin stand more'n you're wearin'.'

"'Well, now, that's a good idee, come to think of it,' Mrs. Gold Dollar says, 'and I sure thank you for mentionin' it. You're a true friend, Mrs. Einstein.'"

Mrs. Sweeny interpreted the Boarder's interrogatory glance as one of doubt, and hastened to cinch her argument.

"Take it frum me, I ain't stretchin' it none. Ladies yaps about hair nowadays, most of much as they does of clothes. It ain't that they're lost to all shame, as you newspaper guys would put it; it's just that they ain't got no sense of humor."

The Boarder grinned. "You are a traitor to your sex," he declared.

"Huh!" she cried. "We're all natural traitors, ain't we? Women ain't got the habit of stickin' up for each other; and maybe that there streak helped some in lettin' me hand it to Louise.

"'You better get a bale or two more,' I says to her. And whatchu think? Next time she blows around here, there was a lump of hair on her that looked like them hay houses the cannibuls lives in.

"'Fine, Louise!' I says. 'Keep up the good work, and you'll just breeze under the wire. You've already took the money home,' I says, 'almost.'

"'Honust!' she wants to know, writhin' in front of my parlor lookin'-glass like a busted trolley wire in a windstorm. 'Honust, Belle?'

"'For true,' says I, 'and may I get overcharged at the grocery if I ain't handin' you a tip right from the owner, so to speak,' I says. 'But if you want a lady's honust dope, I'd suggest that you get about six phoney curls for the sides,' I says.

"Well, mister, that run for the book with her. That night she done a stunt of trystin' with her boy wonder, and they hikes off to a show. I seen him takin' notice of Louise's new hair, wonderin', I guess, if it all growed out overnight, or whether it was some she had planted down around her ears for Derby days, as you might say. He never thought of lookin' for no price tag—not him. I seen then that I'd have to sting him hard. Honust, if he'd been Columbus, he'd have sailed his ships agains' this land of the freedom-frump'lice-interference-if-you-pull-right, and wonderin' why they run aground. He didn't have no battin' eye."

"Any what?" asked the Boarder.

"Well, he just wasn't wise—that's all. But as for that, he wasn't much different frum most men, I guess, where women is the prize puzzle. I've saw men that's been married ten years and don't know yet that what their wives calls 'jist a little powder to take off the shine' is the complexion they think is so pretty.' But I guess men wasn't meant to get wise to

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them things. All they oughta know about a lady's make-up secrets is how to hook up dresses.

"It seems, though, mister, that I can't never stick to nothin'. Here I was tellin' about the withered rosebud and the tender child, and where'd I get at? I meant to be showin' up my fine Eye-talian hand, double crossin' Louise next time she called.

"'If you was to ask me,' I says to her, 'I'd say for you to get about six links of rully swell curls for on top, Louise,' I says; 'though I don't want to hurt your feelin's. But,' I says, 'I'm on the square with you, and I'm goin' to speak my mind. I seen the young feller sizin' your hair up last time you two was here, and I guess he noticed how sort of hit with a club it looked. You better prop it up from under with a rat, and then pin on them half dozen links. It'll make your face look longer.'

"'Oh, my gee!' she says. 'Was he pipin' me hair like that?'

"'He was so,' I says, solemn-like, 'and I was that worried,' I says, 'that I run and looked at myself in the glass.'

"'Well,' she says, 'I was savin' up twenty-five dollars for to play The Spider in the secon' race to-morruh,' she says; 'but here's where I blow it for more fuzz.'

"'Louise,' I says, 'you got a good head on you, if the trimmin's is a little on the bum just at present.'

"'I wisht I had more true fr'en's like you, that would tell a lady when she looks on the fritz,' she says, as she goes away. And honust, mister, I felt so bad that I didn't eat nothin' but a aig for lunch, to beat myself up, and you might say, for bein' deceitful. But ain't it awful how easy old single ladies is, when you're talkin' beauty dope?"

"They're quite impressionable," admitted the Boarder.

Mrs. Sweeny struggled for a moment with the long word, but her pride would not permit the question which was on her lips. Therefore she put it from her as one of life's unsolved mysteries, and continued:

"I had 'em here for dinner two days after that—and say, mister, she had on a tall and narrow steeple of hair, remindin' you of the Eiffel Tower needin' a shave. Aloysius Boyle, he looked scared. I seen at once that he was worried. I guess he kept thinkin' that if his fynancy's hair growed out that fast, folks would think he was married to a excelsior machine.

"Oncet durin' the evenin' he said: Somehow you ain't the same, my dear.'

"'How do you mean?' she asks.

"'He means your hair is dressed different,' I put in.

"'It ain't exactly dressed,' he says, hesitatin'. 'It's sort of——'

"'You mean congregated,' I says, rememberin' how the minister usta talk, back home in West Baden, Indiana. Then I laughs it all off as a joke, and when I got Louise off to one side, I says:

"'There's too much on top. Get some more for the sides, and you'll be there with bells on. Your gent'man fr'en,' he's clean fallin' off his seat in admiration. Oh, little girl,' I says, 'you're gallopin' home easy,' I says, 'with the money. Go to it,' I says, thinkin' of a joke, 'and you'll win by a hair.'

"'We're goin' to the theayter to-morruh night,' she tells me, 'and I'll stuff it out on the sides with somethin'.'

"'Use your gloves,' says I. 'They'll just fill it out enough with that what's there now.'"

"And so they hiked along home, but the youngster he was worried. I didn't see Louise with the finishin' touches on; but Aloysius did, and he got so troubled in his mind that he came around to see me about it.

"'What,' he says, 'is doin'?'

"'Come again,' I says, 'and take the cover off your bundle. I can't quite get to your line of talk, little man.'

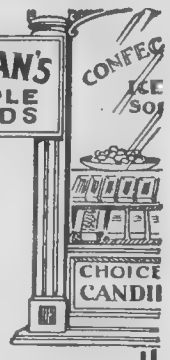
"'I mean her hair,' he says. 'Two weeks ago she looked like women you see in the streets. Now she's the inside of a mattress, and more where that come frum,' he says. 'I ain't goin' to marry no human Angora cat. Why, Belle Sweeny,' he says, 'if I did, and it kept on growin' that way, there couldn't be no fires in the neighborhood without it gettin' singed—and ma'll tell you I never could stand the smell of burnin' hair.'

"'Well,' I says, 'tell her to unhook some of it.'

"'What!' says he. 'Do you mean it's——'

"'Sure, little one,' I says. 'It's as false as a sure-thing tip. All ladies wears it, though,' I tells him, feelin' sorry at how hard he took it. You know, mister, men likes to see women with lots of hair, and they keep kiddin' themselves that it's real, though they know better. But the minute the thing comes home, real strong, them same men gets a hard jolt—ain't I right?"

-And DON'T Forget the Maple Buds, Grandpa!"



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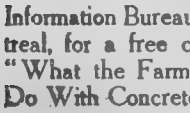

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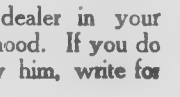

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"Yes," assented the Boarder. "You are."

"Well," she went on, "Aloysius, he was hit harder than a horse when the S. P. C. A. ain't around. He figgered he'd been bunked—swindled, I mean—and I helped it along by sayin' as how she was so fond of him.

"'The poor old dear,' I says, 'nailed on all that fur, Aloysius, just to please her itty tweetheart.'

"'Gwan!' he says, mad as he could be. 'I'm goin' to tie a tin can on her.' He kinda shivered, thinkin' of what he'd escaped. 'I suppose,' he says, 'that as soon as I married her she'd come to me and want forty dollars for another trunkload of that stuff. Say, Belle Sweeny'—he put out his hand—'you've been my fr'en', and I ain't goin to forget it. I'll tell ma you snatched me out of that there haymow's mitts. Good-by.'

"And what do you think, mister! Aloysius' ma was so thankful that she come around to call, and carried a hundred shares of Union Pacific for me—and, if it wouldn't of went back, I'd have my three pints of hair again, I would."

"You look all right, as it is," consoled the Boarder. "Much more hair would give you an artificial appearance."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Sweeny, pushing up her pompadour with both hands, "perhaps you're right. When ladies is concerned, things is apt to be overdid."

The Peddler's Lift

By J. W. Fuller

HENRY GIBSON was humming some sort of tune as his old mare jogged along at a slow, steady gaidt—not a joyous note, but a dull, monotonous drone, audible expression of the low ebb to which his spirits had fallen. Why he hummed at all he could scarcely have told; it had become a habit during the many years of his lonely journeyings up and down the concession lines of a half-dozen townships.

In rhythm his measures showed but scant variation, but the pitch of his voice was an infallible register of his frame of mind, and of late this dull monotone had become, alas, all too much in evidence.

"Afternoon, Hank!" called a passing pedestrian, cheerily.

"Why, how do, Mr. Jacques?" returned Henry, pulling up with a start, "I declare I didn't see you coming along. How's all the folk?"

"Nicely, thank you. Goin' to stop at the house?"

"Well, yes. Got a nice bit o' print here, I think the Missus'll like."

"Don't think it's much use. She and the girls was up to town on Tuesday and fetched home a pile of stuff."

"Oh, I'll stop anyhow. Maybe there's something they forgot," and the old man's spirits sank a notch lower as he gathered up the reins and called to the mare to "get up."

Throughout that whole section of country there was no more familiar figure than Henry Gibson, peddler, and, with the majority of the people, none more welcome, though of late years there had been a waning in his popularity—a change which poor Henry had too much cause not to fail to note.

Twenty years ago his advent at a farmhouse was quite an exciting event. The women folk suspended their tasks to give attention to his wares, and the children stood as close as they dared, in an ecstacy of open-eyed wonder and delight at the beauty and variety of the goods and trinkets he displayed, while even the men, if they noticed his arrival, thought nothing of quitting their work in the fields and joining the circle to appraise his stock and listen to the latest news from town and the world at large.

But now there was a decided difference. His reception, though friendly as of yore, was marked more by careless good nature than the eager cordiality of days agone; and open criticism or disparagement of his goods took the place of the respectful hearing formerly accorded him.

"I saw better and cheaper than that in town the other day," or kindred remark, was what he was now forced to listen to almost daily, and he dared not challenge the accuracy of the statements. An hour later, he was driving away from the Jacques farmhouse, his purse just fifteen cents richer, and his stock lighter by but a yard of ribbon.

"That print's last season's style; and the girls wouldn't hear to my making any use of it," had been the verdict.

True, he had had a good dinner, for the hospitality of his customers had not waned, but for all that Gibson's spirits were considerably lower than when Jacques had accosted him upon the road.

A trolley car whisked by the foot of the hill he was about to descend.

"A plague upon the pesky things! I wish the man that made 'em had never been born!" he exclaimed; for he shrewdly laid the responsibility for his ever-declining fortunes at the door of the radial roads now intersecting the country.

"Never mind, Henry," his faithful life partner had counselled, again and again, "the folk will soon get over the newness of it, and won't spend so much time travelling to town; then you'll be able to sell as much as ever."

But she had not proven a true prophetess, and matters were drifting from bad to worse.

A mental vision now rose before him of the good old soul, as he had last seen her—the rays of the early morning sun glancing upon her whitening hair and seeming to shed a radiance about the reposeful, trusting face, as she bade him a cheery farewell.

"Never fear, Henry! The Lord will provide. I keep praying about it, and I'm hoping this week'll see the turn. He'll never forsake us; remember that!"

Henry tried to remember, but he found it hard to equal her faith. That, or some kindred sentiment had been her Monday morning farewell for a long time now, but the lane seemed to have no turning.

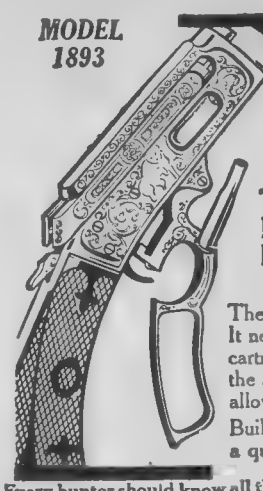
That morning, however, he had felt more hopeful than usual, and had set out determined to neglect no effort to do a brisk week's trade. It was a glorious October day, with just a hint of freshness in the air to brace one; and as he journeyed along the road skirting the river and drank in the gorgeous beauty of the wooded hills, aflame with the varied hues of the turning leaves, bathed in the flood of gladdening sunlight, he felt his pulses quicken while the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and his vioce grew lusty and strong as he shouted forth, over and over again, several bars of an ancient ditty.

But it proved a poor day for business, and was followed by other days equally disheartening until this—Friday—morning had broken dull and cold with a raw, gusty wind blowing—a wind which went through and through his thin garments and quickened into active life the rheumatism which had lain dormant during the summer months. The sun shone but dimly through the mist of cloud, and a grey half-twilight brooded over the hills and valleys, as though in sympathy with the peddler's discouragement—the entire week's business had not equalled a respectable half-day's traffic.

"The cottage'll have to go," he muttered to himself by way of diversion from his cheerless humming.

"Either that, or we call on Freddie," he continued. "I'd rather go on the county though!—for myself, certain—but then there's mother!" and again the vision of that sweet, patient face, with its fringe of grey locks rose before him.

Their son Fred was a rising physician in the West. It had been a long, hard struggle for the worthy couple to keep the boy at school and send him to college; but when they had journeyed to Toronto—their first visit to the provincial capital—and saw their boy re-



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ceive his degree, they felt well repaid for all their self-denial. The calls upon the slender purse did not, however, cease yet, but continued several years longer ere the youthful practitioner could work his way into the enjoyment of a modest income.

It was during this latter period that the mortgage had been placed upon their humble home—an expedient which they mutually agreed must never be revealed to Fred. Once placed, it had never been removed, the payment of the interest demanding all their ingenuity, until now it appeared impossible for them to longer provide even that; and the dread of foreclosure had become a veritable waking nightmare.

The evening shadows were beginning to close in.

"Guess I'll put up for the night at Turner's," mused the old man, as he approached a large farmhouse of considerable pretensions, glistening in all the glory of a recent coat of paint. "There's no use travelling farther today, and I can make town by to-morrow night all right."

"Who's that?" queried a feminine voice from the dusky interior, as he pushed open the kitchen door after rapping upon it with the butt of his whip.

"Peddler Gibson," called back the fourteen-year-old boy who confronted him.

"Tell him we don't want anything," the hidden voice responded. "Nothing at all," with added emphasis.

frightfully ugly, and which once purchased she had been compelled to wear despite all protests.

A jog of two or three miles further down the road would bring him to the Walker's, who, he knew, would be glad to see him; so, although both he and his old mare were ready to rest, he gathered up the reins and continued his journey in the gathering dusk.

A few hundred yards east of the Walker place the road ran through a thickly wooded hollow, where the overhanging trees effectively shut out what little daylight remained, and shrouded the highway in deep gloom. When about half-way through this copse his steady-going mare suddenly shied, then stood trembling uneasily, and Henry became conscious that someone was holding her head.

"Hello! What d'you want?" he demanded somewhat shakily, peering into the darkness.

"We want a lift," came the reply.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you; but I'm putting up for the night at the next house."

"Oh, I guess you can strain a point, and keep right on. We've a pressing engagement on the other side of the line, and must make the river by morning."

This was a different voice, and the peddler could now make out two shadowy figures looming up bulkily upon the right of the roadway.

Catching the Lining up Cable.

"But I thought of stopping over night, Miss Phoebe," expostulated Henry, thinking it about time he asserted himself.

"We can't put you up, Mr. Gibson," came the decided reply. "We had more company than we wanted last night; and they carried off what they didn't bring. Peddlers and thieves—'birds of a feather flock together,'" was added in a lower key, but evidently intended for his ears.

Gibson winced.

"Where's your pa, Jamie?" he queried of the boy.

"He and Jack and Joe are all out hunting for the burglars. We don't know when they'll be back."

"What burglars?"

"Didn't you hear?—a couple of fellows came here last night, and asked to stop. Dad took them in, but this morning they were gone with over a hundred dollars he got for a horse yesterday, and all the old silverware. That's what's up with Sis," he added confidentially. "She's awful mad about the silver, 'cause she was counting big on showing it off at her wedding next week."

"Stop your talking and shut that door, Jim," commanded the inner voice in threatening tones, as Gibson turned wearily away.

If he waited for Mr. Turner he knew that he could be sure of a cordial welcome; but he had no desire to remain after the daughter's gratuitous insult. He had offended Miss Phoebe when she was yet but a half-grown girl, by persuading her mother to buy her a piece of dress goods, which she had declared

"I realy couldn't think of it, gentlemen," he protested. "Neither the mare nor I have had a bite since noon, and we're about played out."

"We're not asking you to make record time," returned the first voice, "but we've got to have a lift," and something in his hand clicked ominously as he drew closer. "Yes; and we're quite willing to return the compliment by 'lifting' something for you," chimed in the second voice in mocking accents.

"Climb in then," retorted Gibson ungraciously enough.

"Thank you! and we've a parcel here we'll just drop into your waggon," and as what looked like a good-sized clothes-basket struck the floor of the cart it gave forth an unmistakable metallic jingle.

"Guess we'll just crawl in here alongside ourselves. This top'll keep off the night air—and, by-the-way, friend, you needn't stop to introduce us to anyone you meet," quoth he of the mocking voice.

For several hours they jogged along in silence. Gibson's teeth were chattering with the cold, and he shook as though an ague had come upon him; but withal, his chief concern was for his old mare, who was being called upon for such heavy work upon short rations. Twice they met other vehicles, and each time the old man felt something cold and hard pressed against his back, and again heard that ominous click. The hint was sufficient, and he continued steadily on his way with a terse "How do?" in passing.

Just before dawn they encountered several mounted men, whose leader peremptorily called upon Gibson to stop,

and pressing forward, revealed himself as the county constable.

"Now, I'll get rid of these gentry!" thought the peddler; but on the instant he again felt that suggestive coldness in the back, and a voice hissed in his ear:

"I'll kill you, if you give us away!"

"Oh, it's you Hank!" the constable greeted. "Didn't know you kept the road both night and day."

"No more I do; but I had to put on an extra spurt to-night."

"Didn't see any burglars along the road?"

At this question Henry received such a vicious dig in the ribs as to cause him almost to cry aloud.

"Burglars!" he exclaimed, "I wasn't looking for any; and I don't suppose they'd think my truck worth taking, if I did run across them. Where've they been?"

"A couple went through Turner's place night before last. We thought they'd made the river and cut across, but couldn't find any trace; so we're doubling back. Seen any suspicious characters?"

"I did see a couple of stranger fellows with a basket some miles back."

A muttered oath from behind reached Henry's ear, and the pistol was pressed more firmly to his back.

"The very pair!" exclaimed the constable. "Turner said they'd taken a basket to carry the stuff. How far back?"

"Put 'em off the scent!" was hissed into Gibson's ear.

"In the wood, a mile this side of Turner's. They wanted me to give 'em a lift; but I said I guessed I'd stop at Walker's."

"Cheeky fellows to hang around that close! Glad to hear it though. We're sure to get 'em yet. Come on, boys!" and the party clattered off.

Gibson was loath to see them go, and heartily wished he had had the courage to say: "Here's your men, constable!" but the close proximity of that suggestive pistol had overbalanced all other considerations.

For another half hour they plodded steadily along. Suddenly there was a fusilade of oaths from beneath the cover behind him.

"Wake that beast up, old man; and drive for all you're worth!"

The peddler turned to see what had caused this outbreak.

The sun was now up above the eastern horizon; but his rays failed to pierce the thick mist which enveloped the earth, hiding all but nearby objects, and distorting these into fantastic shapes. On the crest of a considerable hill they had just descended, several moving figures were silhouetted against the eastern sky; these by their actions were evidently in pursuit of the peddler's cart.

"They've caught on and are coming back!" declared one of his passengers. "Whip up your old nag and make her travel."

"Get up, Nancy!" called Henry.

"Whip her up, I say! Here, give me the whip, and I'll lash some life into her!"

"Get up, Nancy!" repeated the peddler.

"Do you hear? Get out your whip!" the fellow shouted in his ear, and prodded him viciously with his pistol.

The worm will turn. Gibson's heart had been full of sympathy for the old mare who had carried him so faithfully in all sorts of weather for so many years; and the suggestion that he should still abuse her rendered him desperate.

"See here!" he shouted, turning and facing his tormentor, "I'm getting all the travel out of this beast there is in her, and she'll give me more speed for the asking than all the lashing you could do would whip out of her. Keep quiet and I'll do my best; but say any more about the whip and I'll pull her up short, and you can shoot all you like! Understand?"

"Well, I'll be ——!" exclaimed the astonished desperado, "if the fool doesn't think more of that bag of bones than he does of his own carcass!—Well, go it your own way," he added, "but make her travel."

The old man pulled on the reins with his benumbed hands.

"Git along there, Nancy! Git along, my beauty!"

The mare stepped out gallantly, but the day and night of toil had been poor preparation for this extra effort.

"Move along, Nancy! Move along!"

"Make her do better than that!" called a hateful voice from behind.

"You shut up!" Gibson retorted politely, without turning his head, and continued to call encouragingly to his beast. He had no desire to be overtaken by the constable and his posse, for he felt that he was in a compromising position, the simple explanation of which might not be readily accepted; and the cruel gibe of Turner's girl recurred to his mind with added bitterness.

On went the mare, with the cart behind rattling and bumping over the hard road. Soon they approached the outskirts of the town.

"Down toward the river!" ordered the voice behind, as they came to a fork in the road; and Gibson dared not disobey. Presently they passed to the rear of his own cottage, from the chimney of which a dim smoke was curling, indicating that the thrifty Martha was already astir—intent, doubtless, on preparations for the expected homecoming of her spouse that evening.

The houses were closer together now, and ere long they were within the town limits, and making turn after turn in and out of the various streets in zigzag fashion, at the dictation of that imperative voice, but ever drawing closer to the river, beyond which lay safety.

They were crossing the head of a wide street leading toward the centre of the town, when Henry came to a sudden bold determination. He had resented the high-handed proceedings of his self-invited companions; but the cruel strain put upon his faithful old mare hurt him much more than the indignities heaped upon himself, and he was very loath that such inhumanity should go unpunished.

"Get down out of sight there, quick!" he called, himself suiting the action to the word by ducking his head; but at the same moment he kicked viciously at an iron level upon the cart floor.

Some years ago, Gibson, who was quite a genius in his way, had contrived an arrangement for contracting the canvas top of his wagon, and securely fastening the framework upon all sides—this for protection when leaving it, as he was often forced to do, with his stock in trade in some open shed for the night. The lever beneath the seat operated this mechanism.

There was a crash and a medley of muffled oaths from beneath the canvas covering, as Henry sharply swerved the mare into the wide street, jolting the wheels over the curbing by the shortness of the turn. The old man rose from the seat, and stood swaying unsteadily upon benumbed and stiffened limbs, shouting hysterically to his mare:

"Git along, Nancy! Do your prettiest, girl! Help the old man win! Keep it up just a little bit longer! We'll soon get rid of our gay company! Up, you old darling, up!"

The wheels rattled over the stones of the roadway; dogs barked; half-grown boys yelled in derision at the dilapidated-looking outfit and its ungainly driver, while continuous cursing, vicious kicking, rending of canvas, and even a stray shot from beneath the covering, added to the din.

Men and women thrust startled and wondering faces out of windows and doorways; children screamed and scampered to see; drivers of other vehicles turned hastily aside; a pompous guardian of the peace called authoritatively but unavailingly to him to stop. Surely, no such commotion had been created in a quiet, law-abiding town since John Gilpin took his famous ride!

Gibson drove on wildly, encouraging the mare by every device he could conceive of, expecting each instant to be felled or shot from behind. He could hear the light framework splintering, and knew that at best it could be but a few moments ere his prisoners were free—and then?—

But he kept on, and just as a stinging blow caught him beneath the jaw, pulled up at the police station. Several officers rushed forth to investigate the hubbub and secured the two scoundrels, who were throwing themselves upon the old man with murderous intent.

Cold, dazed, bruised and filled with despair as he contemplated the ruin of his cart and the general wreckage of his modest stock, Henry Gibson turned into

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A SHAVING Luxury, giving a creamy lather, not drying on the face, but refreshing and soothing and stimulating to the skin. Works readily with either hot or cold water. Assures a smooth, pleasurable shave.

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WINNIPEG.

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Benenden, Kent, November, 5, 1912.

From the Rev. A. Harwood Field, B.D.

I have great pleasure in sending you my testimony to the value of **Woodward's Gripe Water**, which I recommend to all parents for their children.

Our baby boy was troubled much with weak digestion, and after trying various remedies we were advised to obtain **Woodward's Gripe Water**, and right glad we are for such good advice. Wherever the remedy is tried it recommends itself. It is quite safe and harmless to the child. We would not be without it in the house; we have not had one bad night with the boy since his birth, thanks to your remedy. Wishing you all success with your preparation, yours faithfully. A. HARWOOD FIELD, Congregational Minister.

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is invaluable in teething. It gives prompt relief in the suffering due to imperfect digestion. 4

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the station, but paid scant attention to the proceedings before the desk sergeant. He took but little interest even when the contents of the basket were turned out, disclosing the entire collection of ancient silverware the Turners were so proud of. Looking listlessly about the room, his eye caught a placard upon the wall, on which the printer's ink seemed scarcely dried. He read it through mechanically, not grasping the purport of it. The signature, however, arrested his attention and recalled his wandering faculties.

He read it through again, then questioned the officer at his elbow:

"Tell me, constable, do I get that?"

"Well, I don't know why you shouldn't!" returned the other, heartily. "Here's the burglars, and here's the silver, for the return of which and the conviction of the thieves John Turner offers a reward of $1,000. You're in luck, Hank!"

The old man felt a sudden weakness. He sat down quickly, while thoughts of a cancelled mortgage, replenished stock, and—sweet morsel!—a full apology from Turner's daughter flashed through his brain, while before his mental vision again arose the picture of the serene, calm, confident face of Martha, his wife, as she had stood upon the Monday morning and bidden him go forth in the assurance that the Master would care for them.

When the examination was over, he walked out dreamily. As he reached the sidewalk, three tall figures astride ungainly plough horses came down the street.

"Hello, Hank!" shouted Will Norris, pulling up, while his two lank sons continued on their way. "You're making quick time this week, aren't you? Me and the boys thought 'twas your cart ahead of us a bit back on the road and tried to catch you up, but you was going too lively. There's mettle in that old nag of yourn yet! The Missus was speaking of a bit of linen you promised to bring her this week. Keep it in mind, Hank. We're making to haul timber this mornin', so I can't stop no longer."

"Yes," whispered Henry to his mare, as he rubbed his cheek against her muzzle, lovingly, "one of them fellows said they'd like to lift something for me, but I didn't think it'd be the mortgage-guess he didn't either!"

WESTERN VERSE

Ode to the Vanished Herds of Bison which Once Covered Our Western Prairies

Ah! whither fled, bold monarch of the plain,
Which once roamed proudly through this wilderness?
I find but these white bones upon the grass
As for thy mighty hosts I seek in vain.
Bleached by the sun, picked by the coyotes clean,
Thy bones lie scattered wide throughout the land,
Pathetic relics of the countless band
Which erstwhile wandered o'er the prairies green.
Man's ruthless arm cut short thy harmless reign.
His greed of gold demanded sacrifice.
He held his honor cheaper than the price
Of the poor hides stripped from thy thousands slain.
Yet as at night within my tent I lie—
The spangled heavens glorious above outspread—
In fancy I can hear the thund'rous tread
Of never ending numbers passing by.
And still perchance the unknown hath in store
For thee a pasture succulent and vast
Where thou mayst reign supreme as in the past
And flourish unmolested evermore.

How Spring Came to Canada

'Twas a steamer brought the news
And the pulsing of her screws
Echoed back the throbbing heart beats on the shore,
And her steel prow cleaves a way
Where the ice king long held sway,
And the gentle heaving swell
Rings the dying monarch's knell,
For the fairway's marked with bell,
And buoy once more.
And across the foaming wake
See the great white porpoise break—
Oh, it's good to be alive
Feel the warm wave as we dive;
For the Gulf is free of ice
That has held us in a vise
And its Spring! Spring!
And the river voices sing:
"Oh, let us haste away
Splash the rocks in foam and spray
Roar and thunder on our way
Till we meet the salt waves breaking
On the shore."
And along the great steel lines
Through the lonely forest pines,
Through the silence and the gloom
Where the great bear has his tomb,
O'er valley, plain and hill
The good news goes forth still,
And the iron bridges shake
And the thunder that they make
Booms far across the lake
With a roar.
"I'll race you," said the cherry
"From the blossom to the berry."
And you almost hear a shout
As the crackling buds burst out.
And the trees are clothed in sheen
Of the purest emerald green
Where branches bare were seen
The day before.
While from upland, swamp and slough
Comes the old tale, ever new,
And we must believe it true,
For the clear blue sky's above us,
The warm, bright sun to love us;
Sweet scented air's around
And bright winged birds have found
The nesting place so dear
In days of yore.
And like an arrow flies
Through the golden evening skies,
The wild fowl in their might
Still calling through the night,
To the wild wastes of the north
Lone land that brought them forth
The ever welcome news of the spring.
And we thank the Lord above
For the faith and hope and love
For the glory and the gladness,
The wisdom and the madness
For the songs we all must sing
In this dear land in the spring.

Post Toasties for Lunch

Appetizing and wholesome these hot Summer days.

No cooking—no hot kitchen.

Ready to eat direct from the package—fresh, crisp and dainty.

Serve with cream and sugar — and sometimes fresh berries or fruit.

Post Toasties are thin bits of Indian Corn, toasted to a golden brown.

Acceptable at any meal—

Post Toasties

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God's Good Angel

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Percy Haywood.

"THE Lord will provide, dearie, doubt ye not, He will provide." and careworn Mrs. Barrie sought to add assurance to her words by patting the wasted hand that matched the coverlet in its whiteness.

Olive Barrie, who had been ill three weeks with tuberculosis, was now convalescent. The bright April sunshine, flooding the sick-room day by day, had added its healing powers to the doctor's art until the disease was stayed. Recovery, the doctor thought, would be rapid, but it would not be permanent unless the patient could enjoy thorough rest for at least a year.

It was this knowledge, conveyed by the sympathetic doctor, that troubled Olive Barrie today. Since her father's death, three years ago, she had been her mother's sole support. Her salary, as bookkeeper for the firm of Waldron & Waldron had more than provided for the simple wants of their lives, but the trying work in the stuffy office had broken her health. She would never be equal to the task again, and more congenial employment, in a small place like Darryvale, seemed hopelessly out of the question.

She moved uneasily among her pillows. "I do trust God, mother," she said brokenly, "but oh, it is so hard I can not think what we shall do, now that I am unable to go into the office again. No one in Darryvale will care to employ a weak, sickly girl, and our savings will soon be gone as there's nothing coming in."

"The Lord will provide, the Lord will provide," repeated Mrs. Barrie. "I know He will. He has given you back to me from the sickness, and He will not let us want. Just be quiet and get well, dearie. You'll be able to write some of your stories and perhaps sell them. You do write such pretty things, dearie, everybody says you do." Mrs. Barrie was patting the thin, white hand with maternal pride.

A pleased smile brightened the sick girl's features. "I had not thought of my writing," she said, a little quiver of excitement in her voice. "I could sit on the veranda and do that, mother, and I might be able to earn enough to keep us until I get strong again. Oh, I do love it so, but I've had so little time. There's that story about the Foothills in my desk. It's all finished, mother. Suppose we send it to The Journal and see if they'll take it—it ought to be worth something?"

"You would have to write a letter to send with it," reminded her Mother dubiously, "and doctor said you must not move for a week."

"I'll dictate and you write," replied Olive.

Mrs. Barrie was persuaded, and, when she had obtained the writing material, wrote at Olive's dictation:

"The Editor,

"The Blue Rock Jouranl.

"Dear Sir:—I am enclosing a short story which I hope may prove acceptable for publication in your journal. I am sorry that I can not afford to have it typewritten, because I know you prefer typewritten stories. I have been ill for nearly a month so I am not able to type it myself. My mother is writing this letter for me. I am not yet strong enough to write."

Olive paused. "That should be enough, mother?" she questioned, as Mrs. Barrie looked up from her writing.

"Won't you tell him more about your trouble, dearie?" Mrs. Barrie suggested in reply. "He must be a kind man by the way he writes in The Journal, and perhaps he'd be kind to us if he knew."

"Perhaps I had better," agreed Olive, "although I remember reading that editors do not like long letters about stories. Well, write this, mother:"

"My father died three years ago, and, since his death, I have worked as a bookkeeper to support my mother. The doctor blames the office work for my illness so I can not be a bookkeeper again. I do hope I shall be able to earn a little by writing stories, for I do not know what else to do. Please reply as soon as possible, as we are very anxious to know what you think of my story."

* * * * *

The editor of The Blue Rock Journal had just entered his office, and was hurriedly sorting the morning's mail. He was clearly not in good humor and stood beside his desk, his left foot resting on the chair.

"Another mass of rubbish this morning by the look of it," he ejaculated, loud enough for his stenographer to hear. "If the Blue Rock doesn't soon get hold of a few decent writers she'll go to the wall, and go heavy. This is 'unavailable,' Miss Armitage," he said aloud, tossing a penwritten manuscript toward the stenographer. "Here's the letter with the address. I'm not going to read anything in that scrawl."

The stenographer was preparing a return envelope for the rejected manuscript when the editor closed his desk with a slam.

"I'll be back in an hour, Miss Armitage," he announced. "I'm not in the humor for work just now."

Miss Armitage evidently knew his moods, for with a laughing "All right, Mr. Wilson," she turned to her work.

The scrawled letter lay before her. She took it up and read it through.

"O you poor things," she muttered, studying the letter as though it were a picture of sorrow. "Wilson's a wretch. If he had read that letter, he might have read the story, and now they'll get it back not so much as opened."

Miss Armitage took up the rejected manuscript as she was speaking, straightened it out and read the title.

UNTIL THE MOUNTAINS CRUMBLE.

A Tale of the Foothills.

By Olive Barrie.

Having read the title she proceeded to read the first page, became absorbed, and continued to read, page after page, until she had finished the story.

"Well, I declare," she ejaculated with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "It's like taking a trip to the mountains to read a story like that. Why, it's lovely. The Blue Rock never had such a story. It's fresh, it's pure—so natural. No more like the stories Wilson prints than mountains are like skyscrapers. What a shame to refuse a story like that, just because it's not typewritten, and then fill up the Blue Rock with a lot of sentimental rubbish, and tricky stuff about unnatural women. If the people of this city didn't read such trash they wouldn't be so bad, to my way of thinking, and if Wilson won't take a decent story, just because it's penwritten, I'll find an editor who will." Then, with somewhat relieved feelings, Miss Rachel Armitage calmly crossed the office and dropped the manuscript into the pocket of her overcoat.

When kindly Mrs. Armitage greeted her daughter that evening she received an unpleasant surprise.

"I have been a bad girl at the office today, mother," her daughter announced. "I disobeyed orders for the first time."

"My dear Rachel!" exclaimed Mrs. Armitage, in tones of gentle reproof, "And what did Mr. Wilson say?"

"Nothing, mother, nothing at all, because he doesn't know, so you need not get anxious about my position. He gave me a story to return, and I just couldn't. It was sent in by a poor girl who has a widowed mother depending on her, somewhere out Darryvale way,

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WINNIPEG CANADA

Photography Revolutionized

BY NEW INVENTION

Films, Plates and Dark Room Made Unnecessary

New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell Model H at $5.00 and Model B at $7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3x4½ inches, is $8.00, and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3¼ x5½ inches, is $10.00. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5½x9½x10 inches in size and weighs 3 lbs. 7 oz. Model B is 6½x9x10¾ inches and weighs 4 lbs.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 2½ cents each (cards for Model B, 3 cents each), and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sells flash-light lamps for $1.00, which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out-of-doors.

The operation of this new camera is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from their Canadian branch which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 764C Stuyvesant Building, New York, N.Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

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THE LABEL

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Send in your renewal NOW

and the poor thing ill for a month. I just couldn't bear to send it back and break the poor heart of her. The Blue Rock never published a better story, anyway," she concluded defiantly.

"What made Mr. Wilson refuse the story?" questioned Mrs. Armitage softly. She was inwardly thanking God that Rachel was strong and able to work.

"Just because it wasn't typewritten," her daughter replied. "He didn't so much as look at it, mother, he's such an old crank about pen-written stories. Always says that a writer who's so far behind the times as to use a pen can't write up-to-date stories. Up-to-date stories indeed, I wonder people aren't ashamed to write them," and Rachel Armitage suppressed her contempt by a snap of her pretty teeth.

"O, it's a bad world, girlie, a bad world," sighed Mrs. Armitage. "The good sink and the bad swim, as your father used to say. But what did you do with the story, dear?"

"I brought it home with me, mother. I must try to sell it for the poor things."

"Mr. Wilson might think you were stealing it if he found out," suggested Mrs. Armitage, a new anxiety in her voice.

"But he can't find out, mother," Rachel replied, "unless"—she paused as the new thought crossed her mind,—"unless, that is, I'm too long selling it, and they get anxious and write about it."

"Why not type it for them," said her mother, "and send it in to Mr. Wilson as though it came from the girl? You have your machine here. Mr. Wilson wouldn't know. You say he didn't read the story."

"Mother," said Rachel Armitage, with a dramatic point of her forefinger, "If I had your brains I'd marry a President. Now, I wouldn't have thought of that if the story had walked to the typewriter and rattled the keys." She executed a waltz about the room. "O my," she exclaimed, in a fresh bubble of excitement, "won't it be a rich one on Wilson if he publishes that story after all? Come on, Mrs. Solomon, we'll go in and have supper."

Olive Barrie leaned back wearily in her chair on the cottage veranda in Darryvale. Her right arm rested on a table at her side. She had been trying to write, but found that she tired very easily. The westering sun forced her to shade her eyes as she watched for her mother's return from the post-office. It was almost a month since her mother mailed her story to the Blue Rock Journal, but no reply had been received. The suspense was the more trying as the little stock of savings dwindled down. The story was almost the last source of hope, for Olive's strength returned so slowly, that she could not hope to do active work for many months. Every day for the past two weeks, she had watched her mother's return from the post-office with the same sinking of heart, as she read the disappointment in her face. She had almost ceased to hope. She felt it would be less hard to have the story returned than for the suspense to continue.

Her mother was coming now, walking more briskly than usual. Yes, she had a letter in her hand—it must be from the Blue Rock Journal. Olive closed her eyes with a sigh of thankfulness. There would be news at last, and bad news was better than suspense.

"I have the letter, dearie!" called her mother from the gate, and the next moment she had thrust it into Olive's hands.

"The Blue Rock Journal," was printed in large capitals in the top right-hand corner of the envelope. Olive looked at it in dazed silence.

"Don't trouble, dearie," said Mrs. Barrie, assuringly, "It must be good news when they haven't sent back your story."

Thus encouraged, Olive opened the letter and spread out the contents on the table. A typewritten letter, and a check for seventy-five dollars.

"O, mother," she cried, "they've sent me seventy-five dollars. I never dreamed I would get so much."

"Read the letter, dearie," pleaded her mother as she came beside her.

Olive read:

"Dear Miss Barrie:—Your story, 'Until the Mountains Crumble,' has been read with interest, and found available for publication in The Blue Rock Journal. It will appear in the July number, and we enclose our check for seventy-five dollars in payment. We trust you will favor us with similar stories whenever possible. "Faithfully Yours,

"The Blue Rock Journal.
"Theodore Wilson.
"Editor."

At the bottom was a brief postscript scrawled in pencil:

"Good luck and God bless you,
"Rachel Armitage."

"I wonder who Rachel Armitage can be?" faltered Olive, looking up at her mother with tear-filled eyes.

"She's God's good angel," replied Mrs. Armitage, tremulously, as she drew Olive's head against her shoulder.

Encouraging

Ted—"Are you making any progress in your love affair with that young widow?"

Ned—"It looks that way. She has just put on second mourning."

The Stovel Company Limited, Publishers of Western Home Monthly. Annual Sports at Winnipeg Beach.

Father Saw Double

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon a German and his youngest son were seated in the village inn. The father had partaken liberally of the home-brewed beer, and was warning his son against the evils of intemperance. "Never drink too much, my son. A gentleman stops when he has enough. To be drunk is a disgrace."

"Yes, father, but how can I tell when I have enough or am drunk?"

The old man pointed with his finger, "Do you see those two men sitting in the corner. If you should see four men there, you would be drunk."

The boy looked long and earnestly. "Yes, father, but—but—there is only one man in that corner."

Funniosities.

A schoolboy, being required to describe the spine, said: "The spine is a chain of bones running up and down your back. Your head sits on one end, you sit on the other."—British Medical Journal.

"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The sea was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough—and—er—decidedly disgorgeous."

Mr. Smith had two friends—a phrenologist named Mr. Jones and a publican called Mr. Thomas. He used to visit Mr. Jones' place every day, but did not go to Mr. Thomas' place at all. One day Mr. Thomas said to Mr. Smith, "Why don't you visit me sometimes? You are always at Mr. Jones'."

"Oh," said Mr. Smith, "if I go to his place I get my head read (red), and if I go to your place I get my nose red."

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The Wreck

By Guy De Maupassant

IT WAS yesterday, the 31st of December. I had just finished breakfast with my old friend Georges Garin when the servant brought him a letter covered with seals and foreign stamps. Georges said:

"Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly."

And so he began to read eight pages in a large English handwriting, crossed in every direction. He read them slowly, with serious attention and the interest which we only pay to things which touch our hearts.

Then he put the letter on a corner of the mantelpiece, and he said:

"That was a curious story! I've never told you about it, I think. And yet it was a sentimental adventure, and it happened to me. Aha! that was a strange New Year's Day indeed! It must be twenty years ago, since I was then thirty, and am now fifty years old.

"I was then an inspector in the Maritime Insurance Company, of which I am now director. I had arranged to pass the fete of New Year's in Paris—since it is a convention to make that day a fete—when I received a letter from the manager, directing me to proceed at once to the Island of Re, where a three-masted vessel from Saint-Nazaire, insured by us, had just gone ashore. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. I arrived at the office at ten to get my instructions, and the same evening I took the express, which put me down in La Rochelle the next day, December 31st.

"I had two hours to spare before going aboard the boat for Re. So I made a tour in the town. It is certainly a fantastic city, La Rochelle, with a strong character of its own—streets tangled like a labyrinth, sidewalks running beside endless arcaded galleries like those of the Rue de Rivoli, but low, mysterious, built as if to form a fit scene for conspirators, and making an ancient and striking background for those old-time wars, the savage, heroic wars of religion. It is, indeed, the typical old Huguenot city, grave, discreet, with no fine art to show, with no wonderful monuments, such as make Rouen so grand, but it is remarkable for its severe, somewhat cunning look; it is a city of obstinate fighters, a city where fanaticisms might well blossom, where the faith of the Calvinists became exalted, and where the plot of 'Four Sergeants' was born.

"After I had wandered for some time about these curious streets, I went aboard the black, fat-bellied little steamboat which was to take me to the Island of Re. It was called the 'Jean Guiton.' It started with angry puffings, passed between the two old towers which guard the harbor, crossed the roadstead and issued from the mole built by Richelieu, the great stones of which are visible at the water's edge, enclosing the town like an immense necklace. Then the steamboat turned off to the right.

"It was one of those sad days which oppress and crush the thoughts, tighten the heart and extinguish in us all energy and force—a gray, icy day, salted by a heavy mist which was as wet as rain, as cold as frost, as bad to breathe as the lye of a washtub.

"Under this low ceiling of sinister fog, this shallow, yellow, sandy sea of all gradually receding coasts lay without a wrinkle, without a movement, without life, a sea of turbid water, of greasy water, of stagnant water. The 'Jean Guiton' passed over it, rolling a little from habit, dividing the smooth, opaque sheet, and leaving behind a few waves, a little chopping sea, a few undulations, which were soon calm.

"I began to talk to the captain, a little man almost without feet, as round as his boat and balancing himself like it. I wanted some details about the disaster on which I was to deliver a report. A great square-rigged three-master, the Marie Joseph, of Saint-Nazaire, had gone ashore one night in a hurricane on the sands of the Island of Re.

"The owner wrote us that the storm had thrown the ship so far ashore that it was impossible to float her, and they had had to remove everything which could be detached with the utmost possible haste. Nevertheless, I was to examine the situation of the wreck, estimate what must have been her condition before the disaster, and decide whether all efforts had been used to get her afloat. I came as an agent of the company in order to bear contradictory testimony, if necessary, at the trial.

"On receipt of my report the manager would take what measures he judged necessary to protect our interests.

"The captain of the 'Jean Guiton' knew all about the affair, having been summoned with his boat to assist in the attempts at salvage.

"He told me the story of the disaster, and very simply too. The 'Marie Joseph,' driven by a furious gale, lost her bearings completely in the night, and steering by chance over a heavy foaming sea—'a milk-soup sea,' said the captain—had gone ashore on those immense banks of sand which make the coasts of this region seem like limitless Saharas at hours when the tide is low.

"While talking I looked around and ahead. Between the ocean and the lowering sky lay a free space where the eye could see far. We were following a coast. I asked: 'Is that the island of Re?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"And suddenly the captain stretched his right hand out before us, pointed to something almost invisible in the middle of the sea and said: 'There's your ship.'

"'The Marie Joseph?'

"'Yes.'

"I was stupefied. This black, almost imperceptible speck, which I should have taken for a rock, seemed, at least, three miles from land.

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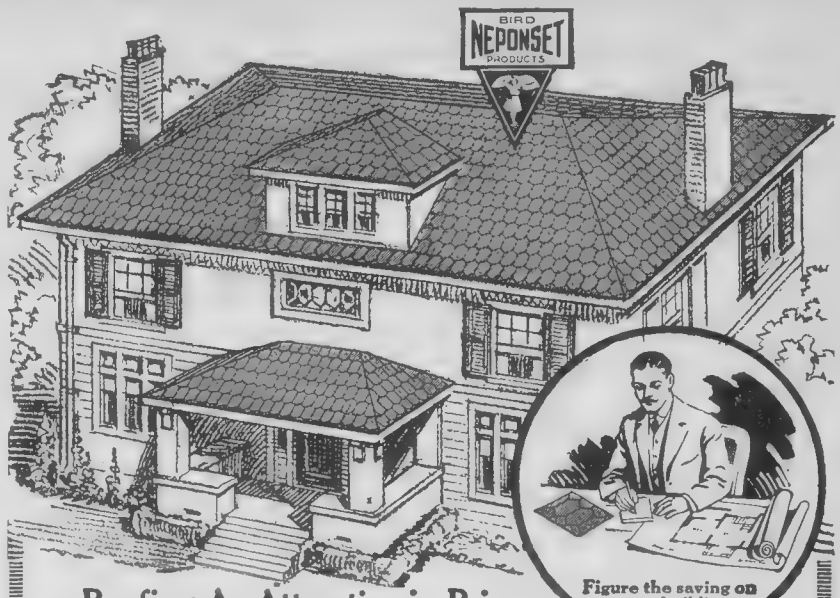

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"I continued: 'But, captain, there must be a hundred fathoms of water in that place?'

"He began to laugh.

"'A hundred fathoms, my boy! Well, I should say about two!'

"He was from Bordeaux. He continued: 'It's now 9.40, just high tide. Go down along the beach with your hands in your pockets after you've had lunch at the Hotel du Dauphin, and I'll engage that at ten minutes to three, or three o'clock, you'll reach the wreck without wetting your feet, and have from an hour and three-quarters to two hours aboard of her; but not more, or you'll be caught. The farther the sea goes out the faster it comes back. This coast is as flat as a bed bug! But start away at ten minutes to five, as I tell you, and at half-past seven you will be aboard of the 'Jean Guiton' again, which will put you down this same evening on the quay at La Rochelle.'

"I thanked the captain, and I went and sat down in the bow of the steamer to get a good look at the little city of Saint-Martin, which we were now rapidly approaching.

"It was just like all the miniature seaports which serve as the capitals of the barren islands scattered along the coast—a large fishing village, one foot on sea and one on shore, living on fish and wild-fowl, vegetables and shell-fish, radishes and mussels. The island is very low, and little cultivated, yet seems to be filled with people. However, I did not penetrate into the interior.

"After having breakfasted, I climbed across a little promontory, and, then, as the tide was rapidly falling, I started out across the sands towards a kind of black rock which I could just perceive above the surface of the water, far out, far down.

"I walked quickly over the yellow plain; it was elastic, like flesh, and seemed to sweat beneath my foot. The sea had been there very lately; now I perceive it at a distance, escaping out of sight, and I no longer distinguished the line which separated the sands from ocean. I felt as though I were assisting at a gigantic supernatural work of enchantment. The Atlantic had just now been before me, then it had disappeared into the strand, just as does scenery through a trap; and now I walked in the midst of a desert. Only the feeling, the breath of the salt-water, remained in me. I perceived the smell of the wrack, the smell of the wide sea, the rough, good smell of sea-coasts. I walked fast; I was no longer cold; I looked at the stranded wreck, which grew in size as I approached, and came now to resemble an enormous ship-wrecked whale.

"It seemed fairly to rise out of the ground, and on that great, flat, yellow stretch of sand assumed surprising proportions. After an hour's walk I reached it at last. Bulging out and crushed, it lay upon its side, which, like the flanks of an animal, displayed its broken bones, its bones of tarry wood pierced with enormous bolts. The sand had already invaded it, entered it by all the crannies, and held it, possessed it, refused to let it go. It seemed to have taken root in it. The bow had entered deep into this soft, treacherous beach; while the stern, high in air, seemed to cast at heaven, like a cry of despairing appeal, the two white words on the black planking, 'Marie Joseph.'

"I scaled this carcass of a ship by the lowest side; then, having reached the deck, I went below. The daylight which entered by the stove-in hatches and the cracks in the sides, showed sadly enough a species of long, sombre cellar full of demolished woodwork. There was nothing here but the sand, which served as a foot-soil in this cavern of planks.

"I began to take some notes about the condition of the ship. I was seated on a broken empty cask, writing by the light of a great crack, through which I could perceive the boundless stretch of the strand. A strange shivering of cold and loneliness ran over my skin from time to time; and I would often stop writing for a moment to listen to the vague, mysterious noises in the wreck; the noise of the crabs scratching the planking with their hooked claws; the noise of a thousand little creatures of the sea already installed on this dead body; the noise, so gentle and regular, of the worms, who with their gimlet-like, grinding sound, gnaw ceaselessly at the old timber, which they hollow out and devour.

"And suddenly, very near me, I heard human voices; I started as though I had seen a ghost. For a second I really thought I was about to see two drowned men rise from the sinister depths of the hold, who would tell me about their death. At any rate, it did not take me long to swing myself on deck with all the strength I had in my wrists. There, below the bow, I found standing a tall gentleman with three young girls, or rather, a tall Englishman with three young misses. Certainly, they were a good deal more frightened at seeing this sudden apparition on the abandoned three-master than I had been at seeing them. The youngest girl turned round and ran; the two others caught their father by the arms; as for him, he opened his mouth—that was sole sign of his emotion which he showed.

"Then after several seconds, he spoke: 'Aw, mosieu, are you the owner of this ship?'

"'I am.'

"'May I go over it?'

"'You may.'

"Then he uttered a long sentence in English, in which I only distinguished the word 'gracious,' repeated several times.

"As he was looking for a place to climb up, I showed him the best, and lent him a hand. He ascended. Then we helped up the three little girls, who were now quite reassured. They were charming, especially the oldest, a blonde of eighteen, fresh as a flower, and so dainty, so pretty! Ah, yes, the pretty Englishwomen have indeed the look of tender fruits of the sea! One would have said of this one that she had just risen from the sands and that her hair had kept their tint. They all, with their exquisite freshness, make you think of the delicate colors of pink sea-shells, and of shining pearls, rare and mysterious, hidden in the unknown deeps of ocean.

"She spoke French a little better than her father, and she acted as interpreter. I must tell all about the shipwreck to the very least details, and I romanced as though I had been present at the catastrophe. Then the whole family descended into the interior of the wreck. As soon as they had penetrated into this sombre, dim-lit gallery, they uttered cries of astonishment and admiration. And suddenly the father and his three daughters were holding sketch-books in their hands, which they had doubtless carried hidden somewhere in their heavy weather-proof clothes, and were all beginning at once to make pencil sketches of this melancholy and fantastic place.

"They had seated themselves side by side on a projecting beam, and the four sketch-books on the eight knees were being rapidly covered with little black lines, which were intended to represent the half-opened stomach of the 'Marie Joseph.'

"I continued to inspect the skeleton of the ship, and the oldest girl talked to me while she worked.

"I learned that they were spending the winter at Biarritz, and that they had come to the island of Re expressly to see the stranded three-master. They had none of the usual English arrogance; they were simple, honest hearts of that class of contestant wanderers with which England covers the globe. The father was long and thin, with a red face framed in white whiskers, and looking like a living sandwich, a slice of ham cut in the shape of a head, placed between two wedges of hair. The daughters, like little wading birds in embryo, had long legs and were also thin—except the oldest. All three were pretty, especially the tallest.

"She had such a droll way of speaking, of talking, of laughing, of understanding and of not understanding, of raising her eyes to ask a question (eyes blue as deep water), of stopping her drawing a moment to make a guess at what you meant, of returning once more to work, of saying 'yes' or 'no'—that I could have listened and looked indefinitely.

"Suddenly she murmured:

"'I hear a little movement on this boat!'

"I lent an ear; and I immediately distinguished a low, steady, curious sound. What was it? I rose and looked out of the crack, and I uttered a violent cry. The sea had come back; it was about to surround us!

"We were on deck in an instant. It was too late. The water circled us about and was running towards the coast with prodigious swiftness. No, it did not run, it slipped, it crawled, it grew longer, like a kind of great limitless blot. The water on the sands was barely a few

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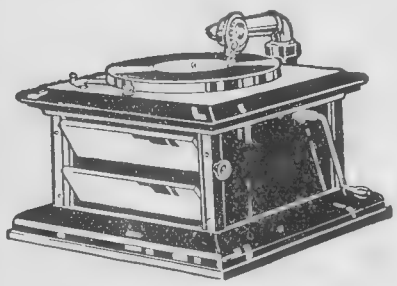

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centimetres deep; but the rising flood had gone so far that we no longer saw the flying line of its edge.

"The Englishman wanted to jump. I held him back. Flight was impossible because of the deep places which we had been obliged to go round on our way out, and into which we should certainly fall on our return.

"There was a minute of horrible anguish in our hearts. Then the little English girl began to smile, and murmured:

"'So we, too, are shipwrecked.'

"I tried to laugh; but fear caught me tight, a fear which was cowardly and horrid and base and mean, like the tide. All the dangers which we ran appeared to me at once. I wanted to shriek 'Help!' but to whom?

"The two younger girls were cowering against their father, who regarded, with a look of consternation, the measureless sea which hedged us round about.

"And the night fell as swiftly as the ocean rose—a lowering, wet, icy night.

"I said: 'There's nothing to do but to stay on the ship.'

"The Englishman answered: 'Oh yes!'

"And we waited there a quarter of an hour, half an hour; indeed, I don't know how long, watching that yellow water which grew deep about us, whirled round and round, and seemed to bubble, and seemed to sport over the reconquest of the vast sea-strand.

"One of the little girls was cold, and we suddenly thought of going below to shelter ourselves from the light but freezing wind which blew upon us and pricked our skins.

"I leaned over the hatchway. The ship was full of water. So we must cower against the stern planking, which shielded us a little.

"The shades were now enwrapping us, and we remained pressed close to one another, surrounded by the darkness and by the sea. I felt trembling against my shoulder the shoulder of the little English girl, whose teeth chattered from time to time. But I also felt the gentle warmth of her body through her ulster from time to time, and that warmth was as delicious to me as a kiss. We no longer spoke; we sat motionless, mute, cowering down like animals in a ditch when the hurricane is raging. And, nevertheless, despite the night, the terrible and increasing danger, I began to feel happy that I was there, to be glad of the cold and the peril, to rejoice in the long hours of darkness and anguish which I must pass on this plank so near this dainty and pretty little girl.

"I asked myself: 'Why this strange sensation of well-being and of joy?

"Why? Does one know? Because she was there? Who? She, a little unknown English girl? I did not even know her. And for all that I was touched and conquered. I should have liked to save her, to sacrifice myself for her, to commit a thousand follies! Strange thing! How does it happen that the presence of a woman overwhelms us so? Is it the power of her grace which enfolds us? Is it the seduction in her beauty and youth which intoxicates us like wine?

"Is it not rather, as it were, the touch of Love, of Love the Mysterious, who seeks constantly to unite two beings, who tries his strength the instant he has put a man and a woman face to face, and who suffuses them with a confused secret, profound emotion, just as you water the earth to make the flowers spring?

"But the silence of the shades and of the sky became dreadful, because we could thus hear vaguely about us an infinite low roar, the dull rumor of the rising sea, and the monotonous dashing of the current against the ship.

"Suddenly I heard the sound of sobs. The youngest of the little girls was crying. Then her father tried to console her, and they began to talk in their own tongue, which I did not understand. I guessed that he was reassuring her, and that she was still afraid.

"I asked my neighbor: 'You are not too cold, are you, Miss?'

"'Oh yes! I am very cold.'

"I wanted to give her my cloak; she refused it. But I had taken it off and I covered her with it against her will. In the short struggle her hand touched mine. It made a charming shiver run over my body.

"For some minutes the air had been growing brisker, the dashing of the water stronger against the flanks of the ship. I raised myself; a great gust blew in my face. The wind was rising!

"The Englishman perceived this at the same time that I did, and said simply: 'That is bad for us, this—'

"Of course it was bad, it was certain death if any breakers, however feeble, should attack and shake the wreck, which was already so loose and broken that the first big sea would carry it off in a jelly.

"So our anguish increased from second to second as the squalls grew stronger and stronger. Now the sea broke a little, and I saw in the darkness white lines appearing and disappearing, which were lines of foam; while each wave struck the 'Marie Joseph,' and shook her with a short quiver which rose to our hearts.

"The English girl was trembling; I felt her shiver against me. And I had a wild desire to take her in my arms.

"Down there before and behind us, to left and right, light-houses were shining along the shore—light-houses white and yellow and red, revolving like the enormous eyes of giants who were staring at us, watching us, waiting eagerly for us to disappear. One of them in special irritated me. It went out every thirty seconds and it lit up again as soon. It was indeed an eye, that one, with its lid carelessly lowered over its fiery look.

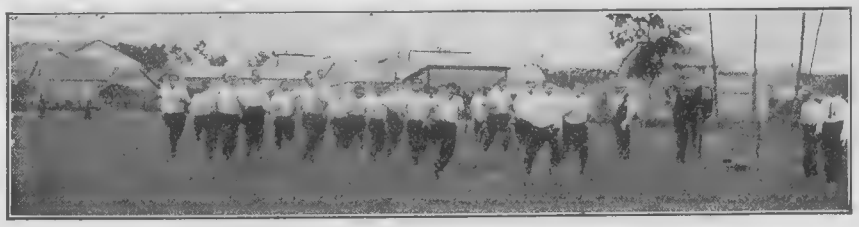
"From time to time the Englishman struck a match to see the hour; then he put his watch back in his pocket. Suddenly he said to me, over the heads of his daughters, with a gravity which was supreme, 'I wish you a Happy New Year, Mosieu.'

"It was midnight. I held out my hand which he pressed. Then he said something in English, and suddenly he and his daughter began to sing 'God Save the Queen,' which rose through the black and silent air and vanished into space.

"At first I felt a desire to laugh; then I was seized by a strong, fantastic emotion.

"It was something sinister and superb, this chant of the shipwrecked, the condemned, something like a prayer and also like something grander, something comparable to the ancient sublime 'Ave Caesar morituri te salutamus.'

"When they had finished I asked my neighbor to sing a ballad alone, a legend, anything she liked, to make us forget our terrors. She consented, and immediately her clear young voice flew off into the night. She sang something which was doubtless sad, because the notes were long drawn out, issued slowly from her mouth and hovered, like wounded birds, above the waves.



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"The sea was rising now and beating upon our wreck. As for me, I thought only of that voice. And I thought also of the sirens. If a ship had passed near by us what would the sailors have said? My troubled spirit lost itself in the dream. A siren! Was she not really a siren, this daughter of the sea, who had kept me on this worm-eaten ship, and who was soon about to go down with me deep into the waters?

"But suddenly we were all five rolling on the deck, because the 'Marie Joseph' had sunk on her right side. The English girl had fallen across me, and before I knew what I was doing, thinking that my last moment had come, I had caught her in my arms and kissed her cheek, her temple and her hair.

"The ship did not move again, and we, we also, remained motionless.

"The father said 'Kate!' The one whom I was holding answered 'Yes,' and made a movement to free herself. And at that moment I should have wished the ship to split in two and let me fall with her into the sea.

"The Englishman continued: 'A little rocking; it's nothing. I have my three daughters safe.'

"Not having seen the oldest, he had thought she was lost overboard.

"I rose slowly, and suddenly I made out a light on the sea quite near us. I shouted; they answered. It was a boat sent out in search of us by the hotel-keeper, who had guessed at our imprudence.

"We were saved. I was in despair. They picked us off our raft, and they brought us back to Saint-Martin.

"The Englishman was now rubbing his hands and murmuring: 'A good supper! A good supper!'

"We did sup. I was not gay. I regretted the 'Marie Joseph.'

"We had to separate the next day, after much handshaking and many promises to write. They departed for Biarritz. I was not far from following them.

"I was hard hit: I wanted to ask this little girl in marriage. If we had passed eight days together I should have done so. How weak and incomprehensible a man sometimes is!

"Two years passed without my hearing a word from them. Then I received a letter from New York. She was married and wrote to tell me. And since then we write to each other every year on New Year's Day. She tells me about her life, talks of her children, her sisters, never her husband. Why? Ah! Why?....And as for me, I only talk of the 'Marie Joseph.' That was, perhaps, the only woman I have ever loved. No—that I ever should have loved....Ah, well! Who can tell? Facts master you ....And then—and then—all passes.... She must be old now; I should not know her...Ah! she of the by-gone time, she of the wreck! What a creature!.... Divine! She writes me her hair is white....That caused me terrible pain ....Ah! her yellow hair....No, my English girl exists no longer....They are sad, such things as that!"

Corner Stone Laying in Kildonan

On a recent Saturday afternoon there was a memorable occasion in connection with the Winnipeg district. It was the laying of the corner stone of what is known as the Centennial school in the historic municipality of Kildonan. The building will be the first fully modern school structure erected in any rural municipal district in the province of Manitoba. The ceremony was performed by Deputy Minister of Education Fletcher, and was attended by a large number of the residents, among which was not a few old-timers. The school is named the 'Centennial" in honor of the Lord Selkirk settlers, as one hundred years back they landed in this neighborhood. It is an e ght-room fully modern brick structure, with stone basement, costing about $80,000. The main part of the building is of red brick, and it is faced with white, giving a very pretty appearance. Owing to its color it stands out very distinctly. The building is on two and a half acres of ground, at the corner of Kildonan and Royal avenues, and what will be Aikins street. It is about one hundred square feet in size, two stories and basement, and will have all the equipment of a modern school. One of the special features will be an assembly room to seat 700. The structure is to serve the district east of the C. P. R. Selkirk track, and the citizens are delighted at the prospect of so good a school. The architect is Mr. Edward Prain, and the contractor Mr. Bjornalson. The building is to be finished by October, and to run it there will be a male principal and a number of female teachers. The trus'ees are J. H. Gunn, chairman, Thos. Cassidy, secretary, and Jas. Carlton.

Corner Stone of the Centennial School, West Kildonan, being placed in position. In the upper view Messrs R. Fletcher, Deputy Minister of Education, and J. H. Gunn, Chairman of the School Board, are seeing the stone put in position properly, and the lower picture shows Mr Fletcher addressing the assembly, after having pronounced the stone well and truly laid.

The services were presided over by the chairman, and the "laying" done by Mr. Fletcher, who made a timely address. Speeches were also made by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of the historic Presbyterian church, and Rev. Mr. McKinnon, of the Baptist church—the youngest church organization in the district. These two ministers sort of linked up the past with the present. S. R. Henderson, reeve of the municipality, spoke, as also Coun. Harper; the latter being one of the first teachers in the district. Mr. Robt. McBeth, another old-timer also spoke. Messrs. A. C. Miller, principal of the Winnipeg Business College, ex-Coun. Partridge, Coun. Whellams and Coun. Smith were each invited to speak. Congratulations were in order all round, the trustees being commended for the effort made to secure the best school accommodation for the people.

The trustees are also erecting a four-room school building on Jefferson avenue, east of McPhillip street. It is to be known as the Gov. Semple school, and will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000.

"I Remember"

Recollections of the Past in Western Canada by "1881."

"I REMEMBER" quite well leaving the Ontario town for the West. It was on the 12th of July, 1881, when we passed through Listowel ablaze with the glory of the "twelfth" of those days. The trip up through Chicago and St. Paul is not forgotten by any means. At the latter place, then twice as large as Minneapolis, pater said, "This is far enough, let's stop here and go into business." This in face of the fact that a great portion of the Minnesota city was under water. He thought that it was a good point. Well do "I remember" a call being made upon Mr. J. J. Hill, "the railroad man from Eramosa" as father knew him. However, the stop was not made, but on to "the Red River country" we came.

"I remember" quite well the first daylight seen in the Canadian West. We reached here late at night, and early next morning I was up and looking out at the window of "The American," kept by Mr. Paisley, "from near home," on to Main Street, and across what afterwards was found to be the Hudson's Bay flats. Breakfast over, call was made at the Free Press office, which was then nearly opposite York Street, and the editor asked for. To reach him we had to ascend a flight of steps, pass along a short hall, then descend another flight of steps and pass along another hall to the sanctum—really more difficult in reaching than can be described. It was expected that Mr. W. F. Luxton, who was the proprietor, would appear, but instead it was Mr. C. A. Burrows, whom we had known as "Crazy Actin'." When surprise was expressed at him editing a Grit sheet (he was known as one of the true blue Conservatives in the East), he waved the matter off with "Here there is no politics: it is Manitoba first." Afterwards "I remember" meeting the only Luxton of Canada, courteous and generous to a fault who heartily welcomed us to the West.

"I remember" the trip out West by the C. P. R. train to Portage, the stay at the hotel near the Assiniboine river in Portage la Prairie, the trip from there over the prairie to Rapid City, (then the live place of that district just outside the western border of Manitoba), the stop at Brandon, (the then tent town) and the put up at the stopping places at Rat Creek and Rabbs. The poor horses, how they did suffer from the bull-dogs, and what a run we had over the prairie after one of the animals, who, being made frantic by these great flies, ran in double quick order across the plain.

"I remember" the great expectations of all who had put in crop, even the bachelor-farmers of the Rapid City district were enthusiastic. Great crops were expected; even from land only broken a few weeks previous great returns were looked for. Everybody was going farming. "I remember" the Ontario bank accountant, who was at the landing near the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, who did not know which way to turn the nut on the axle of the wagon which he wished off in order that room might be saved in shipping the vehicle.

"I remember" the Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, of those days, with its Joseph Wolf auctioning lots close to the bar; when sales were closed, or rejoiced over, or condoned, whichever way you wish

The Centennial School, West Kildonan.

The views show the building in course of construction. The upper one is the front view, and the lower the rear

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—in will delight him or her also.

to put it, with a "have a drink." The call for the champagne bath by the man who put the Vivian estate at Brandon on the market. "I remember" the purchase of lots on the then Jemima St. and Yonge St., and of the purchase of a lot at $9, in the Spencer block auction rooms, of an annex, or something of the kind, to the then-to-be large town of Clearwater, and the trading of the same for a suit of clothes (about the only thing saved from the boom wreck); the sale of the Presbyterian church opposite the Spencer block, and so on.

Well do "I remember" going to the Queen's hotel, Winnipeg, for a square meal. The Queen's was the hotel of those days, and when one wished to put it on went there—the idea was to get at least one square meal each week. Prairie chicken was on the bill of fare, and one of the birds was little more than a meal for a hungry Ontario-born, so small were they when dressed. It came to the final course, and raspberry tart pie was called for. It looked fine, but on partaking of the dessert it was found that it had been sugared with salt. The head push was appealed to, and he affected great disgust—it was impossible for such to be. Another of the party called for the same, and then there was double complaint; finally Mr. Cook was persuaded to try it himself, and then capitulation followed, for he could not down the mouthful.

"I remember" making an engagement with the late Mr. Nagle to start "the Sun," and fitting up the old plant, owned by the then Mr. John C. Schultz, afterwards Lieut. Governor. "I remember" the visit of Mr. Nagle to his home-town of Ottawa, and shipping men out here to work in the composing room. His having to advance their fare, which was to be worked out of salary; the difficulty of getting them to do the square thing, as they took every advantage of their transportation being paid ahead. The trials and tribulations of the foreman-printer in those days were many. There is a lingering remembrance of the move of the plant from Portage Avenue to Main St. on a stormy Saturday night and early Monday morning, and getting the paper out in time Monday evening, in spite of the protestations of the editor who wished the moving done on Sunday.

"I remember" that same editor getting upset one night out near the Bay Horse hotel on Portage Ave. His buggy was turned over, and he dumped in the mud with a coonskin coat on. He had enough "lot" on his coat the next day, to equip the ordinary real estate man for the trip to Toronto in connection with sale of property. It was necessary in those days, to "show me" some of the soil and it was sometimes placed in jars so that its nature could be seen. It was a big thing when the proprietor of the paper, who did most of the canvassing in those days, brought in a column ad.; all the wooden reglet in the office had to be scared up to make the "white" in the advertisement.

"I remember" the city man of the Sun having to make sure of his two columns of "local" each day though sometimes there was not even a cat fight the night previous, or a foot race on Graham Ave.

"I remember" the excursion of the printers to the picnic down the River, to Fraser's grove; the judging of the babies by the now King's printer, and your humble servant; the almost hairbreadth escapes of the day through our not giving the first prize to half a dozen youngsters, the mothers of whom were of the opinion that the judges were not on to their job.

"I remember" the winter of 1882 well. It was cold, and there was considerable snow. All the sport existing at the time was pool and the room at the Grand Central was always in demand. That winter was put in, and the next spring there was the "flood" when twice, and sometimes oftener, each day visits were made to Louise bridge to see the ice gorge, the expectancy being that the bridge would go. The river valley was a very wide stream, and Emerson suffered great damage.

The Edmonton boom "I remember," it lasted about a week. The citizens of today know nothing of a boom as we did in those days. Several of the northern city lots were purchased by friends, and those lots, I found afterwards could hardly be climbed up. They were on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and were so steep that no building could be erected on them.

Well do "I remember" the preaching of Rev. J. B. Silcox (Congregationalist), and also Rev. Starr (Methodist), with the cornet for lead in the singing.

There is one project that "I remember" very well and it would have been good if carried out. It was that of the late F. W. Colclough. His idea was to get control of all the river lots, between Winnipeg and Selkirk, and re-survey the whole territory into sections. It was a rather large undertaking for those days and fell through.

"I remember," oh yes "I remember."

Sensible Advice

Bill—"What are you carrying a cane for?"

Jim—"I'm having a deuce of a time with water on the knee."

Bill—"Why don't you try wearing pumps?"

Amicable Alice

Alice: "Papa, it's going to snow."

Papa (who is busy): "Well, let it snow."

Alice: "I was going to, Papa."

Ingenuous

Marion came to the breakfast table late, and was scanned by the reproachful eyes of her mother.

"Did that young man kiss you last night, Marion?"

"Now, Mother," said the very pretty girl, with a reminiscent smile, "do you suppose that he came all the way from Blue Rock to hear me sing?"

Sounds Plausible

"Pop, why does the moon get full?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me."

"Pop, I guess if the moon would only stick to the Milky Way it wouldn't get full, would it?"

A New Case of English Humor

Two Southerners were entertaining an Englishman when one of them told the following story:

"There was a poor white in our county named Yarrow, whom every one thought dishonest, but who had never been caught stealing. At last he got too bold, and, through the testimony of a Mr. Brown, he was sent to jail. Soon after Yarrow served his sentence, Mr. Brown was obliged to go to Baltimore and have his eyes operated upon. A much exaggerated account of the operation reached the county, and was told to Yarrow.

"I wish ter gracious," said that worthy, "that when the doctor took out that old Brown's eyes, he'd dropped 'em on the floor and the cat had got 'em!"

At the conclusion of the story, the other Southerner laughed heartily, but the Englishman was horrified. "Just think," he said, "of having a cat in the room when such a serious operation was being performed!"

Appearances Deceitful

She had all the earmarks of a green stenographer, and it therefore occurred to the fresh young clerk that here was one whom he could guy to his heart's content. After the luncheon hour, when all the men were in the office, seemed the best time to show what a wag he was.

Tipping them that he was going to have some fun, he went up to her and said, "Oh, Miss T——, I heard the funniest story today," and he proceeded to get off a time-honored patriarch of a joke.

When he had finished she looked at him guilelessly and said, "Oh, Mr. X, if you ever hear the mate to that, will you tell me?"

"The mate?" said he, rather bewildered.

"Well, you know," said she, "Noah took a pair of all things into the Ark with him, and now that I know one of the jokes, really I would love to know the other."

Woman and the Home

Be Brave

Be brave, my soul; the coward drop
That pales my cheek would bid me stop;
When glancing spears before me thrust,
Should trail my banners in the dust.
Oh, soul of mine, if thou would'st save,
The wavering day, be bold, be brave!

What boots it that the hills are steep,
What matter that the low mists creep,
Who cares that foes in ambush throng;
Be brave, my heart, uplift a song,
When closest draws the hostile line,
Strike home, the victory shall be thine.

Know this, that never fell defeat,
That never shame nor swift retreat
Are his who plays the manful part,
In whom no traitor's fear can start;
Content to die, but not to yield,
Till heaven itself desert the field.

Be brave, from starry spaces far
The cry is heard, thy helpers are
Invisible, but hurrying on
To crown thee when the fight is won.
Oh, heart of mine, where'er the strife,
Be brave. In courage is thy life!

For Gloomy Folk

Be bright! Cultivate a bright, cheery voice, and brightness of looks. "But what about how I feel?" you may ask. It is not of the least consequence how you feel, but it is of very great consequence how you make others feel.

It is very easy to get a whine in your voice, and to be unconscious of it, but it is most depressing to those around you. A voice and a look soon make an atmosphere. You make think that these things come naturally to good people, but they do not. There are many very good people who are quite depressing. Doubtless they are all right on the inside, but they have not cultivated some things on the outside, and there is a deep meaning in what the Master said: "These ought ye to have done" (the most important), but He added, "and not to leave the other undone."

We can afford to have a dozen people go with whom we never can associate sunshine, rather than to lose one bright and happy friend.

The Girl of Fifteen

The girl of fifteen stands today where the little limpid brook with its narrow, silvery thread and flower-bordered banks meets the brimming, full-bosomed river, and it is impossible not to love her, not to be wistful for her, not to pray for her, if one has in her own heart the memory of the sweet days she lived when she was herself fifteen and a daughter of some happy home.

Winsome and clever, or thoughtful and brooding, merry or quiet, according to her temperament, the girl of fifteen is in some phases a problem to her mother, and in many ways a puzzle to herself. She is no longer a child to play freely with her mates in the games which delighted her at ten, and she is not yet a young woman, though she may have womanly tastes and aspirations. On certain subjects as for instance her dress, her amusements, her studies, she has very decided views and she is still gaining in breadth and independence, though still under her mother's wing, and accustomed to refer all questions at issue to her for settlement as the final authority.

Just now she needs more than ever the mother's loving guardianship and the wise mother keeps her daughter very close to her side in confidential affection, in daily intercourse, in the purest and most intimate association.

Early Engagements

Young people, deeply in love, think it very hard that their seniors counsel them against an early engagement or a precipitate marriage. They are so convinced that life without each other will be a barren and wretched waste and failure, that they sometimes handicap their future by indiscreet vows.

At seventeen a man is immature; a girl is a trifle less undeveloped; but even she is not as yet prepared for matrimony. Twenty-three on the man's side is usually young enough for betrothal, and twenty-two is the corresponding age which is the youthful limit for a woman.

Never should people seriously consider marriage—and an engagement is the high road to marriage—until they are in circumstances to support a home. A young man should wait for an assured income before he asks a girl to engage herself to him. A small income will do, but he should have something definite.

The Fault Finder

The fault finder does not attract. There is something about his face, gait and manner, as well as about his temper and words, that repels. Sweetness, gentleness and charity are lacking in his composition, and people fight shy of him. Men become a bane to themselves and to society when dominated by a critical, carping and harsh spirit.

Heart Thoughts

"Duty—the command of heaven, the eldest voice of God."—*Charles Kingsley.*

"Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to bed with us in the evening."—*Gladstone.*

Stovel Picnic, Winnipeg Beach. Two of the Lady Champion Ball Players.

"Love is kin to duty."—*Lewis Morris.*

Do your duty even if it is hard and unpleasant and you will come to love it. Practice in this brings not only perfection, but joy.

"Duty before pleasure." Yes, and duty is the source of all true pleasure.

To Renovate Straw Hats

It is claimed that old hats of black straw may be made to appear new by re-varnishing them with a liquid made by pounding some black sealing wax into small pieces, and pouring over them enough methylated spirits to dissolve the wax thoroughly; when this mixture is quite smooth apply it with a soft brush to the hat, covering every portion of it. Blue straw hats may be freshened in the same way by the use of blue sealing-wax, as may also red straw hats with red sealing-wax.

To Clean Feathers

As feathers are very expensive, it may be well to know that white feathers may be cleaned by gently sousing them in warm soapsuds; rinse them in clear water and dry between soft cloths over the fire, and by occasionally waving them in the air. After they are dry, curl them over the back of a knife after heating the knife slightly over a hot iron.

Content.

The scrubbing's done : my kitchen stands
arrayed
In shining tins, and order reigns supreme.
Here on the table, like a fairy dream,
A row of pies and cakes, all freshly made
And full of spicy odors, stands displayed ;
While from the oven, like a rising stream
Of incense, comes an odor, warm supreme—
The bread, its final browning still delayed.
Now while I wait beside the oven door,
I take up my guitar upon my knee,
And singing the old songs I knew of yore,
My happy youth comes back to me.
Music and incense rising in the air !
Courage is mine, and all the world fair !
—Anon.

Temptin the Convalescent

This has been an unusually trying winter for those who are not naturally robust, and with the relaxing warmth and sudden changes of temperature of the spring, appetites at no time vigorous are hard to tempt. Once past the danger point recovery in many cases becomes a question of nourishment, and to the convalescent, worn out and without his usual control of nerves and appetite, nourishment becomes a question of the attractiveness of his tray and the flavoring of the dishes served him.

Now, as to the tray, let it be light, unless your patient is able to sit up at a table, the shabbiest old tin kitchen tray, if it be covered with a fresh white napkin, is preferred to the most magnificent silver salver which weighs down like lead on the weak muscles. Then let me add the further caution, that no feeble appetite was ever tempted by food served in large quantities, or by a great variety of dishes served at one time. Even a perfectly healthy person will often turn in disgust from a heaped up plateful of food, and the speed with which one tires of restaurant or hotel fare is largely due to the fact that one sees the same great number of dishes day after day, and even though one does not eat them, the very thought of them bores one.

With an invalid or a convalescent to feed, comes your opportunity to use to the best advantage the dainty little plates and dishes, the quaint cream pitchers and the egg-shell cups you have gathered. If you have not such a supply then keep a watchful eye on bargain tables and sales of odds and ends of broken sets. You do not need to buy an expensive breakfast tray and service, for dainty bits of china in odd shapes and colors that harmonize will be more useful.

In preparing a meal, cook small amounts. Even where the invalid is to have a share of the family dinner, arrange to have his portion carefully cut and daintily garnished. A slice of meat on its own small plate, nicely placed and garnished, with the vegetable in a tiny bright-colored bowl, will tempt your invalid to help himself, or allow you to help him twice, and finish it all, when the same amount sent up on a big dinner plate would be sent away hardly tasted. If he is to have a dessert, keep it hot or cold, as the case may be, until he is ready for it, and bring it up then. Don't think because your invalid makes fun of the tray and says he is not fussy, that it is not worth while. The very one who scoffs at the "fixings" is the one who, in his heart, appreciates them and enjoys and assimilates his food the better for them.

Don't keep your patient waiting for his food ; remember that when one is weak, the time seems long, and in the long tiresome day, every little event is welcomed. For the same reason do not hurry him, let him linger over it, and count it just so much gain to have him pass the time pleasantly.

Don't ask him beforehand what he wants, and don't, if possible, let him know what is coming unless he is one of the people who enjoy choosing their own meals.

Now, as to the cooking, make whatever is special diet in small quantities and do not let it become stale or musty. A little ingenuity will take the place of many utensils, and with one or two of the little fire-proof dishes which come now in green or brown for cooking and serving hot things and with small cups, egg cups and small tumblers to serve,

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10 Standard Building, London, Ont.

A Woman's Sympathy
Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.
All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write today for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Onot.

WILSON'S FLY PAD. POISON

Ask your Druggist or Grocer to show you the new plan for killing all the flies in your house or store in one night, and have neither flies nor fly killers about in the daytime.

Backing Up the Purchaser

IF we didn't have an eye to the future, and if we didn't care what you or anybody else was going to think of us, we could sell engines and other machines for much less money, but we could not put I H C quality into them. The kicks would start coming in right away, and soon there would be no market for I H C engines.

I H C engines stand for everything that is opposed to such a policy. The I H C way is to build always for the respect and good will of the Canadian farmer, and to that end it has been successfully working for many years. The agent who sells you an I H C engine expects on its merits to do business with you again. The purchaser of an

I H C Oil and Gas Engine

buys security and safety with it. He banks on the many years of square dealing and the reputation back of all I H C machines. He knows it is the best engine bargain because it gives him efficient service in all kinds of farm work—pumping, sawing wood, spraying, running repair shop, grindstone, cream separator, etc. He knows that I H C responsibility is always back of the engine.

I H C oil and gas engines operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, kerosene, distillate, and alcohol. Sizes range from 1 to 50-horse power. They are built vertical, horizontal, portable, stationary, skidded, air-cooled and water-cooled. I H C oil tractors range in size from 6-12 to 30-60-horse power for plowing, threshing, etc.

Look over an I H C engine at the local agent's. Learn from him what it will do for you, or write for catalogues to

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BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

as moulds for jellies and deserts, one may work wonders.

The inevitable prune will be received more gratefully if it comes up now and then encased as a tiny mould of jelly, a result that may be attained at the expense of only a moment or two of time. Slip the stones out of your cooked prunes, and put them in a small glass. Stir a pinch of prepared gelatine into a few spoonfuls of juice, and pour over the prunes. A little gelatine and a drop of cochineal added to the juice you have stewed figs in, will make them much more attractive than the ordinary grey sloppy stewed fig.

The share of stew, fricassee, or boiled fish, which is to go to the invalid, will become a dainty, if carefully put into a small, a very small, fireproof bowl or ramekin case, and placed in the oven to keep it piping hot, until the time comes to set it on a pretty saucer and send it up.

Soup and broth will be much less likely to get cold or spill over on the tray if served in a bouillon cup or a small bowl set on a plate. A little dish of nicely browned croutons, not fried, but toasted in the oven, or in a corn-popper over the fire, will be returned to you empty when a thick piece of bread will be untouched.

If you get a chicken, do not cook it all at one time, or in one way. Broil or fry half the breast one day, fricassee a wing for another meal, roast a leg with a little dressing tucked under the skin; make a tiny mould or two of jelly, and soup or broth of the rest.

Of course you will have to get orders as to diet from the physician in charge, and must follow them with the utmost care, no matter what your patient's cravings may be. But having the kind of food defined, you may use every bit of skill and cleverness you have in preparing it and all your ingenuity in doing it, so as not to add to the work of a household already tired by the strain of a serious illness.

Uphill.

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin,
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

Becoming Clothes

Savages dress for warmth and decency, but civilized men and women dress not only for these indispensable purposes, but to delight the eyes of those who look at them. There is no expense that a rational man should more gladly incur than that of dress for the women-kind who are dependent upon him. Of course, everything is proportionate and in reason, and you do not expect a poor man to provide costly stuffs for the raiment of his wife and daughters, but too many men apparently think that it is not of much importance whether their women folks have aiment that is suitable to the seasons and conformable to the prevailing styles. Whereas, next to the question of mere subsistence, it is of the utmost importance. No woman can delight the hearts even of those who love her f she is slovenly or unbecomingly dressed. Her personality only makes its proper impression upon others when she is tastefully and suitably arrayed. And then, too, the happiness of women is more largely involved than most men think in the possession and wearing of good clothes. The consciousness of being perfectly well dressed imparts a peculiar peace of mind that ought to com , but sometimes does not, from conditions ap: arently more important.

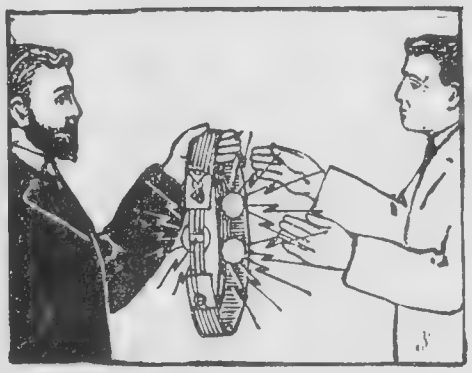
Which Are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half-bad and the bad are half-good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of peopl on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one l fter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and w rry and care?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Made Strong



Every weak person wants to be strong. You have tried drugs, and as they failed, you believe there is no cure for you. Now, you are in error, as I can prove by the thousands of testimonials I have received from grateful patients in every Province in the Dominion, and as I can prove to you in your own case if you will let me. Most of my patients are those who have come to me as a last resort, and have gone away cured. You can be cured, too, if you will come to me. All I ask is a fair chance to prove to you that my drugless method cures. No one is weak without some good reason for it. It matters not whether it is from overwork, exposure or any other cause, I can restore your lost strength, fill your nerves with Electricity (which is the foundation of strength), make you feel bright, happy, full of energy and ambition—a renewed person. Come or write to me today, and I will cure you with my

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

It is a pleasure to wear my Belt. You put it on when you go to bed and get up in the morning with increased strength, and glad to begin your day's work. My Belt never burns and blisters, as do the old style (so-called) electric belts. I have a Special Electric Attachment which I give free to those who wear my Belt. This attachment carries the current direct to the weak parts, and fills them with its warm, vitalizing power, causing the blood to again circulate in a free and natural way, thus bringing about a sure and lasting cure. Weakness, Varicocle, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Weak Back, Lumbago, Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Constipation are all quickly cured by this New Method of mine of applying "Electricity." Don't put it off any longer. Act today. Tomorrow may be too late.

Mr. F. T. Jolly, Killarney, Man., Box 478, has this to say: "The Belt which I purchased from you has given me the best of satisfaction, and I am pleased to say that I am greatly benefited in every way. It is doing all you claim it to do, and it is a belt that cannot be too highly recommended."

I have for years contended that old age was nothing but the freezing of the blood when there was no longer sufficient vital heat in the body to keep the blood warm and the organs active. I have said that years did not cause decay, and proved it by citing cases where men have been made vigorous under my rejuvenating treatment. I have men of seventy years of age who will tell you that the manner in which I apply electricity made the warm blood bound through their veins.

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Write me today for my beautifully illustrated book with cuts showing how my Belt is applied and lots of good reading for men who want to be "the noblest work of God" a MAN. Inclose this coupon and I will send this book, sealed, free.

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Joe and the Demon

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by May Howard

The Little White Horse was grazing in the meadow, and the Little Boy was watching him, with his face pressed close against the railings. He was a very wild horse and a very young one, no one had ever yet put bit or bridle in his mouth, although they had often tried, for he had always been alone; there were no others of his age to canter about with, to race round the meadow, manes and tails flying, or to feed with side by side. So Little White Horse was not very fond of anyone, and his master said one day:

"I must really sell the creature. He is of no use to me."

But the Little Boy loved him dearly. "Come and talk to me, White Horse," he would say "let me get on your back and we will gallop ever so far away."

And Little White Horse would wonder what that strange thing with the soft voice was, and sometimes he would come quite close to look, but gallop away again before Little Boy could touch him.

"I will call you Demon because you're so wild," said the Little Boy, "come and listen now, and I will tell you about myself. I belong to a circus, that one over there; you can see the roof of the tent from here, that's where the big band plays, and there are lots of horses, but not one so nice as you, Demon."

"Let me stroke your nose, you know me now, don't you? You're getting quite tame."

For the Little White Horse came and stood close by the fence and rubbed against it, and Joe, the Little Boy, stroked and patted him.

"I'm awfully lonely, Demon," he said, "there's nobody in the circus wants me 'coss I can't jump through hoops or tumble or anything, and they're not kind to me, either, but I don't mind that when I'm here with you."

Joe was sitting on the top of the fence when he said this, and Demon was rubbing his head against his knee.

"I love you, I love you," he seemed to say, and Joe threw his arms round his neck and kissed him.

"I wish you would let me ride on your back just once more," he said, "will you!"

Demon said nothing, only cocked up his ears and with a little jump Joe was on.

The Little White Horse sprang away from the fence, and stood staring as if he wondered what strange thing had happened to him, but after a while he did not mind, and away they went, round the field like the wind. Demon's mane getting all mixed up with his little rider's hair.

After that they had many a lovely ride together, Joe tried to sit up quite straight and keep on, although he had no saddle and bridle, and I think he must have done it, for I never heard of his falling off.

I was there when the Man-who-ran-the-circus and the Man-who-owned-the-horse first saw them. Then they both called out together, one said, "I'll have the horse," the other said, "I'll have the boy."

Then the Man-who-owned-the-horse laughed as he leaned over the fence and called to Joe.

"Come here, my lad," he said, and the Little Boy trotted Demon up to the fence, and saw that the man had kind eyes and a merry smile, while the Man-who-ran-the-circus was dirty and rough and frowned at him.

Demon would not let his master touch him, but stood a little way off with his ears cocked up looking at them.

"Do you know, my lad," said his master, "you're the first one who's ever been on him, and it's a wonder he did not throw you off and kill you."

"He knows me," answered Joe, stroking the sleek neck.

The master laughed again.

"Well, Bateman," he said, turning to the circus man, "which is it to be?"

"I'll take the horse, sir," growled Bateman, "the boy's mine."

"I think not," said the master. "I think I will keep both horse and boy. Now, my lad, which would you rather do, ride the white horse in the circus, or stay with him here and be a little groom?"

Little Boy looked at the circus man's ugly face, thought of the little food, and many hard words and blows, and answered,

"I'd rather stay here. I wouldn't like White Horse to go in a circus."

"So be it, then. I was going to sell him, for he was so wild he was no use to me, but now you can ride him that is all right."

So Joe stayed when the circus went away and took care of Demon in his master's stables, and the two were as happy as the day was long.

There it was one wet day that Joe told me this story, for if he had not I could not have told it you.

She Paid the Other Quarter

A dumpy little woman, with solemn eyes, holding by the hand two dumpy little boys, came to the box-office of a theatre, says "Harper's Weekly." Handing in a quarter, she asked meekly for the best seat she could get for that money.

"These boys must have tickets if you take them in," said the clerk.

"Oh, no mister" she said. "I never pay for them. I never can spare more than a quarter and I just love a show. We don't cheat you any, mister, for they both go sound asleep just as soon as they get into a seat, and don't see a single bit of it."

The argument convinced the ticket man, and he allowed the two children to pass in.

Toward the end of the second act an usher came out of the auditorium, and handed a twenty-five cent piece to the ticket-seller.

"What's this?" demanded the latter.

"I don't know," said the usher. "A little chunk of a woman beckoned me clear across the house, and said one of her kids had waked up and was looking at the show, and that I should bring you that quarter."

The Same, Only a Little Different

They were newly married, according to "The New York Sun" and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in."

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

When Fighting Really Began

An aged, gray-haired and very wrinkled old woman, arrayed in the outlandish calico costume of the mountains, was summoned as a witness in court to tell what she knew about a fight in her house. She took the witness-stand with evidence of backwardness and proverbial Bourbon verdancy. The Judge asked her in a kindly voice what took place. She insisted it did not amount to much, but the Judge by his persistency finally got her to tell the story of the bloody fracas.

"Now, I tell ye, Jedge, it didn't amount to nuthin'. The fust I knowed about it was when Bill Saunders called Tom Smith a liar, en Tom knocked him down with a stick o' wood. One o' Bill's friends then cut Tom with a knife, slicin' a big chunk out o' him. Then Sam Jones, who was a friend of Tom's, shot the other feller and two more shot him, en three or four others got cut right smart by somebody. That nachly caused some excitement, Jedge, en then they commenced fightin'."

P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine"

Prince Albert has soothed all kinds of pipe grouches for all kinds of men. One of the most interesting cases is that of the American Indians on the reservations. These direct descendants of the original jimmy pipers have taken to

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with the same enthusiasm their forefathers took after paleface scalps. P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine" in the lodges of hundreds of thousands of men of all races. *You* can smoke P. A. without feeling your scalp come up or your tongue blister. The bite is removed by that wonderful patented process that makes P. A. different, distinct, delicious.

Sold everywhere in full 2-oz. tins

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

MAKING HISTORY

We are making history—every o e of us. What we think, say and do is entering into the fabric of our times. There is no man without power and no woman without influence. When least we think of it, our words are being recorded in some men al "phonograph" and our actions are being focalized upon by some camera of individual inspection. What you forget your neighbors will remember. The main thing for you to remember is that you are "making history." An English writer remarks:

"Years ago in a school in Yorkshire there were four little sisters—delicate girls who needed all the tenderness of a mother's loving care, but, alas, the mother lay sleeping in the churchyard. And one of the teachers was hard and tyrannical, such a woman as never ought to enter the teaching profession, which needs not only the keenest intellects, but also the kindest hearts. And she behaved cruelly to one of the girls, and the hot indignation which dared not express itself in words flashed from the eyes of her sister, and the memory of it was burned into her soul. The teacher thought nothing more of it, but in a few years everybody was reading a book called "Jane Eyre," in which, in thrilling words, the wrong done the child was portrayed, and Marie Bronte was a thousand times avenged."

* * * * *

QUIET GOODNESS

The cream of goodness is quiet goodness. Quiet acts of kindness when there is no reporter near to record the incidents of our charity. Quiet words of good cheer when we have not even a faint idea that the thoughtfully expressed remark will ever be recalled or referred to. Quiet suggestions of a friendly sort, to a friend, and about a friend, more needy than we, but of which the friend in need does not even know. A British politician of considerable fame, remarks:

"When Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer the following incident was related to me by my friend, Sir Francis Crossley, told to him by the Rector of St. Martin's in the Fields, Trafalgar Square, whose church Mr. Gladstone attended. The rector had visited one of his parishioners, a street-sweeper, who was ill, and being asked if anyone had been to see him, replied, 'Yes, Mr. Gladstone.' 'What Gladstone ?' 'Why, Mr. Gladstone himself. He often speaks to me at my crossing, and missing me, he asked my mate if I was i l, and where I lived, and so came to see me, and read Bible to me.' Less busy and distinguished people may learn a lesson of personal service to the poor and suffering, equally impressive whether we agree or differ in political opinions."

* * * * *

BETTER NOT

Young men who are thinking about "seeing the world" should remember that there are two worlds—a world of beauty and a world of sin. The world of sin had better be left uninspected. At the suggestion of a cab-driver I visited the morgue in Paris. The dead lay around me just as they had been fished up out of the river or carried in lifeless from the streets of a fair city. One glance was enough. I had seen more than it was necessary to see. There are some things touching the moral and physical realm which it is better not to see. A friend writing to an American journal says:

"I have had occasion this week to look into Dante's 'Inferno'—the most vivid picture of sin ever drawn by human pen—and what struck me most was Virgil's two charges to Dante. 'Don't look at that,' he says; 'place your hands on your eyes.' "

* * * * *

DISAGREEABLE

Some men have a genius for being disagr eable. They can say mean things and do things which are meaner. They can crowd a world of contempt into a gesture and a vision of hate into a glance. They can generate more suspicions in an hour than a sane person would, under ordinary circumstances, dream of in a year. Fitchett in one of his historical essays remarks concerning Lord George Sackville:

"As a matter of fact, it is nothing less than absurd to accuse Lord George Sackville of not possessing the soldier's rudimentary virtue of courage. He led his regiment gallantly into the tempest of fire at Fontenoy, and fell wounded in the breast among the tents of the French camp. He fought more than one desperate duel. He was a man of great and varied abilities, but cursed with a jealous and overbearing temper. He had a distinct genius for quarrelling with everybody."

* * * * *

TOO LATE

There is no kindness in the past tense. The time to be tender is now. Now when men are hard pressed. Now when hearts are breaking. Now when the soul is enduring a terrible strain. If you had an eye keen enough you might well see that your friend is in trouble? Can you not see it in the quiver of the eyelid ? Can you not hear it in the tremor of the voice ? Can you not detect it in the unsteady motion of the hand? Listen! The great philosopher, Carlyle, talking with his intimate friend after his wife's death, described the patience with which Mrs. Carlyle had borne the ill-humor and the bitter speeches of her husband while he was working on his life of Frederick. He said the bitterest of all his woe was that she could never know how much he had loved her through it all. A few affectionate words while she was alive would have made her happy. As he read her diary he learned how she had hungered for them and he had not spoken them. "Now," he said, "it is too late. She can never know."

* * * * *

"AT LAST"

"He laughs best who laughs last." The last is the best because the last is the historical result. Great generals have been defeated, again and again, but the great general "won out" at last. It makes little difference if the champion does go down providing he is up again and at it before the bell rings. The question is "How much punishment can you stand?" Endurance is the supreme test of character. Remember the old, well worn scriptural quotation:

"Gad, a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last."

* * * * *

THE RUM FIEND

The liquor advertisement is unique. It is to be found in almost every daily newspaper. The illustrations which it contains are "catchy." Some of them would make a temperance orator thirsty. Every attempt is being made, at the present time, to make beer drinking and wine tippling popular—but, bear one fact in mind, namely, liquor is a social fiend! It breaks the home, blasts the character, ruins the reputation and stains the soul. Listen to these words of Dr. T. De Wit Talmage:

"This rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house so that, when you opened the front door to go in, you would see it in the hall; and, when you sat at your table you would see it hanging from the wall; and, when you opened your bedroom you would find it stretched upon your pillow; and, waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passing over your face and pinching at your heart."

* * * * *

TENDER HEARTED

The truly great are tender hearted. Because their thoughts are broad, wide and deep, they can therefore enter into the feelings, likes, dislikes, loves and reasonable hates of other people. The great man is tender even though he may not always show it. For a rough exterior has often hid from view a soul which was sweet in its quality and superfine in its fibre. Bishop Quayle ends an eloquent paragraph concerning William The Silent, with these words:

"Thus he died; and above his heart they found a ring of gold and a lock of Mary's hair. So set that sun whose beams have given to England an unsetting day."

* * * * *

ONE FRIEND

"I had a friend," says Robert Browning, the poet, in explaining his remarkable career. Every one of us needs at least one friend. Some one whom we can trust, consult, and with whom we can cogitate and commune. Where is there a great man in history who has not had a great friend ? And what higher honor can we achieve than to be a true friend, to try and assist others in the achievement of that nobler type of character which we each one crave for ourselves. George Macdonald says:

"To know one person who is positively to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature—yes, for his spiritual nature—than all the sermons he ever heard."

* * * * *

TIME FOR THINKING

Thinking is a most difficult task. It calls for time; occasion, opportunity, solitude and concentration of mental energy. Few men are thinkers and fewer still are what might be called "original thinkers." We do not stay with our thoughts long enough to hatch an idea. We do not browse in the full of sweet meditation long enough to bring forth the rich cream of conviction. We are too hurried in our mental methods to generate a healthy residuum of thought. The answer of the old Quaker lady to Southey is most timely. The poet was telling with pride how his time was occupied. He went on to say how he studied Portugese while he was shaving, how he translated Spanish an hour before breakfast, how he read all the forenoon and wrote all the afternoon, in short, how every moment of the day was filled in with something. The old lady listened and then said, "Friend, when does thee do thy thinking?" The Anglican Church brackets her ministers under three adjectives, high churchmen, low churchmen, broad churchmen.

HOW MUCH ?

How much is enough? We are all strugg ing for "just a lit le more." The man who has nothing envies the man who has $25,000 and the man who has one quarter of $100,000 feels as though he has just money enough to feel and realize his own poverty. And so we are all at it; planning, pushing, scraping, crowding, and toiling for just "a little bit more." Oh that we knew enough to be satisfied with enough.

It is recorded of that poor rich man Cornelius Vanderbilt, that before he died he said to a friend: "I don't see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I can't eat it; I can't spend it; in fact, I never saw it and never had it in my hands for a moment. I dress no better than my private secretary, and cannot eat as much as my coachman. I live in a big servants' boarding house, am bothered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, cannot drink champagne, and most of my money is in the hands of others, who use it mainly for their own benefit." This is the testimony of one who put his treasure in "a bag with holes."

* * * * *

LITERARY RADIUM

Condensation is the secret of literary success—an idea for every word and not more than a word or two for every idea. The writer must think for the reader. The author must supply ideas, plots, thrills and soul experiences for the book buyer. George Eliot read no less than three hundred volumes before writing one of her great historical novels, and Thomas Carlyle says concerning Diderot:

"For a single magazine article on Diderot, he devoured twenty-five ponderous volumes. The income from his writings was therefore necessarily limited."

* * * * *

THE MAIN IDEA

In the solution of most problems there is a chief difficulty in the way. Of the two leading specialists who are trying to solve the problem it is probable that only one will hit on the main difficulty. The true genius goes directly to the heart of things; the man who would like to be a "genius" but is not, is in al probability concentrating his mental energy on some imaginary difficulty. A Chautauqua lecturer illustrates my point:

"The Rebellion meant either the destruction of the Union or the destruction of the Confederacy. So there must be fighting to a finish, and General Grant set himself about this task. Somebody asked him when he would take Richmond. He said the problem of the war was not the taking of Richmond, but breaking up the military power of Lee's army; it was a question of numbers and ammunition."

* * * * *

HABIT

Habit is the compound interest in the realm of action. When you do a thing once you create a law of probabilty that you will do it again. When you have done it twice and thrice you have introduced "brain tracks" into the geography of your mind Every thought, word and act tends toward character, and character is your way of doing things. In this connection a thoughtful writer remarks very pointedly:

"A book that has been much used at one place opens there, as we say, of itself. A shoe shapes itself to the foot that wears it; it becomes comfortable in consequence. Cloth cut and sewn into a sleeve takes certain wrinkles from the crook of the arm within. Those wrinkles tend to reappear after the cloth has been laid flat. Things yield to force repeating itself along definite lines, and subsequent motion along the original line becomes easier, as paper once folded falls into the same folds."

* * * * *

"CUSS" WORDS

"Cuss" words are coarse words. They are only used by folks who are poverty stricken in the realm of ideas. For a man's words are a revelation of the depths and scope of a man's thought. Speech is a revelation of character. A man who cannot speak without swearing is short on adjectives. He has more ideas than he can handle. He has more emotions than he can express. He has more cogitations than he can crystalize. Although, be it known, he is not overburdened with mental fuel—the fact is he is an intellectual numskull. A numskull is second cousin to an ignoramus. Byron says of Jack Bunting:

"He knew not what to say, and so he swore."

* * * * *

IRREVERENCE

It is so easy to sneer, laugh, or ridicule. It calls for no brains, genius or special talent. The less education a man possesses, the easier it is for him to joke about religion, the Bible, the church and the Sabbath, and who can answer a sneer? It is like the thin air. It cannot be pierced by the arrows of philosophy or broken on the anvil of logic. How many a youth has been laughed out of his religion by some reckless, useless, indifferent and irresponsible person. Bishop Vincent says:

"There is little hope of an irreverent fellow. It is hard to get hold of him. There is so little to get hold of."

WANTED? A REMEDY

By a Western Farmer

A certain town I've heard about would
make you smile down deep,
It really is amusing the harvests that
they reap.
On Saturday from morn till eve farm
wagons line the street,
And every merchant in that town is
smiling, oh, so sweet.
But in the evening at the play, or on
Sunday when in church,
It's quite a different matter, and
they're on a higher perch.
They own an automobile and they keep
a maid or two,
And they think they own Alberta,
"specially" Mrs. Rube and you.

They've quite forgot the manner of their
entrance into town
And the time they lived on rabbits
before the boom was on,
Before you wandered into town, and on
land spent your pile
To help the men to smoke cigars, and
the women put on style.

They think because you're farmers they
can walk all over you,
Just you step up and show your wad
and they'll soak you through and
through.
They owe you for some hay and grain
and another thing or two,
But that's not the only reason they
avoid Mrs. Rube and you.

They meet you in the back street and
they haul you in to tea,
But they keep you in the kitchen, so
no one else will see.

Tie Race at W.H.M. Picnic, Winnipeg Beach.

They don't know you're smiling in your
sleeve, they think they're pretty
slick.
But you'd rather be a farmer than Mrs.
Get-Rich-Quick;
You'd rather have the folks at home in
their substantial brownstone front
Who have always lived on the family
land and sat in the family pew
And have been to a "bang up" college,
like Mrs. Rube and you.

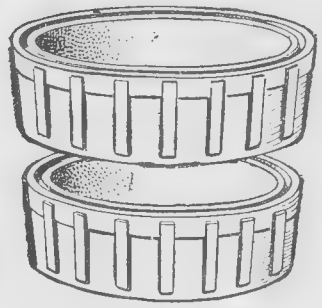
They think you should call the Doctor,
they think you should deal at the
store,
They also think when you call on
them, you should go to the back
door.
You're "the backbone of the country"
and they know it mighty well,
And they hardly dare to snub you,
but still you aren't swell;
So they send you invitations which come
a day too late,
And next time you buy a big bill of
goods you get it here by freight.
And the moral is, you furnish the cash
for low-bred people to cut a dash,
But the years it will be so are very few
for we are your friends both tried
and true.
And we're voting reciprocity like Mrs.
Rube and you.

Gipsy.

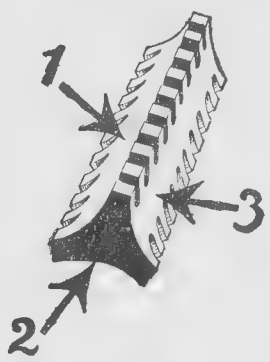
Twelve friends frae the land o' cakes decided to have a spree, and thinking that "whuskey" tasted better when drawn from a wooden vessel than when from a bottle, decided to bring each a bottle of "mountain dew," pour it into a barrel through a hole in the top, and draw it off through a tap at the bottom.

McTavish gave the matter some thought, and decided that one bottle of water would not be noticed amongst such a quantity of whisky, so he put in a bottle of water. The sequel proved that a similar idea had struck McPherson. It had also occurred to McDougall and the remaining Macs. So, when drawn off for drinking purposes, the "whuskey" was all water.

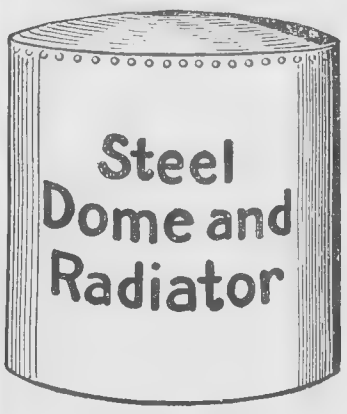
There are now in that township twelve Caledonians, stern and wild, each one of whom regards the other eleven as so many very mean men.

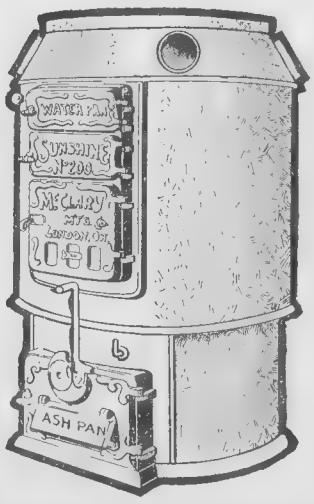


The Two-piece Firepot



Three-sided Grate Bars





Install A Modern Furnace

One With Latest Features, And Built To Last

CONSIDERING its extra weight, the superior quality of the materials, the skill and experience put into it, McClary's Sunshine furnace is the cheapest furnace on the market. You get more value for every dollar you invest in the Sunshine than you do in any other furnace.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace is the product of the largest stove and furnace makers in the British Empire. It has labor-saving, health-producing and fuel-economizing features—the result of long experience—that no other furnace has.

It has, for instance, the "rocking-down" system which eliminates the old-time back-breaking, dirty shaking. It has a conveniently located water-pan over the fuel door. It has a sure-acting dust-flue to prevent dust from falling ashes getting into the house. It has an almost straight-sided fire-pot to prevent ashes forming "pockets" and deadening the fire. And some coal-economizing features our agent will be glad to tell you about.

But, too important to overlook, is the fact that the Sunshine furnace is built to last. The materials are the best, and every piece of metal is tested. Every operation in the making is inspected, too. Nothing is left to chance.

As an example of the quality of materials used, take the fire-pot. This is of semi-steel—not gray iron as are other fire-pots. Semi-steel is not affected by sulphur fumes from burning coal. In addition, a semi-steel fire-pot weighs twenty per cent. more than the same size and pattern in gray iron.

But that's not all. The fire-pot is in two pieces to prevent it cracking from extreme expansion or contraction. One-piece fire-pots are continually cracking, having to be replaced.

Then take the grate bars. Those on the Sunshine are very heavy and have three sides—three lives. By exposing a different side to the fire every few days, the life of the grates is greatly prolonged.

Examine the dome, too. It is of heavy steel, as is also the radiator. The frame of the ash-pit, the doors on the furnace, the casing—every part of the furnace is of the most durable material. All joints are accurately fitted together, and rendered dust-tight by a special cement originated by McClary's.

Last, but not least, the McClary Company place the services of their corps of experienced installation men at your disposal. These men will assist you and the McClary agent in your locality to plan the arrangement of your heating system. They will also co-operate with you in other ways to insure the proper installation of your furnace.

Furthermore, the Sunshine furnace is guaranteed to heat your house to your satisfaction, if installed according to the directions of the McClary experts. You therefore run absolutely no risk in having one installed.

Send your name and address to our nearest office, with particulars about the size of your house, and we will tell you about how much it will cost to install a McClary's Sunshine in your home. The latest Sunshine booklet is also free on request.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

LONDON ST. JOHN, N.B. TORONTO HAMILTON MONTREAL CALGARY WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER EDMONTON

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THE PHILOSOPHER

LORD STRATHCONA'S BIRTHDAY.

Among the notable events of the past month, one of special interest to Western Canadians was the ninety-third birthday of Lord Strathcona. He spent the day in his usual manner, at work in his office in London as Canada's High Commissioner. Truly this Grand Old Man would seem to have found the elixir of youth in those early years of his life which he spent in this country. He says that the reason he is able to bear the weight of his years so well is that he does not think at all about how old he is, and goes on steadily with his work. The celebrated physician, Sir Andrew Clark, told Lord Strathcona several years ago that he would probably live to be one hundred years old, if he kept on working. The people of this country hope that the prediction will be fulfilled. Speaking on his ninety-third birthday, Lord Strathcona said: "I have been connected with Canada for three-quarters of a century. It has indeed, become a very great country, but nothing to what it is destined to become. In the next quarter it will have a population exceeding that of the United Kingdom. It has everything required to make a great nation." Great as is the progress already received by this country, may Lord Strathcona live to see it achieve a vastly greater measure of the advancement which is its destiny.

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THE THING OF MOST IMPORTANCE.

The leadership of the progressive British Dominions of the southern seas in the matter of provision for the betterment of the conditions of life with a view to the promotion of the public health is being recognized in other lands. A notable case in point is the action of the Health Department of the New Zealand Government in preparing and distributing a book on the feeding and care of infants. A similar book has been prepared by the Children's Bureau of the United States Government; the first edition of it was soon exhausted, and it was announced at Washington the other day that a new edition was being printed. There is room, and need, for work of this sort in our own country. There were rumors a few months ago that the establishment of a Department of Public Health for the Dominion was in contemplation. Let us hope that it will turn out that those rumors were not unfounded. The public health is the most valuable of our natural resources, and beyond all comparison the one whose conservation is of the most importance. There is nothing more vital to our country's welfare than that Canadians should be healthy. The improvement of the conditions of home life, where they need improvement, and the creation of a standard within the reach of every home in the land, should be the ideal aimed at. What more fitting and more necessary work is there for Governments and legislators to devote their most earnest efforts to?

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AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

The opening of the schools, after the summer holidays, brings forward again before the attention of all thinking the educational problems which are of such importance. These problems are many and varied, and there is none of them that is of more vital importance than that of moral training. In everything that concerns moral development greater progress has been made in the past two generations than in any two preceding centuries of the world's history. Is moral progress keeping pace with material progress? This is a serious question. The schools are a great formative power in our national life. Are they taking too largely the place of the homes, or, to speak more accurately, are they depended on to do the work which the homes should do, and which only the homes can do rightly and effectively? It is in the home that a child's character should be formed. It is in the home that the raw material of childhood can best be transformed into the finished product of not only intelligent and educated, but upright and conscientious men and women. Reading and writing and arithmetic and all the other branches of learning are invaluable, but moral training is more invaluable still. Education is harmful rather than beneficial if it fails to produce upright, just, self-controlled men and women, with the will and the emotional nature rightly developed and trained as well as the intellect. In improving the methods of mental and physical training for our children, the moral side must be kept in mind, and at the same time it must be remembered that there is work which the homes should do. Moral training should begin in infancy. Children should be taught the universality and binding force of moral law; and they should be taught not only what is right conduct, but why. They can be made to see the usefulness and benefit of kindness, integrity and truthfulness, and the harmfulness of their opposites. By watchful care in training them to right habits of thought and action they can be given a foundation for character which will survive the stress and shocks of after life.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

It is plain that the Doukhobors are not more popular in British Columbia than they were on the prairies, Replying to the recent eulogium of these peculiar people published by their leader, Peter Veregin, one of the Vancouver papers says:—

"The Doukhobor communities may congratulate themselves that they have no alcoholic drunks; they should rejoice if they are able to do without lawyers, doctors and drug stores, but if a tithe of the charges made regarding the condition of the Doukhobor settlers in Southern British Columbia is true it would undoubtedly be vastly better for them both socially and morally if they had a few clergymen among them."

As to the hoarding of money by the Doukhobor communities, which all together form one community, Peter Veregin confesses, while it is undeniable that thrift is a virtue, it is no less undeniably a thing that can be carried to harmful excess. Is it in the interest of the general welfare and progress and prosperity that a numerous community of people should thus keep to themselves and hoard their money? Apart altogether from the manifest evil in having a separate and alien community growing up in the country, the peculiar views and practices of the Doukhobors in regard to money must have a seriously disturbing effect upon fiscal conditions in their vicinity. There is a great deal to be said for the opinion that, granting that the Doukhobors lead simple lives, are healthy, and agree among themselves, Peter Veregin's eulogium all the more strongly bears out the contention of those who have studied their social conditions, and unless action is taken towards securing their conformity with the laws and customs of the country, they are likely to become a cause of concern and of trouble. It has to be admitted that the impression is becoming stronger and more general that much of the sympathy which was lavished upon the Doukhobors when they were brought to Western Canada from Russia was misplaced.

* * * * *

ABOUT WALKING.

In these days of rapid locomotion walking looks like slow business. Yet there remain people who can and do walk. Edward Payson Weston, hale and hearty in his middle seventies, recently walked from New York to Minneapolis, making the trip in short time and good order, arriving fresh at his destination and with every evidence of having enjoyed his journey on "Shanks' mare." Walking for pleasure is generally said to be the best exercise there is, bringing into play more of the muscles than any other single exercise, and using them all in an easy, natural and healthful manner. But on these sealike expanses of prairie, sparsely populated as yet, walking for pleasure is not likely to become a general practice for a good many years yet. For the "spell of the open road" is a spell that draws the walker who walks to enjoy what he sees along the way, and not merely to get to the end of his journey. The prairies lack, for the most part, the variety that is attractive to such a walker, though they have an interest of their own to the observant wayfarer, with the play of light and shade as the headed grain waves in the breezes. However, the prairie pedestrian, who goes afoot for the love of that sort of locomotion, is not often to be met with. The ordinary, average man would far sooner travel in an auto.

* * * *

GADFLIES OF THE PRESS.

Among eminent living Canadians a high place is held by Dr. F. E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement. In an article in the Continent, of Chicago, Dr. Clark says that he is proud to be able to claim Canada as his native land, and goes on to describe himself as "one who glories in English history and achievement, and cherishes a profound and sincere regard for English character." He says that the strengthening of the fraternity between the English-speaking peoples of the world is of the most vitally essential importance to the progress of human betterment, and he proceeds to note certain things that may mar "the completely genial and cordial relations between Britain and America." The practice known as "twisting the lion's tail," once so frequent with many newspapers in the United States, is now a rare thing. A sneering remark about Great Britain is now seldom, if ever, heard, he says, from a politician in the United States, or printed in a newspaper in that country, and never from a reputable politician, or a reputable newspaper. But that certain writers in British newspapers are given to sneering at the United States and belittlement of United States manners, customs and affairs generally, is set forth very frankly by Dr. Clark, who mentions in this connection London dailies and weeklies of high standing. Surely it is time the writing of such sneers and sarcasms should pass away, as a thing having no proper place in this era. Dr. Clark is right, of course, in saying that "the lack of understanding that Englishmen may seem as queer to Americans as Americans do to Englishmen accounts for not a few of the gadfly stings both in conversation and in print," and that "very few are in malice." Canadians and Canadian journals can play no small part in healing the stings caused by these gadflies of the press. The English-speaking peoples, with their common heritage in history and common interests in the future, have every reason to cultivate friendly understanding with one another.

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A HUNGER-STRIKE—AND AFTER?

When Mr. George Lansbury, a former member of the British House of Commons, went to jail last month for having incited militant suffragists in their campaign of destructiveness, he announced his intention of going on a hunger strike. Mrs. Lansbury, in an interview published in a London paper, said that he couldn't keep it up. She added that she never saw a man more dependent on his meals, or a man who became more impatient if a meal was late. Nevertheless Mr. Lansbury lived up to his resolve to touch no food in jail, and after three days' incarceration, was released. The question that now arises is: What is going to happen hereafter in the Lansbury home, if a meal is not ready on time? If Mr. Lansbury manifests any impatience, will not Mrs. Lansbury be able to point out to him that if he was able to live three days without his meals in jail, he ought surely to be able to wait half an hour, or an hour or even a couple of hours for a meal out of jail?

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THE KING'S PRIZEMAN'S CHEWING GUM.

The Philosopher has been reading the London Daily Telegraph's account of the winning of the King's Prize at Bisley by a Canadian, Private William Hawkins, of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto. The London paper says:—

"Assiduously chewing gum whilst he was firing—he seemed to be chewing gum all the afternoon, excepting for those intervals when he was smoking—Hawkins, fortunately for himself, got a beautiful bull's-eye, and was instantly proclaimed the King's Prizeman for 1913. No sooner had Hawkins finished his shooting than he complacently lit his pipe and enjoyed what was evidently a long-deferred smoke.

"He even went on smoking when General Sir Douglas Haigh, commanding-in-chief at Aldershot; Lord Cheylesmore, Chairman of the National Rifle Association Council, and Col. Duff Stewart, Commandant of the Canadian team, went up to congratulate him warmly. By others he was generously congratulated, but still he continued smoking.

"He had a great reception wherever he went, and greatest of all when, at the presentation ceremony in the umbrella tent, he went up—still chewing gum—to receive his prize at the hands of the Duchess of Wellington."

Shocking bad manners, to be sure. Canadians are proud that a Canadian has won the trophy that goes to the best marksman at Bisley, where the best marksmen of the Empire compete; and we certainly should have been not less proud of him if he had not forgotten to remove his chewing gum when he stepped forward to receive the King's Prize. "Manners makyth man," wrote William of Wykeham centuries before either rifles or chewing gum were heard of; though it must be admitted that it is not manners, but skill in shooting straight, that makes a prize-winning rifleman.

* * * * *

CHINESE GRATEFUL OF AMERICAN RECOGNITION.

An influential Chinese paper says: "America, acting always on the principle of equity and fair play, chivalrously withdraws herself from the loan group and accords us recognition at this opportune moment. America, the oldest of the existing republics, is the most friendly sister nation to China. In the future, China and America, the two great Republics situated on the opposite coasts of the Pacific will come still closer to each other. They will endeavor by joint efforts to preserve the peace of the world and advocate the principles of humanity."

* * * * *

THE PASSING OF BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.

Early in August the newspapers announced that Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show had gone into bankruptcy, and that the veteran plainsman had retired to his ranch, there to spend his last days. That news item appeared on the eve of the Stampede, which drew so many thousands of visitors to Winnipeg. The Stampede was a different proposition from Buffalo Bill's Show, though the two had something in common. That the catastrophe of bankruptcy should have overtaken the Buffalo Bill enterprise in Colorado, in the very shadow of the Rockies, proves that there is no longer a West on this continent that recognises itself in, or is interested in, exaggerated spectacles of pioneering. A year ago Buffalo Bill, or Colonel William F. Cody, to give him his own proper name, complained that the "movies" were cutting into his business. He tried to bolster up his Show by introducing "Far East" features, but they never seemed a fitting part of the Show—the camels and Cossacks did not harmonize with the cowboys and Indians and the hold-up of the stage coach. As a matter of fact, the epoch which Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show put into an arena has vanished irrecoverably. Let us hope that Buffalo Bill, that picturesque and romantic figure, known to all the world, has saved enough to secure him comfort in his declining days.

Providing for the Health of Growing Chicks

By A. F. Hunter

The extremely high prices of eggs in November, December and January are caused by the great scarcity of new-laid eggs in those months. This scarcity is due to the fact that the old hens are then in the molt and nine out of ten of the pullets have not yet begun to lay. That pullets can be brought to laying maturity in October and November is proved by the fact that some of them are mature and have begun to lay by that time. That most of the others if correctly handled might have been brought to laying maturity before cold weather overtook them is certain. A steady, continuous growth of the young stock is the best growth; therefore pains should be taken to keep the pullets growing steadily. If this is done there will be but few—those of the latter hatches—that will not attain laying maturity before severe cold weather.

Filthy coops, lack of room, lack of fresh, clean drinking water, poor or insufficient food, no grass run and no comforting shade, are some of the easily preventable causes of delayed development. Chicks need not be overcrowded in the coops. There is considerable room in a colony coop 5½ feet long by 3 feet wide, and when we put from fifty to sixty two-pound chicks in such a coop there is more than ample room for them. Chicks, however, double in size very quickly, then double again, and unless we keep watch the coops are soon overcrowded. When this occurs the poor chicks come out of the coop in the morning perspiring and bedraggled; instead of having had a restful night they have been suffering and have taken a step backward. The cockerels should be taken out of the coops by the time they weigh three pounds and turned off into fattening pens. As they compose about half the chicks twenty-five or thirty pullets are left with abundant room. That number can be grown to laying maturity in such a coop if care is taken to keep it clean.

A Removable Dirt Floor

It is an easy task to keep the coops clean if we go about it in the right way. When they are made ready for the chicks half a wheelbarrow load of loam from the garden should be spread over the floors. Once a week this loam, with its accumulation of droppings, should be shoveled into the wheelbarrow, taken to the garden and distributed where it will do the most good. Care should be taken that it is not put too close to growing plants. The wheelbarrow is then loaded with fresh loam and the coop floors covered again. Keep an eye open for evidence of red mites. Should they be discovered, wash the interiors of the coops thoroughly with a coal tar compound or with common kerosene oil. Either of these simple and cheap disinfectants when soaked into the cracks and crevices will destroy both mites and nits.

Fresh, pure air at night is of vital importance for the best development of the pullets. The coops should be so constructed that there will be an abundance of fresh air without drafts. A burlap-covered coop is the best for summer.

This coop is light in weight, especially well ventilated and free from drafts, and is a complete shelter from storms and prowling animals. It is made of extremely light materials. The frame is of strapping, over which wire netting is securely stapled. The walls are covered with burlap bagging and the roof is covered with a good ready roofing, which is turned down over the edges and nailed to the roof frame. The floor is made of thin boards from grocers' boxes and is securely nailed to four strips of strapping. Six-inch widths of the thin box-boards are nailed all round the walls at the bottom in order to protect the burlap from the droppings and the chicks from driving rains. The best size of coop to build is 5½ feet long by 3 feet wide, 2 feet high at the back and 3 feet high in front, with a gate in the middle of the front 20 inches wide and high enough to reach just below the strip of strapping across the front. This gate is best in the middle, as then it is easy to reach in to get the chicks.

Details of Construction

All of the frame is made of 2½ by ⅞-inch strips, the corners being of two pieces nailed together in a V shape. The strips for the corners, the top part of the frame and the frame of the roof are beveled and all parts are firmly nailed together. One stud is set in the middle of the back, one strip up the middle of the roof frame to which is nailed the splicing lap of the roofing fabric, and two studs are set in the front to receive the gate. The wire netting put on the sides and ends should be of inch mesh, then the coop is skunk, cat, rat and weasel proof. The netting to support the roof should be of the common two-inch mesh and should be securely stapled. Having the netting well secured stiffens the frame and makes the coop more durable.

A space a foot wide is left open across the top of the front, and is covered with an inch-mesh wire netting. This opening gives light to the inside of the coop and increases the ventilation. Considerable ventilation is given by the burlap walls, but not sufficient for warm summer nights. One decided advantage of the burlap is that the ventilation is uniform in all parts of the coop and is not confined to the front. The air within is fresh at all times.

These coops are very light and easy to move from place to place. A disadvantage is that they are so light that a high wind may blow them over, especially if they stand out in an open space where the wind gets a strong sweep. To prevent this accident we sometimes place a small, flat stone, say as large as a dinner plate, on each front corner of the roof where extra weight is most needed. At each end of the roof, at front and back, put a 3-inch hook and screw-eye. By this means the roof is held in place. When stowing the coops for the winter the roof may be tied up out of the way by means of these hooks.

"Unpropitious circumstances," said the master to the student, who was bewailing hers, "may undoubtedly keep mediocre ability from pushing through to its full flower. But the right sort and the right amount of ability was never yet downed by unpropitious circumstances. The right sort and the right amount go right through unpropitious circumstances, and from the heights look back on circumstances, and say: 'Oh, were you there? I declare, I failed to notice!'"

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Troy Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.
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I have just used your spavin remedy on a bone spavin and received good results.—Yours, J. F. Presley.

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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In 1911 and 1912 the best prices were obtained in the early part of the season, and, therefore, barley paid well for those who shipped early.

Use care in setting up the stooks, set them up compactly and cap them well to prevent discoloration.

When threshing see that the concaves of the separator are not set too closely. Otherwise there will be many broken kernels which badly discounts your barley for both seeding and malting purposes.

When shipping mark Bill of Lading "Advise Leitch Bros. Flour Mills," and you will have done your level best to make your crop pay. It is up to us to obtain satisfactory prices for you. Grain of all kinds handled on commission.

Liberal Advances on all Consignments
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246/7 Grain Exchange
WINNIPEG MAN.

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

British Statesmen on Empire Tour

We Surprise our Visitors

"NOT much sign of stringency here," said Lord Emmoth, the Assistant Secretary for the Colonies, as in company with the British Parliamentarians he made a rapid trip through the West recently. "There can be no setback to a country like this," observed Mr. Donald Macmaster, M.P., who is one of our own loaned to Britain, where the former "Glengarry boy" is making good in law, in social life, in politics, in statecraft. At the same time many of the visitors expressed the misgiving of the Mother Country at the ceaseless stream of immigration to the Dominion from the British Isles. Trade was good in the Mother Country; unemployment was rare; but the vital industries of the country suffered by the withdrawal of the sturdiest elements attracted by the superior opportunities of the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Macmaster said there was consolation in the thought that by emigrating to the Dominion the fine types which were coming out were not lost to the Empire, but they were lost to the immediate industrial life of the Mother Country. This drain now amounts to over a quarter of a million souls per annum. New Zealand and Australia have adopted a more liberal emigration policy which has stimulated renewed interest in those promising countries, but the bulk of the emigration from the Mother Country finds its way to the Dominion. There is no longer the sense of distance. "To come out to Canada" is like taking "a week-end trip" with the difference that you take a trunk instead of a hand valise. Should the "Blacksod Bay Scheme" ever

The British parliamentary party now touring the Colonies, composed of nine liberals, two conservatives, and one laborite. Several of the party are accompanied by ladies. In the group are also to be seen, a number of Winnipeg's leading professional and business men. During their stay in Winnipeg the parliamentarians were entertained by His Honor Lieut. Governor Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, and by J. A. M. Aikens, M.P. for Brandon.

mature, the ocean trip will be comprised in three days or thereabouts. This is the point to note—we are getting the very best material from the British Islands. The wastrels are either dead or in the poorhouse. Observe the hundreds and thousands coming to us on the trains, at the stations, the Government offices in Winnipeg—rosy and strong and well set up, with aspects which suggest comfort, and physical and moral health. They are farm laborers, they are middle class folk, to strictly classify them—people who have been well brought up, who have some means, who could have lived at home but who will live better here—the men stalwart, the women comely, with the red and white complexions, the white teeth, the wholesome and comely look. These are the classes who are coming out to do better; to find enlargement for their families; to make new homes under more inviting auspices; and it is the loss of these classes the Mother Country is beginning to deplore. The birth rate is not as satisfactory as it might be. A surplus England has always shown, as must be the case under such cramped conditions; but the lure of the last Great West, the stories which read like fairy tales of the wonders and possibilities of the great Western world—these have whetted desire. It is youth and ambition, not feebleness and despair, which are crossing over to join us. The Hon. Mr. Roche has expressed the fear that Great Britain, sooner or later, will take steps to reduce the annual drain which threatens to sap the life blood of the country. The conditions which provoke this loss are of course chiefly economy. Britain, for sixty years a worshipper at the shrine of free trade, is loath to prove schismatic; but many think that tariff reform is inevitable, and that the sooner it is introduced the more certainly will you find abundant employment for the people—thus lessening the lure of Canada and the other countries for a portion of the population. What is certain is that we are getting types which will stamp themselves wholesomely and impressively upon the general citizenship. In every community they are making their mark. They are ready made citizens, they inherit the traditions which have clustered around British institutions. They stand for law and order. They have high ideals of honor and rectitude in private and public life. They radiate an inspiring influence. When they first make a nucleus in any new community they fix the characteristics which that community will express for all time. When they enter communities already formed they leaven the general life in time with their superior ideals. It is those elements which make the civic laws and give new and lovely baptisms, and lay out noble streets and boulevards; and create a civic conscience in the community. Great Britain has reason to be concerned, but her loss is our gain. Moreover we have only commenced to make history. We cannot predicate the future; but it may not be all a fantasy that Winnipeg may yet become the centre of the British Empire. These splendid British types which the Old Mother could not hold, may, in their own day, and the day of those who come after them, make that sumptuous dream true. However that may be, they are, at least, becoming voters, and as voters they will, when the moment comes, use the ballot intelligently. The British Parliamentarians were astonished to see the new towns and cities where ten years ago there was nothing but the undotted prairie. Money may be tight; but here is the abounding human element—vivid, energized, ready to tackle big things in this inspiring West. Every able and willing man is a capital asset. What matters it if the municipal loan is for the moment held up? Consider these tides pouring into the country—every soul alert, eager, strong, ambitious. Can the financial stringency impair the value of brains and muscle, ready to be employed in the organization of large and commanding enterprises. It is true that one notes a tightening of the civic purse strings here and there. New undertakings are delayed—for the moment. The publicity man lays down his megaphone—for a second. But the stream flows on—living, irresistible—spelling prosperity. The land is occupied; the acreage is extended; homes are multiplied; young communities plan for bigger things; the institutions begin to appear—nebulous, dubious it may be, but they appear. One sees the newcomers all huddled together for the moment—not quite certain of the future. Visit the community in a month or so and you will see every man with his coat off hard at work, knowing his duty, seeing his future, content to suffer momentary privation for the big thing in store. It is true that certain altogether scandalous persons sold land which did not exist to many innocent creatures. It is true that a great deal of deception was practised upon British people by unscrupulous persons who went over to London, opened gorgeous offices and started in to swindle the people by palming off worthless real estate propositions upon them. That did harm, and the very eagerness of our young municipalities led perhaps to a little over borrowing; in some instances to the alarm of staid financiers, who are as bold as a lion and as timid as a doe, according to circumstances. The answer, however, to the note of alarm was sounded by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir Donald Mann and Mr. Chamberlin, the head of the Grand Trunk—all three of whom at once recorded their conviction that there was no crisis in the North West; that conditions were healthy; that if here and there, there had been a little flamboyancy, beneath it was the solid country, the human assets, strong and eager and valuable; and the incomparable opportunity in this great Western Commonwealth; and to back up conviction the country had the assurance of big expenditures measured by the ability to find adequate labor. The human material is splendid and abundant; the filling up goes on uninterruptedly both from Europe and the United States; not an inch of retrogression is to be feared. A moment's breathing space there may be; but there is no irreparable recklessness to be repentant of; no irretrievable mistakes to vainly mourn over. All is young and hopeful, and fair and gracious. A new world is in the making. The British Parliamentarians were at a loss for adjectives when they saw the new towns and cities, and the lovely creations on the Pacific coast which so faithfully and touchingly mimicked the Mother Country. Not a man of them thought for a moment that there was any danger of a permanent slump in the West. They will return full of admiration for what they have seen, impressed with the bigness of the enterprises, and above all with the virtually illimitable assets which made any form of enterprise ultimately justifiable, which appealed to the need, and opportunity and congruity.

A PARABLE

It happened once that a man ran past Socrates armed with an axe. He was in pursuit of another who was running from him at full speed.

"Stop him! Stop him!" he cried.

Plato's master did not move.

"What!" cried the man with the axe—"could'st thou not have barred his way? He is an assassin!"

"An assassin? What meanest thou?"

"Play not the idiot! An assassin is a man who kills."

"A butcher, then?"

"Old fool! A man who kills another man."

"To be sure! A soldier."

"Dolt! A man who kills another man in time of peace."

"I see—the executioner."

"Thou ass! A man who kills another in his home."

"Exactly. A physician."

Upon which the man with the axe fled—and is running still.—La Terre.

Don't be afraid of changing your mind. Everything else changes; why, then, should your opinions remain the same? Thinking means development. Development means change. Without thinking you drift backward.—Lloyd.

The most selfish man in the world is the one who is the most unselfish with his own sorrows. He does not leave a single misery of his untold to you or unsuffered by you. He gives you all of them. The world becomes a syndicate formed to take stock in his private cares, worries and trials.—Jordan.

Optimists keep their faith; while pessimists bewail their losses. Sir Thomas Lipton made use of a shipwreck by painting "Use Lipton's Tea" on every package before it was cast overboard, thus advertising his tea to every ocean liner, making his apparent loss a real profit.—Lloyd.

Nothing is so infectious as example. No person is so insignificant as to be sure his example will do no hurt. Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing of the definition of fortitude.—Sidney.

The Dynamite Maker

A Thrilling Story of the Making of Nitro-Glycerine and other High Explosives

IT is a strange experience, and one not easily forgotten, to visit works where high explosives are in process of manufacture. The preparations impress one vastly—the searching lest one carry matches or anything inflammable into the mixing-rooms, the list slippers which one must put on over one's boots, and the air of caution which the guide bears written large all over him.

There is an air of restraint, an absence of loud noise, either human or mechanical, in a place where they deal with the unstable chemicals which go to make explosives. Man becomes accustomed to perils of all kinds, but the workers among explosives never gain that recklessness which makes a steeplejack play perilous pranks on the windy summit of some lofty steeple.

The basis of dynamite and of various others of the highest explosives known to science is nitro-glycerine. This is made from a combination of acids and glycerine. It is quite colorless when pure, an oily liquid without odor, but with a pungent, sweet taste. A drop of it on the tongue produces a sort of intoxication, usually accompanied by a fearful headache. Nitro-glycerine is mixed in tanks, 250 pounds of glycerine with 1,500 of acid. The chemicals, as they come in contact, produce an intense heat. At 85 degrees a red vapor resembling flame rises from the mass. If the temperature climbs another five degrees, it is good-bye! At 90 degrees the mixture explodes, and nothing will be left of vat, building, or operators except a huge hole in the ground.

Danger Everywhere

Needless to say that the workers who deal with such perilous material must be picked men; steady, quiet, dependable fellows, not liable to lose their heads in emergency, and brave beyond the common. They are dressed for the part they play. Though they go to and from the factory in their ordinary clothes, yet once inside their best friends would hardly know them. The dynamite worker's shoes are of leather with wooden pegs, or else of rubber or list. Not one morsel of metal which might strike spark from stone is permitted in his whole equipment. He cannot wear a watch chain, he may not wear a metal stud or button. He must be dressed in non-inflammable materials; a great rubber apron hangs in front. Rubber sleeves cover his arms, and in order to save his face from splashes of acid he wears a sort of mask, which quite conceals his features. The tongs he uses are not of steel, but of aluminium, for this is a metal upon which acids have little effect.

An added danger in the work of making high explosives is this: that the factory itself becomes, after a few years, so permeated with dry, inflammable dust that the merest spark is sufficient to produce catastrophe. Even the working dress which the operatives wear becomes eventually a source of danger.

A Heroic Man

Which brings us to a story of a burning powder factory and magnificent pluck. The oldest and one of the most important factories of explosives in the United States is at Wilmington, Delaware, its owners for generations back have been Duponts.

The Duponts long ago became wealthy, yet it is a sort of point of honor for all of them to work in the mills, personally directing operations. One day a young Dupont was in a mixing-room when suddenly the place was in flames—how, no one knows. Though there was no powder stored in the place, yet the stuff was in the floor and walls, and within two minutes the whole building was burning fiercely.

When the flash came the clothes of every man in the room caught fire. Headed by young Dupont, the men rushed out and sprang into the river which runs right through the factory. They were out again in a moment, and then saw, to their horror, that the wind was carrying sparks from the burning building on to the roof of a mill close by where tons of powder lay stored.

If this mill caught it must explode, and the terrific concussion would undoubtedly mean the blowing up of every other mill or storehouse, and a disaster of unparalleled magnitude. Young Dupont realized all this at one glance. "Buckets!" he shouted, and as the line was formed he himself scrambled on to the roof of the storehouse. As the water was passed to him he dashed it over the quickly falling sparks. But the wind increased. Blazing embers fell like rain around him. He must have seen that the fate of the building was sealed. Yet he refused to abandon the struggle.

The men below shouted to him to give it up, to come down. The roof was afire, the flames were spreading all round him. But no; he evidently believed there was still a chance, and there he stood like a hero, dashing bucket after bucket upon the sizzling roof.

Crash! A shock which shook the solid earth for miles around. When those of the men below who were still alive picked themselves up they found a vast chasm in the ground. Young Dupont's mangled body was picked up on the far side of the river.

A Burning Dynamite Mill

A few years later another of the Duponts lost his life in a similar heroic effort. Fire broke out and threatened a dynamite mill. La Motte Dupont stayed in that mill long after he had ordered every other man out, doing all that his trained intelligence could suggest to fight the almost inevitable catastrophe. The explosion came, and when it was over they sought the brave man's body, but for many hours in vain. At last they found it, driven into the very centre of a heap of sand, and buried four feet deep.

You never know what is going to cause disaster in a dynamite factory. Many of us remember the awful explosion at Nobel's factory at Ardeer six years ago. No less than 3,582 pounds of nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton went off. Most happily, only one man was killed. He at the time is believed to have been skimming a soda solution, and the inspector of explosives gave as his opinion that the cause was the metal handle of the skimmer striking the tank and igniting a thin film of nitro-glycerine. The results of this explosion were extraordinary. At a shop in Irvine, a mile and a quarter away, 300 eggs were broken, and any number of windows were smashed in the town and neighborhood.

Some British Explosions

The explosion at Woolwich in February, 1907, was one of the worst for many years, but as it happened between three and four in the morning, luckily no lives were lost. The cause of this explosion is unknown, but the damage done was appalling. Thirty thousand window panes were broken, and the town of Plumstead was almost wrecked. The shock was felt for forty miles round, and the total damage is estimated at £50,000.

Too often, however, the death-roll in an explosion is very heavy. On November 29th, 1906, the Ardey factory for explosives, which stood between the German towns of Armen and Witten, was blown skywards by successive explosions of enormous masses of stored roburite. In all there were 600 cases, each containing ninety pounds of the explosive. Twenty-eight were killed, fifty badly injured, and a hundred hurt. The beginning of the trouble was that the factory caught fire. An explosion followed shortly. The fire brigade came galloping up, but was warned back, for all knew that other explosions must follow. Yet even in face of the appalling peril heroes were found, who rushed in to pull away the stunned and wounded. One, a workman, was in the act of carrying away a wounded comrade when the second explosion sent a great sheet of iron flying outwards, which almost cut the poor fellow in half. The appalling force of the explosion may be realized when one learns that fragments fell in Dortmund, eight miles away. Every building within a radius of nine miles was severely damaged.

A SYMPOSIUM

By William Wye Smith, Toronto

In many parts of the country, especially in the newer parts of the North and West, there is a profound want of intellectual comradeship. People have gone from dense neighborhoods, where the human tongue (quite as much as the "paper") could tell of the world's thought—and now there seemed to be nothing! "Only three families within two miles! And nobody to talk to!"

There never was a truer dictum, nor one more generally useful, than this: "Never to object to anything, without having something better to propose!" In this case, what is aimed at, is to get the people together for better acquaintance, for mental refreshing and increase of knowledge—especially if the half-grown children are taken into the account.

The ancients spoke of a "Symposium," the mental, philosophical—and sometimes the bibulous and argumentative part—of a feast. And the name answers our modern purposes, as a meeting for discussion of subjects in which any of us are interested. Different from a public meeting in this, that it is a select few, instead of a mass, and in that the members come together to ask questions, and to give opinions and experiences, and to get better acquainted; instead of coming, mainly to listen to speeches and to vote on resolutions.

And in a rural neighborhood, from 1st November to 1st May, such meetings might be arranged fortnightly—this is altogether the best spacing for meetings—say every second Friday night. Several good reasons for selecting Friday, which need not be discussed here. The other six months on the Friday at (or immediately after) the full moon. To begin, as near as possible, at four weeks after the last fortnightly meeting. A committee is not necessary; though in some cases advisable.

Let it be understood that "supper" is not provided; though "a cup of tea," with bread (or light "biscuit") and butter begin the proceedings; at, say, eight o'clock sharp. The "cup of tea" will serve all the purposes of formal introductions, and give a vent to the inevitable "family gossip"; and in this case will "save time," as well as get the "tongue loosed" for the discussion to follow.

Then the introduction of the subject. It may be on "Our Superstitions" (that is one reason, out of five or six, for having the Symposium on a Friday evening). Or it may be "The Canadian Flag," or "Canadian Literature," or "Cranks," "The Human Face Divine," "Modern Improvements," "The Art of Questioning," "Story Telling," "Horses and Dogs," "Self Help," "Backwoods Preachers," or a hundred other subjects that might from time to time be thought of, and recommended by members. Let the subject always be decided on one meeting in advance. After (probably) the first year, it will often be found advantageous to have a little printed card, containing the places and dates of meetings, and the various subjects. It is well, in these informal and neighborly meetings, not to have the subject "introduced" by some one named beforehand. My experience has shown me that in such cases—after a while—the whole matter is allowed to rest with the one or two who are thus named beforehand. And in nineteen cases out of twenty, they "read" something! And we all know there is not one person in a hundred whose "reading" gives us pleasure—whether it is from the pulpit, or anywhere else! These meetings, to answer the purpose for which they were intended, must be conversational, free, animated—a chairman to prevent too many interruptions—with pointed questions thrown at the young people and they allured to answer!

There could, without any difficulty, be perfect agreement among neighbors about little intellectual gatherings of this kind. And the benefits, especially among the young, would be self-apparent. There could not be the same unanimity about gatherings, whether stated or occasional, for games, card-playing, dancing, or such other so-called "Social Functions." It would be found that people whose characters we most admired, and whose company we most valued, would not be present at the latter. And the dictum is universally accepted that "you can tell of the character and influence of a meeting by the persons who compose it."

And there is always one person, at least, in every vicinity, who is able and willing to advocate and organize such a movement for the benefit and mental culture of the neighborhood. And another fact has been made abundantly plain in experience, that there are young men and women gathered into the mental atmosphere of such little societies and gatherings, who afterwards look back upon such experiences as the beginning of a higher, newer, better life! Showing, for the ten-thousandth time, that "one thing leads to another"; and that that which is good in itself will lead to further good.

Sauce for the Gander

A busy merchant was about to leave his home in Brixton for a trip on the Continent, and his wife, knowing his aversion to letter-writing, reminded him gently of the fact.

"Now, John, you must be eyes and ears for us at home and drop us an occasional post card telling us anything of interest. Don't forget, will you, dear?"

The husband promised. The next morning his wife received a postal card: "Dear wife, I reached Dover all right. Yours aff."

Though somewhat disappointed she thought her husband must have been pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived, with the startling announcement: "Here I am in Paris. Yours ever." And still later: "I am indeed in Paris. Yours."

Then the wife decided to have a little fun and seized her pen and wrote: "Dear husband, the children and I are at Brixton. Yours."

A few days later she wrote again: "We are still in Brixton."

In her last communication she grew more enthusiastic: "Dear husband, here we are in Brixton. I repeat it, sir, we are in Brixton. P. S.—We are, indeed."

In due time her husband reached home, fearing that his poor wife had temporarily lost her senses, and hastened to ask the meaning of her strange messages. With a winning smile she handed him his own three postal cards.

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A Trip North from Winnipeg

A TRIP on a bright day northward to the Icelandic village of Gimli is one that those who can spare the time should not be slow in taking. It will be a day well spent to the nature lover. It can be made to advantage in either a motor or by horse and rig. The trip will not only be invigorating but a territory will be covered that is so varied that the journey is not tiresome. When the road through St. Pauls, St. Andrews and St. Clements is finished the drive can be made in much better time than now; although at present it is not too bad, some short stretches being rather rough. The government at the present time has gangs of men at work in the three municipalities and it is hoped to have the roadbed made and a slight coating of gravel thereon before the snow falls. Next season it will be graveled in good form and then the drive will be a delightful pleasure. It is hoped that before long Kildonan may be brought into line, and a good road built through that municipality to make the connection to the city. The first few miles of the journey is over what is known as the main highway, the road running northward a half mile or more from the Red river.

On leaving Winnipeg the first spot of note is the monument erected in honor of Gov. Semple, and across the way is the Home of the Friendless. A little further on is the Home of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd well down from the roadway near the river and reached through a magnificent driveway between beautiful trees. This driveway is on what is known as Forrest Ave. and has been for some years only twenty feet wide. Lately Kildonan council has undertaken to widen it and further improvements are in view which will make it one of the nicest driveways in the West. A short distance north, on the east side, is the Hebrew Cemetery, while the entrance to Kildonan park is nearly opposite. If one is not pressed for time it is well to take the park road eastward and along the beautiful roadbed in this fine wooded park. Immediately north is the new exhibition grounds which is well for every one to investigate—the more it is seen the more it is appreciated. North of this is the old Kildonan Presbyterian church, with its cemetery carrying the remains of so many old-timers. Here is also the site of the first Presbyterian college in the Canadian West. Not far beyond is the Old Folks Home, formerly the Indian Industrial School. There are many pleasant places to talk about from this on to the "fish town." One of the features that is of more recent date, and which is not yet finished, is that at what for a number of years was known as the half-way house. Here Messrs. T. D. Robinson and C. W. N. Kennedy are making great improvements. They are erecting fine large residences not far from the river bank, and one of the most striking improvements is the construction of a crescent driveway from the highway at the south side of their property around to the north side. Double rows of trees have been planted, and good roadbed made; altogether the improvements under way will add much to the pleasure of a ride north.

Holidaying at Gimli.

The drive along what is known as the river road is most pleasant. The first ladies' college of the West is passed on the way, as well as the old stone church and a number of ancient homes, all having a "history." Then the Locks must not be forgotten, with a visit to the museum at Mr. Macdougall's, and a walk over the bridge above the gates. The driveway over the bridge is not far from completion. The flooring has been put down to within a short distance of the west end: this it is altogether likely has been finished by this time, so that there is communication between the two sides of the river over the great steel structure. Up to the present time communication has been through ferries at different points in the several municipalities, no bridges having been constructed. At Selkirk there is the fish hatchery, well worth a visit, and here the largest docks on the Red river are to be seen. The town with its many trees, making almost complete archways over the streets, looks exceedingly pretty and homelike in summer, and considerable time can be spent driving here and there taking in the loveliness of Nature. A visit to the natural park down on the river should not be forgotten.

The ride from Selkirk north is through a more wooded country, with fine fields of grain looming up. St. Louis, on Muckle's creek, is passed and here there is a fox farm to be seen; also a goose and duck rendezvous. Then comes Matlock, the first of the lake-shore resorts, with the wonderful large clear perpetual spring lying to the west of the place. Next comes Whitewold Beach, and then Ponemah and next Winnipeg Beach. On the way a flowing well, at nearly every home on the lake side, is noticed, each giving forth an abundance of fine, clear, cool spring water. If time permit it is worth while making a detour to visit the children's lake resort, which has been lately passed over to the Winnipeg Children's Hospital. This resort faces a fine beach on the lake and has at its back a beautiful grove. At Winnipeg Beach there is all that goes to make up one of our Western pleasure resorts. Of course bathing on the great beach is one of the principal attractions.

The Trail Crossers of the North Country.

For the next twenty miles to Gimli the road is through a much more thickly wooded section, the trees being nearly up to the side of the rig in not a few sections. At Gimli there is fine bathing at excellent sandy beaches. At the east end of one of the streets running into the lake bathing houses have been erected and these are equipped with the usual paraphanalia. A visit should be made to the town's ten-acre park, thickly covered with beautiful large trees, while the sod is of nicely scented white clover. At the main entrance to the park is a fast flowing spring giving forth the very best of pure cold water. Inside the gate a short distance is a good sized pavilion used for dancing, etc., and in which band concerts are rendered. Just outside the town limits, to the south, is the Methodist fresh air camp, giving summer enjoyment to many little ones. To the north of the town is the Presbyterian fresh air camp which has been opened for the first time this summer, and which promises to give enjoyment to another lot of youngsters. The Presbyterian is situated quite a distance from the water while the Methodist is right on the bank of the lake. Gimli is forging ahead as a "fish town," long teams of sleighs, loaded with fish, being largely in evidence in winter, and, through the wharf which the Dominion government has built at the place, quite a number of boats now call there. Travelers by dog sled from the far north come to Gimli in numbers and from there entrain south.

Fresh Air Camp, Gimli.

Above are views of the Fresh Air Camp on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, at Gimli, Man., conducted by the Methodist Church. The upper picture shows the children and instructors on the stairway, and the centre one is a front view of the building. The lower section gives a view of the beach in front of the building, and in the water are a number of the inmates having their heads washed.

She Didn't Know the Lady

Mrs. Clancy: "Yis, Mrs. Muggins, Pat and Oi part to mait no more. Oi wint to the hospital to ax afther him. 'Oi want to see me husband,' sez Oi; 'the man that got blowed up.' 'Yez can't,' sez the dochter—'he's unther the influoence of Ann Esthetics.' 'Oi don't know the lady,' sez Oi, mighty dignified loike; 'but if me lawful wedded husband can act loike that whin he's at death's door Oi'll have a divorce from him!'"

Guarding Against Future Mistakes

An early morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw. "I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the salesman; "something very strong?"

"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No not exactly that; I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

The Sparking Plug

By Churchill Williams

MY head was over the handle bars of my wheel as I negotiated the sharp turn at the top of the hill. I was between the cut banks where Ive's lane turns to the left when I first understood that I was not alone on the road. Fifty yards ahead of me was a red automobile, and the gasping thump! thump! of the engine, followed by abrupt silence, explained partly why it was at a standstill.

I smiled. I knew something of the mechanism and humors of the automobile; astride of a bicycle I could afford to indulge my amusement at this confession of disaster. Then I pressed on. Next to a child in trouble, the stranded automobilist awakens my most hearty sympathy.

The hood of the machine was elevated; I was abreast of it and had halted when I gained my first sight of its driver. I had approached without sound, and I awkwardly straddled the saddle, one foot on the ground, for ten seconds before my presence was known. Perhaps I was guilty of a rudeness; the fact was that astonishment and something besides held me silent and immovable. This indeed was the last place and time at which I might have expected to come upon Miss Layton. So I stood and stared at her

The Lake of the Woods

trim figure, buttoned in the long, dun colored coat, bent half over the motor, and was conscious of a half-formed wish that I was back again at the foot of the hill, and in the same instant sure that I would not have exchanged places with anyone. It had been but a short time ago that the smallest of obstacles made for us a parting of the ways, and for me the time since had been very long.

Her veil was raised, and I had a glimpse of the gracious curve of cheek and chin and of hair softly pressed back by the folds of chiffon. She had slipped the leather gauntlet from her left hand and was touching with tentative finger tips the top of a cylinder. It was a slender hand, well worth looking at, but my one distinct impression was that the fingers were bare of rings. I must have started at this discovery, for she straightened up and we looked at each other squarely. That was my most difficult moment. I have some recollection of removing my cap and dropping the bicycle on the road. Miss Layton recovered her glove which had fallen, and—the crisis was passed.

"Why, your engine has gone back on you?" I exclaimed, and stepped forward.

"Yes," she said, "it has, and right at the top of a hill."

"It is provoking."

The statement was incontrovertible. We were started on safe ground. I plunged at once into questions intelligible only to those experienced in the running of automobiles. She met me frankly and explicitly. After all, embarrassment, like war, is only the result of failure to find a common interest.

Miss Layton explained: "The engine has been behaving badly for the past ten miles. For the first twenty miles——"

"Then you come from your country place?" I said. The remark threatened the conversation with names and places and days—back of us both.

She stiffened, and gave me a crisp "Yes." I returned to my scrutiny of the machine and to surmises. What could be the trouble? Was there gasoline in plenty? A nod. And the electrical connections were perfect? Again a nod. Perhaps the cylinders were at fault? This time she advanced to speech. The cylinders, I was told, had been cleaned only two days before. And with that she slipped into history. It appeared that her father's coachman had gone over the machine. It was preparatory to the present trip, which the assistant coachman—who also knew something about automobiles—was to have made with her. But—well, he was not taken along. I was allowed to infer that Miss Layton's decision to make the journey unattended was announced after her father had started to the city. At this point, warned, I suppose, by the intensity of my attention, she realized what she was saying, and closed her lips

And with all my eagerness to hear more I had the good sense to effect a rescue for us both with a casual reflection upon the fallibility of all who professed knowledge of the mechanism of automobiles.

Her silence I took as acquiescence and hurried on to further conjectures upon the difficulty. Could it be that the pump was refractory? Was there water in circulation? She was sure that there was plenty of water. Then overheated bearings elsewhere? She shook her head, and with continued questions lost patience. She would not bother me further. Many thanks for what I had tried to do.

"But——" I began.

"I shall go back to the village," she declared. "There I can get some one to look over the car who *knows*."

"It will soon be dark," I suggested.

"There is an hour of light left, and—I have lamps," she interposed. There was no mistaking her tone. She laid a hand on the hood of the machine. She would have finished with a renewal of her thanks and a "Good-afternoon" had I not spoken quickly.

"Yes," I agreed, "a full hour of light at least—and so you might do as you say if"—I hesitated, and out of the tail of my eye caught an instant's flutter of uncertainty in her own which resolved me—"if," I went on, "it was not going to rain, and if there was anyone in the village who understood anything about automobiles. As it happens, there is no one there who does. The blacksmith knows something, they say; but he went down to the city by the afternoon train." I did not add that the blacksmith expected to return that evening, and that, at this very hour, a gasoline automobile, abandoned by its

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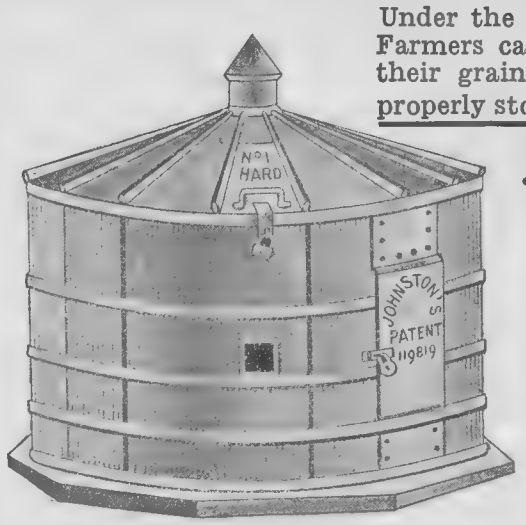

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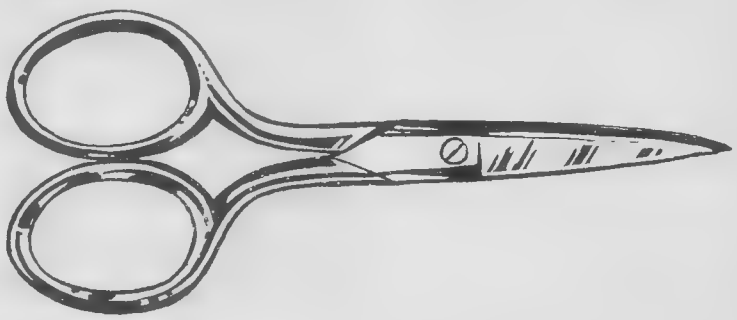

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owner, stood in the blacksmith shop. Under the circumstances, of what service could such gratuitous information be?

She made no reply, but I did not like the way in which she drew on her golve. I foresaw that the veil would be lowered next. My chances were slipping away. Again I bent over the motor. From the first I had guessed at the real trouble with that blessed piece of machinery. Now I determined to uncover the evil. Might it be worse than I supposed! At least might it afford time for further parley, was my mental prayer.

I unscrewed one of the plugs which supply the spark to explode the charge of vapor, and examined it critically. Its point was coated with soot. Miss Layton over my shoulder gave a little sigh of relief. "Oh! is that all?" she breathed. "It is easily cleaned. I have emery cloth." She handed me a strip of the fabric. My heart sank.

Sparking plug was never rubbed more deliberately than the one in my hand. When the detestable thing shone brightly I unscrewed its mate, and again a coating of soot confronted me with its trivial obstacle. Already, in anticipation, I heard the clean-cut "chuck, chuck," of those cylinders, as, with sharp discharges from the newly-polished sparking points, they drove the red automobile away from me. The situation was out of my control—almost. Almost, I say, for, as I gave the second of the sparking plugs the last turn which would screw it fast, the wrench in my hand slipped—slipped violently, and as I readjusted the tool I beheld something, joy at which not all my prudence was able to repress. Miss Layton came quickly from the back of the car and flashed upon me a look of suspicion.

It was no time for equivocation; explanation was superfluous. Very carefully once more I unscrewed the sparking plug and inspected it. Then I held it out to her. I was really sorry for her in the moment when she vainly tried to persuade herself that what she saw was not an absolute break, but a grease mark, or, at worst, an insignificant crack in the little collar of porcelain whose integrity just then meant so much to her. Yet I trembled for what her eyes might discern which mine had missed. There were contingencies.

But she handed the plug back to me without a word, and stepped to the other side of the car. I saw an even line of teeth close upon a red under lip, and my hopes rose. Rose only to fall again with each fresh sound of rummaging in the body of the car. I knew that she was searching for another sparking plug. If she found it, all was at an end for me. Yet I was not idle, and when she stepped into view I was able to say with an air of reluctant conviction: "This plug is beyond repair. If you will let me have a fresh one——"

"That is out of the question," she interrupted. Her voice was dangerously even. "I have no other plug with me."

I protested. "Allow me to look."

"It is useless." Her voice quivered. Only the wrench in one of my hands and the broken plug in the other saved me from something foolish. "I cannot understand," she faltered. "They knew I was to be alone, and—such a distance!" She made a desperate clutch at her dignity, and one gloved hand precipitately drew down her veil. But not too swiftly for me to perceive that something glistened upon her lashes besides the rain which now was softly falling. For safety's sake I thrust both of my hands into my pockets. Miss Layton looked down the hill.

Little puddles had begun to form in the wheel ruts of the road. The sight of them hardened my heart.

"Suppose," I said, "that I remain here with the car, and you——" I stopped, as if suddenly struck with the emptiness of the proposition.

Without turning she answered: "Of course I shall not leave the car here. Besides, where could I go?"

"Is there no one in the neighborhood whom——"

"Whom I know? Not that I am aware."

We were silent after that long enough for me to note that she stood directly where a tiny of pool rain formed, and for her to feel its disquieting touch. She gave a little shiver. I felt that the time was ripe, and I took the hazard.

"Of all stupidity!" I said. "Will you credit it?"

"What?" she asked, dispiritedly.

"That I should not have thought of it before," I exclaimed. "You see," I added, with the caution proper to sober second thought, "I believe I have found a way out of the difficulty. That big house on the hill there. It belongs, I understand, to Colonel Ives—Colonel William Ives. I heard in the village that his daughter is giving a house party. And don't I remember having heard you speak of a Miss Ives?"

Miss Layton's face brightened. "Why, yes. Julia Ives? I know her, of course." She paused. Then, "But you? I think you also know——"

I cut in with the desperation of a danger suddenly realized. "All is well, then. Behold!" And I held up the sparking plug. "Here is an open sesame! With it and your assistance you shall soon be under shelter. It looks to be an easy grade to that lane which leads to the Ives' place. If we can get even one cylinder of your car to work you should be able to reach the house."

I slipped out of my coat, and tossed it into the back of the car. I screwed the broken sparking plug into place. In a moment the electrical connections were made and the cylinders primed. As I bent to apply the crank I nodded to Miss Layton to open the throttle.

Feeding Time

There followed a grunt from the engine—two or three grunts, and again half a dozen, weak and out of key. Miss Layton's glance and my own met in mute interrogation. But then there came a dozen quickening explosions, and apprehension gave way to hope. With a sudden burst of thuds from the engine I saw her smile. I asked for no more just then, and I never thought of the consequences. She nimbly climbed aboard, and I lowered the hood and stepped aside. The machine gave a start, the motor slowed down, then laboriously gathered headway, and, while my attention was centered on its efforts, carried the car past me and into the mouth of the lane.

The red automobile was gone, but back from it came a voice: "Thank you very, very much," it called. "And now, wherever you are going, hurry on and don't get wet—please!"

. . . . . .

As I crossed the threshold of Colonel Ives' home, after leaving my bicycle in the stables, the dressing gong for dinner was sounding, and I reached my room without being seen.

But when, in evening coat, I entered the billiard room three men were there, and Somers was big with news of the mis-adventure which, so itseemed, had forced a Miss Layton to seek hospice of the house. Kenton had remarks to deliver upon the damn foolishness, if not impropriety, of young women undertaking to run red automobiles alone. Johns, the third man, contented himself with nursing his chin and smiling at his cigarette tip—which was tremendously discreet, no doubt, he being the only one of the three aware of certain reports affecting the previous acquaintance of Miss Layton and myself. But his silent enjoyment goaded me as Kenton's caustic comments did not.

It was the voice of Julia Ives which averted a crisis, and drew us into the hallway in a trailing line of which I brought up the rear. There were murmured congratulations from the other men; my entire attention was given to the tall, slender girl who smiled acknowledgment of the chorus. When I stepped forward I had sensations not to be described. But I under-estimated the self-possession of the lady to whom I bowed. Countenance was never more undisturbed than hers, and if in it I was not able to read forgiveness for my deception, I was convinced that she had not referred, and would not refer, to anything that might have passed between us an hour earlier.

It occurred to me later that self-protection was not without its bearing on this. But for the interminable length of a dinner whose gay chatter Miss Layton led, I was sensible only of my own uncomfortable position and of an itching to choke Johns for the look of quiet amusement with which he favored me when he chanced to catch my eye. If he did not suspect that there was more than coincidence in the arrival of Miss Layton at the house where I was already a guest, at least he exhibited a devilish curiosity in the details of the mishap which was responsible for her arrival.

"It is too bad, Miss Layton, you know," he remarked, lazily, "that you did not come upon Travers when you had your break-down. None of the rest of us know anything about automobiles. Travers, I'm told, knows 'em from end to end."

It was intended that I should hear this, but I gave no sign that I did, and Miss Layton made no response. So he went on:

"It's odd, too, that you didn't meet him, come to think of it. Travers was out on his bicycle this afternoon and insisted on riding down to the village. He must have come back along your road, and about the same time. Curious he didn't see you, and unfortunate, too. I say, Travers, what time did you get in?"

An incautious retort was on my tongue when Miss Layton said, quietly: "It was unfortunate, as you look at it. If things had happened differently I might not have had to impose upon your hospitality. As it was, no friend came to me in the hour of my need. My only meeting was with—a person who directed me falsely."

I winced. "You don't say!" exclaimed Kenton. "How annoying! But it would have been too bad if we hadn't had you here over to-morrow. We're to have a jolly time—match golf, you know; that is, if it doesn't rain."

"I fear I am due to miss the golf," Miss Layton replied. "I shall leave early in the morning. I intended to go tonight, but there was no train after five o'clock."

Johns was watching me, but by this time I was wholly occupied, to all appearances, with my right-hand neighbor, Betty Sinclair; and, though I heard what followed, I do not believe that he derived much satisfaction from his surveillance. Small courtesies between a man and a woman at house parties come to be wonderfully magnified, and already an old story had been given fresh circumstance by the more or less close companionship in which Miss Sinclair and I found ourselves placed.

For a little while after Miss Layton finished speaking, I imagined she was studying Betty and myself from under dropped lashes, and I was immediately seized with desire to turn my back upon my pretty little neighbor, who was absorbing my salted almonds while reminding me that I had told her what was mine was hers, and to go to Her and tell the truth. But then Miss Layton raised her head, and allowed her glance to travel up the table and over my face, and her expression of well-bred, casual interest cooled effectually my sudden madness. To Kenton, who was pressing her to postpone her departure, she replied that a change was impossible. Her father would be worried by what already had happened. She must make peace with him for this adventure. Besides, he was to give a dinner the following evening at which she was to be the hostess. It was quite out of the question to remain any longer than the meagre train service compelled. Later I heard her speaking of a certain Mr. Hilliard who had just returned from a business trip to Russia. He was to be a guest at her father's dinner, which was in honor of his return and his triumph. Her father admired him—in fact, they all admired him. He was very clever; it appeared she was anxious to see him.

No acknowledgment could have been more unpalatable to me than this. I knew Dave Hilliard, and I was well aware of his ability. Besides, there were rumors which mentioned Miss Layton's name. I do not analyze my logic; I do know that forthwith I was definitely resolved that, come what might, Miss Layton should not go down to the city the next day alone.

After dinner we sat about a fire in the hall, and again I found myself in the immediate company of Betty Sinclair, to whose good nature, I will admit, I was not a little indebted. For, in a near corner which the firelight shadows screened, Miss Layton continued her conversation with Johns, and what snatches of this came to my ears ripened my ill-temper. Then Miss Ives, crossing the floor, came between us, and, elevating a closed hand, bade Miss Layton guess what it held.

"Something of yours—something I know you must value," she announced. "What is it?"

Miss Layton bent forward, her brows drawn together. "I cannot imagine," she said. "I have lost nothing—unless it may be my way home."

"Something more portable than that," Miss Ives returned. "It may, however, point to an inclination. Who knows?"

Miss Layton protested.

"Indeed, I have lost nothing I care for. Where was it found?"

"In your automobile, by one of the stable boys. So it must be yours."

"And it is in your hand now? I can make no better guess than a button," she added, laughing.

Miss Ives turned triumphantly to the circle.

"You see! A guilty conscience, if there ever was one. Look you, my ladies and gentlemen!" And she opened her hand. Between thumb and forefinger was an enamel button—a small flag outlined in gold on its surface.

I knew it at first glance as the insignia of my yacht club. I had worn it in the lapel of my coat as late as that afternoon, and it flashed upon me how it had come to be in the automobile. Instinctively I raised my hand to claim it. But Johns forestalled me.

"Let me see it," he begged. He held it out on his palm and studied the button with the expression of one who is trying to put together detached recollections. It would have afforded me infinite pleasure to take him by the throat, but the puzzle which was written on Miss Layton's flushed face quickened in me a sense of my responsibility to her as well as to myself, and I waited. When Johns turned on me with an admirable appearance of astonishment I was on my guard.

"Why, I say, Travers," he exclaimed, "you are the fellow to tell us all about this! That's the club button you wore in your coat this afternoon."

I took the button from him and smiled.

"It certainly is," I said, and slipped it into my buttonhole. "But why did you give the thing away so soon? It was a first-rate mystery till you took hold. Now it is a very commonplace story. Miss Layton arrived here ahead of me; I remember that I threw my coat over the back of her automobile, and the button must have dropped out. I owe your man my thanks, Miss Ives, for finding it. I rather value the thing, having had it so long."

Johns' disappointment perhaps was patent to no one but myself; certainly no one else saw the relief on Miss Layton's face. She flashed her eyes on me, and I almost read in them forgiveness; but then she had leaned back in her chair and her head was lost in the shadow. So I did not see how she took Johns' next words. He, too, had leaned back, and was pulling at his mustache.

"I must insist that there remains a mystery," he said, slowly. "When you left here, Travers, you wore a coat with that button in the lapel. You acknowledge that. Now, I chanced to see you as you wheeled up the drive to the house on your return *before you had reached the stable where Miss Layton's automobile was.* And my impression is that you did *not* wear a coat then. It struck me as curious; why, I don't know. But —well, there appears to have been an affinity between Miss Layton's automobile and your coat, or, say, that button—an affinity with which little things like space and time do not interfere. I insist that there is a mystery."

"And *I* insist," I began, hotly, and discretion was thrown to the winds, "that you——" I got no further.

Miss Layton's laugh rang out from the corner.

"Little did I guess," she exclaimed, "that an insignificant little thing like that button was to be made so much of. Shall I confess it? It was the luck of a crippled engine which gave me the chance to bring it in. Who knows but by now it might have been covered up by the mud if I had not come along and stopped exactly where I did. I think any vote of thanks is due to me. Don't you agree?"

Johns looked over to where she sat. Under his hand I saw a smile which might have meant anything. But evidently he detected in her voice, if he did not observe in her face, distinct displeasure with his tactics, and he made no reply.

And so the mischievous button passed out of the general conversation. But it never left my mind, and when, as the ladies arose, Miss Layton and I for a moment were standing apart, I spoke to her.

"I was very clumsy," I said. I touched the button. "It must have fallen out when I took off my coat."

"You owe me no explanation," she said, quickly. "And I would not hear." She stepped by me, and linked her arm in that of Miss Ives. I heard her ask to be called at seven o'clock, and I was reminded thereby that there was a train for the city at eight-fifteen.

. . . . . .

At seven o'clock the next morning I was at the railroad station, and half an hour afterward was again mounting the hill toward the Ives' lane. It was a clear, cool morning, and a brisk night wind had made the roads dry and firm. As I reached the hilltop and looked at the rolling river, which was lost beyond the hills toward the south, there was a grim smile on my lips. But when I entered the Ives' breakfast room a few minutes later the smile was extinguished and the cap in my hand was gripped tightly. Over the back of a chair hung a long, dun-colored coat, and in a window embrasure, with her back to me, stood its owner, her hat, wreathed in a veil, already on. She was tapping on the glass with impatient fingers, and I guessed that a leisurely butler was the cause. By that same token I silently blessed that individual, and said "Good-morning."

Miss Layton turned and her cheeks warmed. I gave her no chance to speak.

"I have just come from the station," I said. (I am sure that there was appropriate sympathy in my voice.) "And I regret to say I am the bearer of bad news. There was an accident on the railroad above us two hours ago. A coal train in a smash-up, the track completely torn up, and no trains are expected to move either way until late this afternoon. I thought——"

She had given a little gasp at the words "bad news." Then, with eyes sparkling, she interrupted me.

"You thought you would hurry to tell me what would keep me here? But you are mistaken. I shall go to the city this morning—*this morning*, I say." I think she stamped her foot.

"I am sorry if I have offended," I replied. "But I assure you the delay is at the table. I turned to the window. But the butler was solicitous of his duties, and as he left the room I imagined I heard Miss Ives' voice on the hall landing. I moved toward the door.

"Then, if there turns out to be a way of reaching the city today, you do not care to take advantage of it?" I inquired.

"You may be sure I shall take advantage of it," Miss Layton answered. As I passed out upon the porch I heard Miss Ives explaining that she had overslept herself.

My plan took me to the stable, and there I found that my task was to engage me longer than I had anticipated. The sparking plug which, for a consideration, the blacksmith that morning had allowed me to acquire from the crippled automobile in his shop, replaced the broken one removed from Miss Layton's machine; but there followed other small difficulties, and when at last I drove the red automobile to the Ives' doorway it was to encounter the house party assembled in force upon the porch. Miss Layton only was absent. Johns, leaning against a pillar, called down to me: "Off to try to solve the mystery of the button, Travers?"

I did not answer, but ran up the steps to where Miss Ives stood in the doorway. I showed her my telegram. She read it with countenance so grave I suspected a

Feeding the Chicks

no more inconvenient to you than to me. I had a wire to come down to the city by morning train. As it stands——"

Her lip curled.

I extended a telegram blank.

"Perhaps you will be convinced," I suggested.

She declined to look at it.

"You have a correspondent in the city who is both an early riser and—complaisant," was her comment.

I spoke stiffly. "The telegram chances to bear the date of last evening." I replaced it in my pocket. "Moreover, *I* intend to be in the city by noon. I was about to say that if *you* wished to do the same——"

"It is not a question of wishing," she cried.

I inclined my head. "It seems to me rather a question of ways." Her silence was interrogative, and I went on. "It had occurred to me that a horse——"

"A horse which would do the fifty miles to the city in a day?" she interpolated, scornfully.

"I was about to say," I continued, quietly, "that, as a horse was outside the possibilities, I had thought——" The entrance of the butler enforced another interruption. Miss Layton took her seat twinkling of her mental eye. But she was properly regretful at my sudden departure, and even helped me to my explanation.

"It is an ill wind——" she quoted. "Mary Layton will bless you and your Aladdin's lamp." She indicated the automobile. "By the way," she whispered, "*she* is inside—*alone*."

I found Miss Layton in the hallway.

"I have hit upon a way to reach the city," I announced. "And, if you are ready——"

"For what?" She slowly drew a long pin from her hat, her eyes on the mirror.

I ignored the question. "I was lucky enough to unearth another sparking plug," I explained. "And the machine is working smoothly."

"If you mean that you have an automobile——"

"*Yours*," I corrected.

"An automobile belonging to anyone," she pursued, without a trace of surprise, "you surely do not suppose I will ride in it with you to the city after what——" She caught herself up smartly.

"Well, there is your promise at the breakfast table," I remarked.

"Which contained nothing about traveling in company," she amended.

"Oh, of course," I said, "if you put it that way. The automobile is yours. I am trespassing, you would have me understand. But—well, we must have an explanation ready for the others—out there on the porch. You see, I have told Miss Ives you were going. I thought, from what you had said—— And anyhow, they are —waiting for us—to start."

If glance could have annihilated I should have perished on the spot. Miss Layton slowly turned the hatpin between her fingers, and I knew that a struggle went on. Then abruptly she thrust the pin into place, and, disdaining my offer of assistance, donned the long coat. I followed her out upon the porch.

The party was clustered about the car—all save Johns, who slid from the railing as we appeared, and, when the moment came, helped Miss Layton aboard. I do not recall what was said by those about us; I have some recollection of filling my part as departing guest and of taking the driver's seat. A minute afterward we were speeding along the driveway, a chorus of laughing farewells and good wishes following us. Above these, in Johns' voice, "Look out, Travers, or you'll lose something else to-day!"

My attention was given wholly to operating the car, and my companion did not speak until we had reached the point where the Ives' lane opens on the turnpike. Then she said: "Will you please to go to the railroad station first?" When we drew up there she alighted quickly, stepped into the telegraph office, and for several minutes I waited and wondered.

But when she reappeared she proffered no explanation, and in silence we climbed the hill again. The turnpike sloped before us, its newly washed surface hard and clean. We settled down to a twenty-mile clip. It was one of those fresh mornings which realize for the motor-car rider all that is most exhilarating in the sport; and as the miles rolled behind us Miss Layton yielded to its influence. But we were more than half way on our journey before she dropped her guard of silence, and then it was with a mute intimation of the danger of reminiscence.

There is no ride in an automobile which I remember more distinctly than this one; but certainly there are rides of which the recollection is more distinctly agreeable. To complicate matters, when we were a little more than halfway on our journey the machine developed an inexplicable weakness, and I had to nurse its waning energy on every hill. For a time this interrupted our conversation. Then, without apparent cause, Miss Layton's attitude became less formal, and she began to speak of things to which I had not dared to allude. We were passing through a little railroad village, fifteen miles from the city, when I drew her attention to a winking spot of light ahead.

"The sun flashes on these automobile headlights," I remarked. "How far away would you say that machine is?"

She regarded it fixedly. I thought a smile flickered on her lips.

"I cannot guess," she answered. Then, after a moment: "Now I can see the machine itself. A runabout, is it not?"

"Yes," I returned, "and making good time. See it coast that hill!"

"How reckless!" she exclaimed. "He knows better than that."

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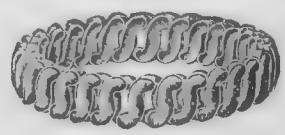

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"*He?* I beg your pardon?" I said.

"I merely said that the person driving that machine knows—that is, *should* know—better than to take a hill like that."

I was not entirely satisfied, but we began to descend the opposite slope just then, and all my attention was given to our car. I did observe, however, that the approaching automobile had slackened its pace. As we came closer it drew up on one side of the road, and I fancied that its occupant intended to speak to us. I asked Miss Layton if we should stop if we were hailed.

"Of course you are to stop," she answered. The emphasis seemed unnecessary, and I was puzzled. But my surprise became astonishment when I recognized who awaited us. The man in the runabout was Dave Hilliard, and he was smiling as if exceedingly content with himself. As we halted he raised his cap. "Good-morning," he said.

"Good-morning," returned Miss Layton, and turned upon me with triumphant face. "Did I not tell you we should meet the good Samaritan?" she exclaimed. "And here he is, you see, ready and willing to do his part, and *you* are relieved of the chief of your perplexities."

"But——" I began; and while I yet groped for the next word she was explaining to Hilliard: "You see, our engine has been out of order, and Mr. Travers, though he has a most important engagement to keep in the city, has been gallantly declaring that his first duty was to me. But now the way is clear—that is, if you will turn about. You shall take me into the city—I have time to spare—and Mr. Travers can leave my car in the village there and catch the next train in."

Looking back on this moment, I can think of things I might,and perhaps should have done; certainly there were things that I should have said which I did not. But they did not occur to me then, and I am not at all sure that denial or protest would have been polite or politic. Even to my stunned faculties it was apparent that the presence of Mr. Hilliard in a runabout on this road at this time, and Miss Layton's assured requisition of his services, savored strongly of prearrangement. But I did not look at my companion, and so came near to missing the one drop of sweetness in a very bitter cup. Hilliard had descended from his machine, and was approaching, when my name was spoken—spoken so softly that only I could hear it. My face came about quickly, and I was looking into hers, and it was very close to mine.

"I am going to leave you now," she said. "I wish—I wish—our machine had not broken down. But won't *you* help me down?"

Her hand fell lightly on my arm; I got out of the car quickly enough to forestall Hilliard's proffered aid, and her fingers rested in mine for just an instant. Then they slipped from my grasp, and Hilliard was helping her into the other machine. He lifted his cap as he started on and from her I got a polite little "Good-by and good luck to you." No more than that and she did not look back afterward. Immediately resentment at my position rushed upon me afresh. I sat in the car idly for a moment, and stared down the road. Viewing the whole thing in perspective, with the rapidly dwindling runabout as a focusing point, I decided that I had been the victim of a plot from the moment we started on this ride. In the light of succeeding circumstances, I was able to make a fairly close guess at the nature and recipient of the telegram which Miss Layton had dispatched from the Ives' station that morning. As I cut into a crossroad on a hunt for another way to the city, the inevitable suggestion that my own role bore disgusting likeness to that of a groom who is bidden to bring in an abandoned trap was not exactly a consolation.

How, then, with all this but a few hours back of me, shall I explain my decision when, at four o'clock that afternoon, entering my club, I found a square, gray envelope addressed to me in handwriting once so familiar. Perhaps those few lines of invitation to dine that night with my lady of the red car enabled me to see many things in a new light. Perhaps, remembering the manoeuvre with which she had matched my own, I reasoned that retaliation does not argue indifference. Be this as it may, at seven o'clock that evening I was seated at her left side, looking across the table at Hilliard, and was not sorry that I had come.

Afterward, when we were sipping our coffee about the curiously wrought tabouret, at which she presided over an old silver service, she began to speak of automobiles, and I fancied that I saw Hilliard smile. But she was very grave.

"Tell me," she presently said, "when will the ideal car come—the car that will always run, and not do the unexpected thing—the car that will not make you lose your temper, and say and do foolish things?"

Hilliard raised a deprecating hand. I said nothing, but I thought that I understood. She got up then and stepped to the mantelpiece.

"I suppose that time will never come," she went on. "But at least we can look ahead with hope, and be sorry for the—foolish experiences behind us, can't we? One of mine was—well, I'm not going to tell that story now, but it was all due to this."

She held up a sparking plug. "Look at it. It is a little thing, but, oh! how much it is responsible for! In this plug the porcelain collar is cracked." She made a wry little mouth. "How did it happen? If one could only know that, in time, how much easier it might all be!"

Hilliard examined the plug, and, after a while, shook his head.

"I give it up," he said.

I looked over at her swiftly, but her face was turned the other way. Then came to me the inspiration of my life.

Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

"Perhaps I can tell," I said, and took the sparking plug in my hand. "Yes," I went on, presently, "it is very plain. This porcelain was broken by a tool—probably a wrench—and it was wielded by a very, *very* clumsy hand."

"Are you quite sure?" she inquired.

"Quite sure," I repeated. "It even looks to me as if the person who broke this porcelain did it of intention."

She took the sparking plug from me, and for a moment her eyes met mine. My heart leaped. Her smile was no screen to their tender depths.

"Then I shall keep this as evidence," she said, "and you—you shall hold yourself under orders, if you will. Who knows what foolish thing I might not do otherwise?"

Johns was one of our ushers.

Singing His Own Praises

Hazing at the United States Military Academy, West Point, has in the past ten years been so frequently followed by punishment and otherwise discountenanced that it has practically become a thing of the past. A third of a century ago the modes of hazing were varied, and many of them unique. A certain graduate, who hailed from south of the Mason and Dixon line and from west of the Alleghany Mountains, told this story of his own experience.

He was a tall, raw-boned fellow when he entered the academy as a "plebe," and had been assigned to a room with a bright little chap, with whom he soon became very friendly and confidential. Several weeks after he had entered the academy he received a letter from his good mother, in which she had enclosed a clipping from their county newspaper. The article mentioned the fact that young Mr. —— had received an appointment to West Point and had left for that place several days before; that whereas they extended congratulations to the young man, the United States Government was to be much more greatly congratulated upon obtaining as one of its embryo soldiers a man from their community, the son of such a noble sire, whose sire and great-sires had been equally noble, a young man above reproach, of great intellect, and bound to make his mark in any calling he might elect, etc. This article inspired its recipient with pride and pleasure; he found it impossible to refrain from showing it to his roommate, and an hour after having done so was accosted, while going downstairs, by an upper-classman who had been drilling him and had been very severe. At this meeting the upper-classman, who was about half his size, looked at him solemnly, removed his cap, and said: "Mr. ——, I humbly beg your pardon for having been so stern with you. I did not know until a few moments ago what a distinguished and intellectual young man you were. You honor us by becoming one of us."

The pleased "plebe," never for a moment scenting mischief, grinningly replied: "That's all right, Mr. ——; I forgive you."

That evening, while the "plebe" and his roommate were engaged in study, there was a knock at their door, and there entered the upper-classman who had accosted and apologized to the "plebe" on the stairs, he being accompanied by a dozen other upper-classmen. He thus addressed the "plebe": "Mr. ——, here are a number of your brother cadets who are desirous of knowing what a particularly distinguished man they have among them. You will therefore kindly read what your newspaper says of you."

The "plebe" was inclined to demur, but the determined manner and steely eye of the little upper-classman compelled obedience; embarrassed, he stumblingly read the whole article, at the conclusion of which the little upper-classman stated that the reader had mumbled in parts, had failed to enunciate distinctly, and required the poor "plebe" to read it again. This having been done, all shook hands with him in an apparently most deferential manner, after which the little upper-classman stated that they would call the next evening augmented by other cadets, and that in the meantime the "plebe" would commit the article to memory and be in readiness to repeat it when they called.

His manner brooked no disobedience; the call was made the next evening, the number of cadets being nearly double that of the previous evening, and he repeated the article, being prompted by the little upper-classman. Before the departure of his visitors he was informed that he would be visited the next evening by a still greater number of cadets, and he was ordered to be prepared to declaim the article depicting his virtues.

The visit was made and the declamation rendered. He was then informed that he would be again visited the following evening, and would prepare himself so as to be able to render the article in song. This visit was made, the room being fairly packed with cadets, and the poor "plebe" was required to stand on a table and howl the article from start to finish, for he had not the faintest understanding of how to sing, or turn a tune. In after years he said that if he had ever had any egotism in his composition it was completely knocked out of him by having to handle that article as he had to handle it.

Every ending is also a beginning. When a man sees his finish, it usually gives him quite a start.—March Lippincott's

THE SEPTEMBER BIRTH STONE
SAPPHIRE

Write for the 1914 Dingwall Jewellery Catalogue

It is the most pleasant and helpful adviser you can have in the choice of Fall Wedding, Anniversary, or Christmas Gifts.

Page after page of beautiful illustrations shew you articles of Fine Jewellery, Watches, Silverware, Brass, Cut Glass, and Leather Goods, the best which it is possible to buy.

We expect the demand for our book this year to be unusually heavy, so you should send us your name and address for one at once.

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JEWELLERS WINNIPEG

THE MORNING GLORY IS THE SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAY FLOWER

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE TEACHER

This is the month when teachers and pupils begin another year's work. Some go back to school reluctantly—others are inspired with enthusiasm—full of new ideas and love for their work. In some respects teachers are more fortunate than other wage earning young women. They have a long vacation. I talk with many business girls, clerks and workers along other lines and learn they have in most cases a vacation of one or two weeks. They are just beginning to enjoy the change when they must go back to work. But the teacher has a thorough rest.

There are all kinds of teachers—some like their work and love children, others are working just for the money, while many teach for a short time hoping they may soon change their work. I am sorry for the children who are under the last two classes. In a way the teacher has a responsibility that no other young woman has. She moulds minds at the most impressionable age, and they learn from her lessons what they never forget, both mentally and morally. A teacher's morals should be clean and pure, for the child will be influenced by her example. As the teacher weighs in her mind the failures and successes of her pupils she often blames a pupil for being stupid when the fault is really her own. It was my privilege this week to spend a few pleasant hours with Major Soper, a sister-in-law of General Booth. With Major Soper was Madame Moreau de Bauviere. the woman who was the French instructor in General Booth's family. It was delightful to hear this cultured teacher relate her experiences with children who have made such remarkable success of their talents. Madame herself, is a beautiful woman, young in heart and enthusiasm though her hair is gray. She is as full of ambition and interest in teaching as the successful instructor is at thirty years of age—a fine type of youthful womanhood developed by energy and education. Madame told the story of one member of the Booth family that, to me, was most interesting. This girl had no desire to learn French, she saw no use in learning it as one could read translations of it in the English, so she did not care to spend much time on French. But when Madame convinced her that she lost the beauty of the French expression and the French spirit in the English translation, the girl immediately became interested in her French lessons. "That ees it!" exclaimed Madame, "the teacher must make the child see the object of a study." Madame also said that if a pupil is not interested, it is the teacher's fault. Make his lessons interesting. Though teaching has been my work in the past I have written little on the subject in this department, but I recall many incidents of pupils whose success in a certain branch dated to a time when a new teacher made him see the branch in a new light. For example—a girl could not understand history. For several years she studied the same text book until she could locate every picture in the book, and could repeat paragraphs perfectly and dates, but she did not know history and failed in every examination. Then, by a fortunate turn of circumstances she went to another part of the country where important events in history had taken place. She visited battle grounds. She realized that history is a vital subject. It is real. From that time on she led her classes in history. Where formerly her marks averaged forty and fifty per cent, her standings now averaged from ninety-five to one hundred per cent. After finishing her course she specialized in history and later became instructor in history. When the object was made clear to her in an interesting manner, stupidity developed into brilliancy. Mental stagnation leads to mental starvation. In order to make a success of any profession one has to be soul-deep in love with it.

* * * * *

THE COLLEGE GIRL

Knowledge gives one advantage under all conditions and an educated girl gets more meaning out of life's experiences. As a rule I believe the college girl is resourceful and systematic. "Of what use is the study of geometry or Latin?" one asks me. "I expect to be married—then this work is of no use." This is just where a girl is wrong. The training a girl gets in accuracy, patience, persistence, and mental development all help to make her a successful home-maker. She applies herself better—she is determined to make a success of cooking, sewing and housekeeping. In a word, education develops will power and honest back-bone. Household problems are easily solved by educated women. Then, I believe the cultivated girl can more easily adapt herself to any environment, because she finds resources that make her contented. She sees something of interest in everything about her—in the people, the flowers, the rocks, the clouds, in animals, birds and insects. She has a mind so well balanced that the little tragedies of life do not crush her. When girls come to me discouraged I try to interest them in a line of study or a hobby. Nothing makes one forget her troubles so quickly as a study of bright and beautiful thoughts from intellectual literary men and women.

There is a tendency at the present time for young women to depend almost entirely on outside entertainment. It is a selfish tendency. It costs money, time, talent, physical strength and often character. In the end it does not bring one real contentment—for this must come from within.

A girl may become educated outside of the college by reading instructive books. More evenings spent at home in self culture would add years to a girl's life as well as the blessings of contentment and happiness. We learn of a woman of extraordinary personality when in reality she is like a many-sided diamond which in each direction shines with new brilliancy. The secret of a reposeful life is this: "Think of something pleasant. Put away unpleasant thoughts and fill your mind with cheerful hopeful visions." Obey this if you would have an attractive personality—a young woman equally charming in mind and person.

When a crash happens all a woman has left to hold on to is her character. According as her spiritual side and her mental side have developed will her physical side stand the strain.

* * * * *

DEFINITIONS OF "A FRIEND"

Every girl hungers for genuine friendship. Appeals come to this department from girl readers who need "a friend." The greatest need in this new country is honest friendship. Our worst tragedies come from false friendships. Several years ago London Tit-Bits offered a prize for the best original definition of "A Friend." Thousands came from all parts of the world. From these the following were selected. The first was awarded first prize:

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who multiplies joys, divides griefs, and whose honesty is inviolable.

One who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.

The triple alliance of three great powers, Love, Sympathy and Help.

A watch which beats true for all time, and never "runs down."

A permanent fortification when one's affairs are in a state of siege.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

A balancing pole to him who walks across the tightrope of life.

The link in life's long chain that bears the greatest strain.

A harbor of refuge from the stormy waves of adversity.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

The jewel that shines brightest in the darkness.

A stimulant to the nobler side of our nature.

A volume of sympathy bound in cloth.

A diamond in the ring of acquaintance.

A star of hope in the cloud of adversity.

One truer to me than I am to myself.

A link of gold in the chain of life.

The essence of pure devotion.

The sunshine in calamity.

* * * * *

DAIRYING, A FINE ART.

How often I have heard farmers' wives and daughters exclaim: "Milking and butter-making are pure drudgery!"

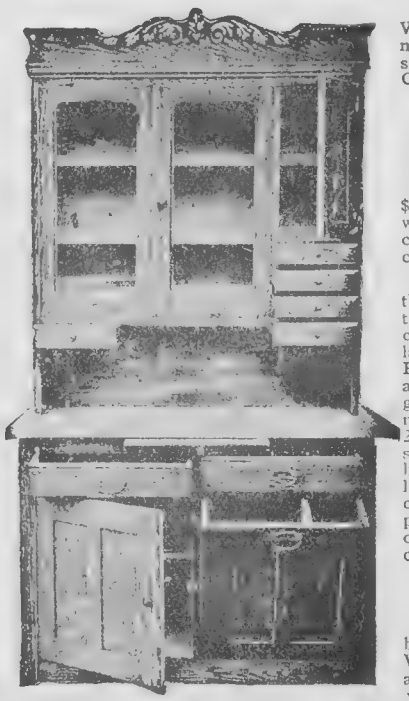
Did it ever occur to you that an extremely popular subject in music, literature and art is the dairymaid and her cows?

Many a noble-hearted youth has voiced his emotions in song when cupid jerked at his heart strings as a plump, happy-hearted dairymaid gracefully swung her pail back and forth on her way to the milking? Can any picture appeal to the eye of the artist more than a line of cows wending their way slowly homeward at the close of day?

Or can one imagine a more restful subject for the artist than a group of satisfied cows lazily basking under shady

The Ideal Household Range and Wingold Kitchen Cabinet

Will Make Your Kitchen Comforts Complete



Wingold Kitchen Cabinets save Labor. Wingold wholesale to consumer method saves money. Take advantage of Wingold wholesale prices and order this Big Kitchen Cabinet.

$19.50

A small price for a Big Kitchen Cabinet, $30 would be a modest retail price. Wingold wholesale to consumer price represents actual cost to manufacture under most favorable conditions; and a small profit added.

THE WINGOLD Kitchen Cabinet, from the large divided flour bin—98 lbs. capacity—to the smallest spice drawer has every conceivable arrangement for convenience and labor saving. **Don't Waste Your Strength and Energy.** Instal a Wingold Kitchen Cabinet, and save all unnecessary labor. The Wingold is made of selected white maple, finished natural. Entire height 84 inches. Base 48 x 26 inches. Two cutlery drawers, sugar and salt bins, draw-out cutting and kneading board. Two cupboards with shelves, fine large china closet, and three spice drawers complete the cabinet in every detail. The pure white surface is given several coatings of varnish, which gives it appearance and cleanliness.

Shipping weight 250 lbs. Master Bargain $19.50

Shipping weight 250 lbs., $19.50. Don't buy furniture of any kind until you get a Wingold Catalog. Wingold Prices are lower and quality higher than any obtainable elsewhere. Send for Free Catalog.

LASTING SATISFACTION

Is what you get from the Ideal Household Blue

$49.75 Polished Steel Range

Buy this $85 Steel Range

Just as Illustrated

Do You Prefer the Substance or the Shadow? Many stoves are but shadows of what they should be. **Avoid Disappointment. Buy The Ideal Household Blue Polished Steel Range.** The best and most satisfactory Family Range. Sold direct to consumer at Wholesale Prices, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction or refund of purchase money and freight charges. Tens of thousands in daily use demonstrating their superior baking and economical fuel consuming qualities. Order from this ad. or send for Wingold Catalog.

A new design with elaborate nickeled trimmings. The nickeling is done by special process, and is of a white silvery effect. **The Ideal Household Steel Range** is equipped with all the latest improvements, and thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. Pay only $85.00 to the local dealer and you will get a range to equal the Ideal Household. Absolutely the handsomest, most elaborate and highest grade steel range made in the world. A long step ahead of others in high art stovemaking.

The IDEAL will last years after the cheap, light weight stove has gone to the scrap heap. No better range made than the IDEAL HOUSEHOLD. Send in your order today. Burns wood or any kind of coal. Takes wood 24-inches long.

No. 9-20 has oven 20 x 20 x 13 inches, six 9-inch lids, copper reservoir encased, shipping weight, 550 pounds. Complete, with high closet and oven thermometer, $49.75.

WRITE FOR STOVE CATALOG showing the most complete line of up-to-date stoves and ranges. Sold direct to consumer at wholesale prices.

Wingold Stove Co. Ltd., 181-5 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

trees, or quenching their thirst in the sparkling brook, or cooling in placid water—"knee deep in June!"

It is such subjects as these that made Weber, Troyon, Buchen, Corot, W. Frank Calderon, and other artists famous; even our own Canadian Bellsmith has gained international reputation because of his extraordinary abilty as a painter of cattle.

Not only do these pastoral scenes occupy an important place in the field of art, but the dairymaid herself is a model for the artist. Exercises necessary for the accomplishment of her work form her body into physical beauty. Her well developed shoulders, chest and arms give her an enviable position on the pedestal of art.

The dairy maid's rosy cheeks and fair skin also owe their delicate tints to the contact with milk in her work in the dairy, as well as to the fresh air she breathes while at her work. Many extensively advertised complexion lotions contain milk or butter-milk that the dairy maid may have free from deadly adulterations.

In music she has been the soul of folklore song:

"What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?"

"Oh, wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame?"

This subject has furnished material for some of the most sublime word pictures in great literary productions.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The author as well as the poet gives the dairy a prominent place in fiction and lures the youth to a palace of wealth whose king is health and whose princess is the dairymaid.

The following description of the dairy in Adam Bede paints a pleasing picture in the mind:

"The dairy was certainly worth looking at; it was a scene to sicken for with a sort of calenture in hot and dusty noisy streets—such coolness, such purity, such fresh fragrance of new pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water——"

No world-renowned queen could be painted in more perfect bodily beauty than is Hetty the dairymaid in Adam Bede.

Tourists say the cleanest place in the world is at Broek, near Amsterdam, where the Edam cheeses are made. These are the cleanest dairies in the world. One can make of any kind of honest work an art. Emerson says:

"In the mud and scum of things
There's always, always, something that sings."

* * * * *

CONTRASTS.

In life the same experience means the downfall of some and the uplift of others. You may at your will live a life of idleness or usefulness, a life of pain or pleasure, of ignorance or wisdom, of cowardice or courage, of hate or love, of ingratitude or appreciation, of deception or truth, of ugliness or beauty, of worry or happiness, of sin or purity, of old age or youth. The strength of your life is measured by the strength of your will, and the strength of your will is determinedly the strength of the wish that lies behind it. Any kind of a human being can wish for a thing. I know women who spend most of their time in wishing; but only strong-minded people with great purposes can do things.

We are not put into the world to bask among ideal conditions; one of the facts of life that makes life worth living is the struggle to make ideals come true. Gibbons says:

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank—
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

The Most Complete Milling Plant in the British Empire

Ogilvie's New Mill at Medicine Hat

What is unquestionably the most complete milling plant in the British Empire, or in the world for that matter, has recently started operations at Medicine Hat.

Every modern device which could be utilized to improve the efficiency of this new mill has been employed in its construction and equipment.

This giant mill has a capacity of 4,000 barrels daily and the company confidently expect the demand for their flour to result in its running at full capacity the year around.

The history of The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, is only another instance of the rapidity with which industries under capable management develop in Western Canada. Only a comparatively short time ago their first mill was located in Winnipeg, a 300 barrel affair. Now their mill in Winnipeg is of 3,000 barrel capacity, supplemented by a 750 barrel mill for the production of oatmeal and rolled oats as well as an immense elevator. At Fort William they have a large mill and a million bushel elevator. Besides the mill at Medicine Hat they have an elevator of 600,000 bushels capacity. To supply wheat for these large mills the company have twenty-five elevators in Western Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta for the Medicine Hat Mill, and one hundred and twenty elevators in Manitoba and Saskatchewan which take care of the requirements of the Winnipeg and Fort William Mills.

It is industrial enterprises of this nature that make possible the development of towns and cities in the West and which in turn create a home market for Western farm products.

Royal Household Flour is the product on which the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Ltd., have achieved their success and it is possible that the demand for this high grade flour will make necessary before many years other big mills similar to the new Medicine Hat plant.

Have you ever paused to consider that it requires the tears of the eyes sometimes to create the rainbow of the soul?

* * * * *

A MATTER OF CHARACTER

A young woman who devotes all of her time to help girls told me the other day that it is unusual for a girl to send her a note of appreciation. The service she gives them is free and she is continually helping them secure positions. In some cases she spends hours in search of a place for a girl. Then she sends the girl, and nine girls out of ten never write her a word of appreciation. In fact she often wonders if the girl has accepted the position obtained for her. I am sure this is only thoughtlessness on the part of the girl—but a short note means more than the sender realizes. Fortunately the girls who have written to me through The Western Home Monthly have been very appreciative. One girl who came to the city last winter and wrote me to meet her sent me a beautiful little note last month stating that she had decided to go home and expressed her appreciation so beautifully that the note was an encouragement. It probably did not require more than ten minutes for her to write the note, but it meant more to me than I can express. The busiest people attend to these little courtesies most thoughtfully. A tiny favor given a very busy woman is nearly always acknowledged by a lovely expression of appreciation.

A social worker told me not long ago that so many people she helps seem extremely ungrateful in the end. For example, she loaned a family money to buy wood during the winter, with the request that they pay it back as it was taken from a fund and the money could in turn be used to help others. Several months later when this family was earning good money, she asked them for the money loaned them. They were very much offended and were most unkind. Now, this social worker had given many hours during the winter to help the family during their distress, and in the end this is the treatment she received. The careless thoughtless girl develops into the inconsiderate, ungrateful woman. Consideration for others is a most necessary trait of disposition to cultivate. We are so desperately intent on making a living that we forget to live, so wrapt up in our vocation that we forget that we owe the world courtesy, consideration and kindness. This is a matter of character.

SWEET BRIAR

(By Frances)

It grows by the gate to the highway—
That wanders away to the town;
It caught at your skirts in a sly way,
And ruffled its leaves at your frown;
When going—its hold was detaining,
When coming—it welcomed you home;
Its manners were rough and restraining—
To any—who ventured to roam.

From its nook in the garden straying,
It mocked at the limits of Fate;
Now—always it seems to be saying—
"I am ward of the old grey gate;"
Like maidens at windows—the roses
Lean out 'midst the guardian thorns,
But—he who to pluck them proposes—
Full many a smarting wound mourns.

O, bonnie Sweet Briar!—A-blowing;
When Summer steals over the land,
Her flowery mantle a-showing—
My heart then—is yours to command!
I return, and enter the portal,
You grasp for my garments to hold,
And like some poor heart-hungry mortal—
You welcome me back—to the fold.

ALL IN THE DAY

(By Frances)

It is all in the day!—be it dull or fine;
We may drink sweet mead or the lees of wine;
We may eat the best, or on herbs may dine,
It is all in the day.

It is all in the day!—we may gaily fare,
Or sink to the deeps, in a numb despair;
We may dance with Hope or keep step with Care;
It is all in the day.

It is all in the day!—though we're waiting still—
That message, its import of good or ill!
We may curb or spur an impatient will,
It is all in the day.

It is all in the day!—we may meet a frown,
Our nearest and dearest have moods of brown,
But the sky is there, 'tis a good old town;
It is all in the day.

It is all in the day, for we may not know
What is hidden under the sunset glow,
So, like blindfold children—we groping go,
It is all in the day.

It is all in the day!—When the night draws nigh,
Towards a tomorrow—we reach and cry;
And a song-bird flutes of a "by and by;"
It is all in the day.

Couldn't Follow Him

"John," said Farmer Foddershucks to his college-bred son, who was home on a vacation, "hev ye noticed Si Mullet's oldest gal lately? Strikes me she's gettin' ter be a right likely critter, hey?"

"She's as beautiful as Hebe," agreed John enthusiastically.

"Aw, shucks!" grunted Farmer F. "She's a blame sight purtier 'n he be. Why, he ain't no beauty. She gits it f'm her mother's folks."

A Regard for Appearance

A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of the last season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big white picture hat.

"Law, no honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could nevah wear that. I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk."

The Biggest Thing in the Clock Business

Big Ben is the biggest thing today in the alarm clock business.

He is only two years and a half old, but he's already getting more work from the Dominion than any clock alive.

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Riding a Bull Moose

In the Rainy Lake District

The Moose has been headed into open water and the canoe is approaching

ON the far side of the lake, in a deep bay were several moose which we proceeded stealthily to appraise. The bay was long and crescent shaped and off its mouth two large rocks gave some secrecy to our approach. But one of them saw us and the whole party plowed ashore and trotted across a marsh to the woods. They went hesitantly, with backward glances as if reluctant to leave the attractions of the lake, so we lay in ambush behind the rocks and awaited developments.

assured at last, he walked far out to the gently sloping bottom and ducked under.

"Now go!" whispered Mrs. Pink.

From behind our rocky screen we watched the approach with bated breath. Breaking the surface at one end of the crescent rose the black back of the quarry, and hugging the shadow of the shore from the other sped the canoe. There was nearly half a mile to steal. That antlered head would rise dripping from the water, when paddles would

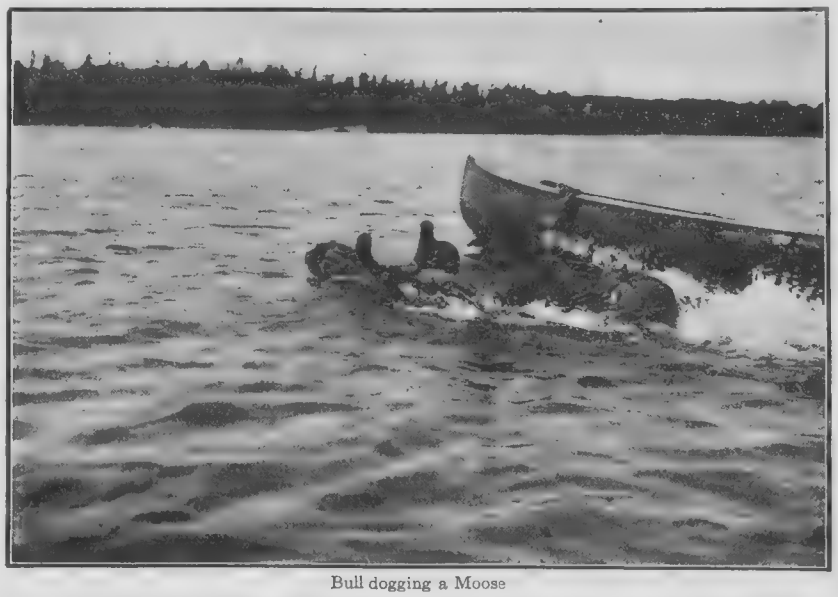
Alongside and the Moose-boy (cowboy) is stepping out of canoe on to back of Moose

It was not a long wait. Far on the left of the crescent a moose broke cover and stalked leisurely into the water. It was a bull, and though the horns were not large, Bob decided that he would do. It seemed as if he would never wade out and begin to feed, and George and Bob in their canoe fretted impatiently. Perhaps he was surprised at the absence of the others. But evidently re-

poise motionless in mid air and the canoe would come slowly to rest. As the distance decreased they paddled more cautiously and stopped quickly. After a leisurely survey the head would again plunge under.

Manoeuvring for Position

While still far apart, the moose spied them. He stood rooted, with head twisted sideways. Then turning to-



Bull dogging a Moose

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ward shore he stood still and watched, while the paddles dipped rapidly and the canoe skimmed over the remaining arc of the crescent to block his retreat. To us it was inexplicable, as it seemed that he had plenty of time to escape. But from our angle of view we were under an optical delusion. The canoe would have won, though narrowly, and the bull calculated this instantly. But not until they were directly behind and swinging toward him did he take to deep water.

The celerity with which the captain now manoeuvred us from our moorings and got full speed on the engines sent us fairly leaping from our sheltered berth. In the waist of the ship she herself spurned the water with vigorous blade. Between gasps she cut in with a count or two and an order to the bow to shorten stroke. I think that the bow was excited and thought more of the forward battery than of keeping the time. In the stern Pink, as quartermaster at the wheel, kept the head a point or two in advance of the pursued. And so, with all the bone in her teeth that a canoe can carry, we swept down on the bull when he had gained hardly the middle of the lake.

Shipping my paddle, I ran out the bow chaser just in time for an opening shot before George and Bob dashed into range. Bob had the stern but turning on the thwart made him bow paddle. While I was changing the film, George was placing him in position for boarding. He ran alongside from behind until the bow of his canoe brushed the velvet of the antlers. Stepping deliberately out, Bob dropped astride. His legs were doubled at the knees, in case the bull should strike, and at the moment of falling he grasped one ear and then the other.

It seemed for an instant that nothing would happen. Then, slowing his pace, the moose kicked upward alternately with his hind feet, grazing Bob's legs where they clutched at his ribs. This occupied only a few seconds, when he rapidly changed tactics. First he shook himself, scattering spray in all directions Failing in this, he dove head first in a more desperate attempt to dislodge that clinging terror on his back. It was not a deep dive, nor a long one, for the bull was winded with the long chase, but it made Bob grasp for the more stable support of his antlers to save being pitched over his head, while he strewed muttered imprecations on the troubled water.

Twice this was repeated. But a bull moose has no inbred mastery of the bucking art, and his resourcefulness was exhausted. His breath came in mighty gasps, like the panting of a huge locomotive in a train shed and he swam steadily for shore. The camera caught the elation of Bob as he swung his black felt in the air with a whoop of achievement, after which diving backward over the stern, he swam for his canoe.

The Moose has quit bucking and is making for the shore

"Head him off," he called, "and I'll do it again". There was one film left, so we shook our paddles in the face of the moose while Bob wriggled over the bow of his canoe. This time we were full broadside on and I held the fire for the splash.

"What'll I do with him now?" inquired Bob, in the confidence of one who has conquered his mount.

The rider has left the Moose and is returning to the canoe

"The films are all gone. Might as well let him go, or he'll be all in."

Evidently, however, the bull wasn't so tired as he had looked for he trotted strongly into the woods while Bob clambered again into the canoe with conflicting expressions of triumph and reluctance.

Poor Bob! I am afraid that he will always feel that the proofs of this little adventure are extremely inadequate.

Taking Mamma at Her Word

Mother: "Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charlie cry so?"

Ethel: "I've only been sharing my cod-liver oil with him, mamma. You said it was so nice."

Poultry Chat

Timely Topics for September, by H. S. Vialoux

ENGLISH papers to hand particularly dwell upon the short crop in chickens in the Old Country this summer, which is largely due to climatic causes early in the season.

Meanwhile, there is a persistent decrease in the supply of imported poultry, therefore prices are higher than usual and the home producer is chuckling in his joy.

This is very much the state of affairs in our own Western Country, except as regards importations. Our neighbors to the South can always give us plenty of poultry products, but look for a good price for the same. I was greatly interested in the address given by W. A. Wilson, Dairy Commissioner, Sask., before the Retailers Convention, not long since. The egg supply of Saskatchewan is practically produced in six months; 95 per cent. of the total supply is produced in April, May, June, July, August and September, and 90 per cent. of the eggs are marketed during the first four months mentioned, just when eggs are usually all fertile and exceedingly hard to keep.

In Ontario the loss in shipping or handling eggs is 17 per cent. on five dozen—six every 30 (thirty) dozen lot. In our Western provinces, the loss is fully 20 per cent. at least. The loss to the farmer and country merchant is a serious business, the farmer fights shy of increasing his flock of hens and the country merchant considers the egg business one of the necessary leakages, as he must trade with the farmer. As for the price, to protect themselves dealers quote the flat rate price. What need here for some practical poultry education until producers understand the need of clean nests, infertile eggs, regular gathering of eggs from the nests, keeping eggs cool and away from foreign odors, as rapid marketing as possible of egg products, and lastly, refusing to market *stolen* nestfuls of eggs. Such reports will be written of all your provinces in the West.

Under present conditions, the up-to-date poultryman is under grave disadvantage unless he is near a really good market and can find his own customers, who will certainly pay him a premium over the "store egg" price.

There is a similar condition in marketing poultry, so many birds being forwarded to market in quite an unfit condition, aged and infirm, badly fed and badly dressed, and again the man who raises superior birds, is at a disadvantage until there can be a regular system of grading poultry, eggs and butter, under good supervision, if that is necessary.

Mr. Wilson suggests establishing payment on the basis of quality, and if trade jealousies could be overlooked, and such a system formed where quality would form the basis of all quotations, it would tend to eliminate much of the high cost of living, and put money into the pockets of our farmers, which is now sent to other parts of the Dominion, or across the line.

These changes will make educational work possible and effective, and the great indifference manifested by many producers now, will soon disappear when there is money in poultry raising.

With all our splendid farms in grain-growing areas it is rather too bad to find that 75 per cent. of trade supplies in poultry are *imported*. But until better poultry is brought forward this state of things will continue.

Weeding out the culls in the flock should now be occupying the mind of the poultry raiser. The culls should be hens over two years of age unless there is a very particular reason for saving the head of some handsome dame over the profitable age limit. The roosters should go, also, and the wasters, among the spring chickens. Those of poor color or form, etc. All of these birds can be put in excellent shape for market by putting in crates and finishing them off, when a good living price will be obtained for them, alive or dead. Excellent prices are now being offered in the papers for any class of well fed poultry.

Thus the enterprising man or woman can eliminate the unfit, in his or her poultry plant, making room for the cream of the flock, the year-old hens of good color, comb and shape, the fine plump pullets which are maturing so well these golden days of September.

There is wisdom in giving the said pullets and young cockerels a separate run, if at all possible and the two flocks will be the gainers.

As free range as can be secured is a splendid thing for the growing birds, and I have found that if the chickens are taught to roost in any sort of a colony house and in different parts of the farm yard they will naturally range in that locality without much trouble.

Give these layers "to be" plenty of butter milk as well as water to drink. Oyster shell and grain with an occasional mash of shorts, bran, ground oats, linseed, etc.

Get some leg bands for these pullets so they will be marked whilst still young, When a glance will determine the age of the bird.

One year I mark the left leg with the band and the next season the right one, thus easily keeping tag of a number of hens.

A good fattening ration is a mash of ground grains and shorts mixed with milk until crumbly, but in the busy time on the farm the making of a mash is somewhat troublesome. I have crate fattened fowls in fine shape, by feeding two feeds per day of whole wheat. All the birds will eat clean, some charcoal and grit and plenty of milk to drink. When there is plenty of feed wheat in the bin this is an easy method.

Birds should never be crated more than 21 days and sometimes will fatten in 14 days

"I'll Do What I Can."

Who takes for his motto, "I'll do what I can,"
Shall better the world as he goes down life's hill;
The willing young heart makes the capable man,
And who does what he can, oft can do what he will.
There's strength in the impulse to help things along,
And forces undreamed of will come to the aid
Of one who, though weak, yet believes he is strong,
And offers himself to the task, unafraid.

"I'll do what I can" is a challenge to fate,
And fate must succumb when it's put to the test;
A heart that is willing to labor and wait
In its tussle with life ever comes out the best.
It puts the blue imps of depression to rout,
And makes many difficult problems seem plain;
It mounts over obstacles, dissipates doubt,
And unravels kinks in life's curious chain.

"I'll do what I can" keeps the progress machine
In good working order as the centuries roll,
And civilization would perish, I ween,
Were not those words written on many a soul.
They fell the great forests, they furrow the soil;
They seek new inventions to benefit man;
They fear no exertion, make pastime of toil—
O, great is earth's debt to "I'll do what I can!"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A farmer sold a horse to a man, giving him a month to try the horse before payment. Six weeks passed, and the farmer happened to meet his purchaser. He asked him how the horse suited him. The purchaser said: "Oh, he's all right, only he won't hold his head up." To which the farmer replied; "That's pride. He will hold his head up when he is paid for."

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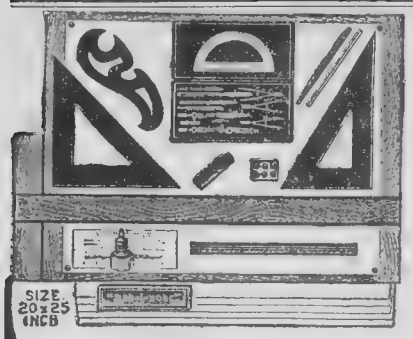

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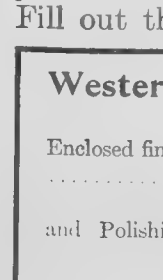

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The Home Doctor

AWAY up in the coast of Labrador some thirty thousand miserable "liveyeres," as they're called, eke out an existence, such as it is, taking the codfish which are so plentiful off those coasts. From Newfoundland, too, perhaps again as many fishermen come in the spring time to summer there in the north and then return in autumn with the catch.

The cod so taken are dried and prepared by these fishermen, but under most revolting conditions. Substantially all the fisher folk are malignant consumptives, but the fish are stacked and kept in the same air-tight huts in which these folk live, and the proprieties declining as one gets farther from the cities. so here the most noisome practices are quite the usual vogue.

Latterly, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the colony's physician of mercy, as he has been called, has been waging a gallant fight against the universal tuberculosis, and it is evident that with the adoption of some of the methods he is seeking to introduce, much good will come.

The doctor, though, knows full well the truth of the Newfoundland axiom that you can't teach an old dog new tricks, and so he is aiming at the children and young folk.

To that purpose he has had printed a little leaflet, much like a school tract, which is printed for use in Newfoundland and Labrador schools and is labelled·

"A CATECHISM,
THAT IS TO SAY
AN INSTRUCTION TO BE LEARNED
BY EVERY PERSON."

Open the leaflet and the arrangement smacks of a lawyer's brief.

The various paragraphs are headed in leaded type, and this placed at one side.

The paragraphs themselves are subdivided into sentences, and each of these is numbered.

We quote at length:

The Air

(1) Is fresh air good for me? I cannot live without it.

(2) Is air ever bad? Yes. It gets very poisonous.

(3) What makes it poisonous? Every time any one breathes he throws poisons into the air.

(4) What are these poisons like? Some are poisonous gases, some like tiny poison seeds.

(5) Will they hurt me? Yes. They will kill me in time.

(6) How can I avoid these poisons? By always keeping in fresh air.

The Sunshine

(1) Must I let in the sunshine? Yes. every bit I can let in.

(2) Why must I let in the sunshine? Because nothing else cleans the rooms so well.

(3) How does sunshine clean a room? It kills all the poison germs it falls upon.

(4) Ought I to sit in the sunshine? Yes, I must always keep in it when I can.

(5) Why must I do this? Because it will kill the poison germs in my blood.

The Window.

(1) Must I open the window? Yes.

(2) When must I open the window? All day and all night.

(3) Will not the cold hurt me? Cold does not hurt anybody.

(4) Why must I open the window? Because I cannot grow strong unless I do.

(5) Will not the draught hurt me? I must arrange to avoid draughts as far as possible.

(6) What good is it to open the window? It lets in the pure air to clean my blood.

Washing

(1) Must I wash? Yes. as often as possible.

(2) Why must I wash? Because a clean skin keeps me in good health.

(3) Must I use cold water? Yes, every day.

(4) Will it hurt me? Not at all. It will make me very strong.

(5) How does it do that? It sends my blood flying round my body.

(6) What is the good of that? The blood carries food to every part of it and washes away all the poisons out of it.

(7) Is hot water good? It is better than none at all.

Spitting.

(1) Is it wrong to spit in the house? Yes, and on the ground outside. It is dirty and dangerous and cruel.

(2) Why? What harm does it do? It spreads poisons everywhere and hurts everybody.

(3) How does it do this? Spittle is full of poison germs.

(4) How do the germs get at us? They get loose as soon as the spittle dries up and then they can fly about.

(5) What do the germs do to us? They go down with our breath and eat up our lungs.

(6) Must I never spit? Never, except into a piece of rag or paper, which I must burn at once.

Hurry and Worry

Habitual hurry and worry will undermine the strongest constitution. Hurry and worry are only a matter of habit. It is natural, when work piles up, to let the mind run on to the things ahead. Before we know it we have established a useless and injurious habit of worry. Make "this one thing I do" your motto. Cease to spend your time in foolish regrets over what is passed. "The mill never runs with water that has passed." Do not turn present energy into channels of worry about what is passed and can no longer be helped. To worry about the future is equally foolish. Ninety-nine of every hundred calamities which you fear never come to pass. Get a grip on yourself. Use your will to keep from worrying. Check yourself whenever you feel hurried, and relax for a moment before going on with the matter in hand. After a little you will be able to establish a new habit of poise and self-control. To worry is to waste an immense amount of energy for no good or useful purpose. To worry is more foolish than to try to lift yourself by your own boot straps. Worry is destructive. Tranquility, poise, means the conservation of your forces for structive use. By worry and fretting and senseless anger and a habit of mind of constant rebellion against your environment and the universe in general you spill your forces and tear yourself to pieces. You cut off your connection with the sources of life. Life thrives in tranquility. Creative processes in nature are always silent. Worry and hurry are a part of the objective life, that which deals with material things. Tranquility, poise, self-control, spring from the eternal principles of nature. Calmness makes for health and a good old age.

The Farm Treatment for Insanity

The city of Philadelphia is making an interesting experiment. Since Mayor Blankenburg's advent a number of municipal improvements have taken place, but among them none seems more notable than the change in the treatment of the city's insane patients. Hitherto these patients have been herded together, and their malady has only been made worse by the conditions of crowding to which they have been forced. Fortunately for them, a large farm—known as the Byberry tract—of nearly nine hundred acres, near Philadelphia, was available for colony treatment, the only rational kind of treatment for the insane, the feeble-minded, or defective and delinquent cases. On the tract were several old and dilapidated farmhouses. These were reconstructed. Each became the home of some twenty-five men suffering from a mild form of mania, and harmless, but willing to make themselves useful. Each colony has been supervised by a man and his wife, the latter acting as matron. Each colony is separate and distinct in every particular, having its own farming imple-

ments, horses, cows, pigs, etc. A total of three hundred mild insane men have now been transferred from the main institute in West Philadelphia. Although the insane take kindly to farming work, Dr. Neff, director of the Philadelphia Department of Public Health, informs us that they seem best adapted to the care of animals. He adds: "There seems to be some communion between them that is more marked than in those of sound minds." Another interesting fact noted by Dr. Neff is that concerning Sunday, on which day "there is a distinct restlessness not observed on other days." This is doubtless due to the fact that when working the insane are more quiet and sleep better. In general, however, the feeling of dependence and the chafing at the lack of liberty—the inevitable accompaniment of inmates of an institution—have given way to an atmosphere of greater self-respect. The patients have become not only contented with new surroundings, but have gradually learned to forget old grievances.

Will Power and Health

A man had been given up to die. His kidneys, liver, heart and dear knows what else, were hopelessly diseased—so his physicians said. This dictum aroused the slumbering sparks of life and individuality in the man. He sat up in bed and declared, "I don't know how I'll get well, but I'll get well." Then he dismissed the physicians, threw all the medicine he had left into the kitchen sink and started in on his own personal account to find a way to health. And glory be to his grit and will he found it. He practiced deep breathing and conservation of his thoughts and emotional power. He studied food values and diet lists. He lived on a few simple, nourishing foods. He learned the use and value of hot water taken internally. He ate, slept, worked (as strength permitted) and played as a normal being should. Steadily, step by step, he climbed back to health. That was over ten years ago. Today that man is well. He is no longer young, but he can do more work today and do it easier and enjoy it far more than at any previous time. He does not become tired. Every organ in his body functions properly and does its work without complaint. He learned to take good care of his machine—his body—not to clog it with waste by over-feeding, to keep it clean and free from toxins by exercise and fresh air. At every step he was inspired by a sustained purpose, an aroused will to become well. The first requisite to health is an awakened will. We don't get a thing unless we go after it.

How to Deal with a Corn

First, so live that you won't have a corn. Don't wear tight shoes.

If you have already indulged in the pride that produces corns there is a simple way to rid yourself of them. Keep a lemon in your sleeping room and each night just before retiring cut one or two slices of the fresh lemon and rub the corn thoroughly with them. Do this every night without fail, and the corn will soon disappear. The acid in the lemon drives it away and produces no unpleasant results.

After the corn has disappeared, see that you sin no more against your feet.

Will it Work

A better way of reducing weight is to keep up diffused mental and physical activity throughout the day by taking on a large number of interests and trying to move along with the procession. If a stout woman has children let her become deeply interested in them and their playmates.

Cut out one meal a day. There is no danger of starvation; most people eat from force of habit, not because they are hungry. Besides giving up favorite food and drink she must sacrifice sleep. It is easy enough to go without breakfast or luncheon, if one sleeps until eleven o'clock, but this relief is not for ladies of the anti-fat brigade.

Seven or eight hours is the limit of sleep allowed and nothing must tempt the woman who desires to reduce her weight to take a second nap after once awakening. Eternal vigilance is the price of anti-fat.—Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Physical Trainer, Harvard University.

Nervous Affections

There is a large class of ailments to which humanity is prone, that may be classed under the above heading.

There is not the slightest doubt that the great increase in affections of the nerves during the past few years, is the natural outcome of our modern ultra-civilization and there is equally little doubt that other "higher" civilizations long since passed away, have had to pay like penalties in the form of physical distress for undue excitation.

The matter, however, has attained such proportions, as to compel general attention from the medical profession as evidenced by the abnormal increase of nerve specialists. At the best, however, medical science can do little beyond palliating the condition, for the prime cause lies too deep to be reached by medical means. It is to be found in the restless activity that permeates the entire community and this in turn is no doubt largely due to the exhilarating character of the climate.

The dual nervous systems of the human body are so complicated, and withal, so delicately constructed, that it is less a matter for surprise that they should frequently become deranged, than that they should so successfully withstand the rude shocks and the persistent strain to which they are subjected. Among the many disorders of the nerves, the one most frequently in evidence is that form which is glibly described as neurasthenia, which is, after all, a condition rather than a malady. As its etymology implies, it means a lack of tone in the nerve structure: but the word has such a full, rolling sound and seems to imply so much, that numbers of people are wont to apply it to any trifling form of nerve derangement.

Dr. Mitchell Clarke has defined it as "a nervous disorder without any known alteration in organic structure, characterized by a persistent state of fatigue and hence of weakness of the central nervous system." The absence of the causes which normally induce and the loss of nerve control combine to produce a condition where excessive reaction follows the slightest irritation.

Nervous exhaustion, or nervous weakness and irritable weakness, are terms frequently employed to describe the same conditions, but whatever it may be called, the condition, when present, is one that calls for the deepest sympathy. The causes are many and varied: but undoubtedly the large majority of cases are due to the feverish restlessness of modern life, the unreasonable rapidity of travel and the unhealthy conditions surrounding life in great cities. for it is seldom that neurasthenics are found in the country districts. Other causes are, overstrain, mental worry, the excitement of society life, late hours, over eating, work under unhealthy conditions and the use of narcotics.

Cases of this kind are always largely the result of digestive inefficiency, the nerves being thereby deprived of their proper nutrition, therefore a bland diet should be carefully followed and absolute rest imposed upon the patient. In such cases, the special senses are usually hyper-sensitive and it is therefore advisable for the room to be darkened and perfect quiet enjoined. This trouble is not calculated to shorten life, but if not dealt with, may make life a burden.

Nervous insomnia is a most distressing condition and it very often becomes necessary to resort to the use of hypnotics until such time as the general health is so far restored, that sleep comes naturally. The same line of treatment as indicated previously, should be followed: but when hypnotics are employed, they should be used with discretion, during the day, so as to keep the patient's nerves steady, instead of allowing the patient to get wrought up with the fatigue and worry of the day, for that will make it more difficult to quiet him down as night approaches.

Low spirits is a form of nervous disorder, although not generally accounted so, and has its origin in digestive troubles. The splanchnic nerves become involved and hypochondria results. The patient is a prey to the most gloomy and depressing thoughts. Any unusual feeling of the slightest kind will excite the gravest apprehensions, with an obstinate belief in them. The correction of the digestive trouble is the first requisite toward a cure, with cheerful surrouudings and lively companionship.

Shock is another form of nervous trouble, which may result from fright, grief, or any strong mental impression, although it may result from injury, but even in those cases, it is the effect produced upon the nervous system that constitutes the danger. It is more common among the young and very old, than among strong adults. In the very young it develops quickly and passes equally quickly, but in the very aged, the reverse is the case.

There is a form of neuralgic headache very prevalent among women which most commonly has its origin in a very simple cause, a cause which from its simplicity is frequently overlooked. The pain is generally located in one of the branches of the second cervical nerve, which terminates in the scalp at the occiput, or back of the head. The nerves of the scalp are kept in a constant state of irritation by the hair being drawn tightly back, not as a whole, (for in that case the strain would be equally divided), but by small bundles of hair which are pulled back and held in place by hairpins. The removal of the hairpins usually affords relief, but the injury done is lasting, if not permanent.

Epilepsy is a lasting nervous disease, but not necessarily a fatal one. It usually makes its appearance before the tenth year of life and up to the present time has baffled all the efforts of medical skill to discover a cure. Its most distressing feature is the mental decay which so frequently results from its persistence. Nothing can be more painful than to witness one of these convulsive seizures.

Nervous deafness is a term that is often very loosely applied in cases of impaired hearing. There are so many causes for imperfection in the functions of hearing that it behooves the physician to be very careful in making his diagnosis. Deafness may be caused by catarrh of the middle ear, which causes a thickening of the ear-drum, accumulations of wax in the external ear is often a cause; or there may be some derangement of the ossicles, or chain of bones. True nervous deafness, however, is due to a disease of the nervous structure essential to hearing, and can only be recognized by the absence of all symptoms that would indicate a diseased condition of any part or parts of the ear itself. It is frequently a result of inflammation of the brain, also of cerebro-spinal meningitis, and is one of the sequelae of scarlet fever. The hope of recovery in a true case is remote.

Neuritis, or inflammation of the nerves, is one of the most painful and distressing of all nerve affections. It is often spoken of as rheumatic inflammation and manifests itself in various ways. Sometimes it makes its appearance in the region of the chest, where it is known as intercostal neuralgia; sometimes in the facial nerves, when it is designated ticdoloreux; still again in the sciatic nerve, when it is termed sciatica. It may be a primary disorder, or symptomatic of deeper seated trouble. The inflammation is not really in the nerve itself, but in the sheath enclosing it, and the symptoms vary according to the extent of the inflammatory action and the particular function of the nerve affected. There may be impairment of special or common sensibility and, frequently, tenderness along the whole course of the affected nerve, while in the majority of cases there are sharp, lancinating pains. The bowels should be persistently and thoroughly cleansed with copious enemas of warm water; the diet free from all irritating substances, such as spices, condiments and alcohol, while for local application, heat, especially dry heat, is highly beneficial.

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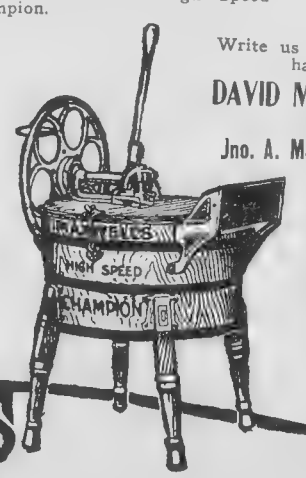

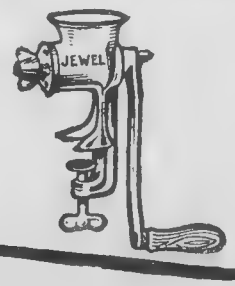

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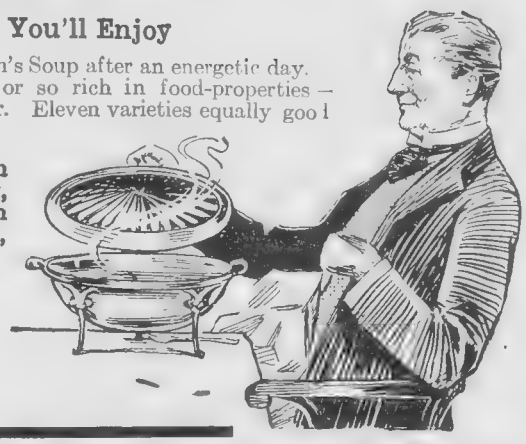

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Fashions and Patterns

¶ The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man. ¶

Everything that has a peplum effect is essentially fashionable just now and gowns of this sort serve admirably well upon the street while they are in every way correct and desirable within doors. Such a model is pretty made from silk or from pongee or any one of the silk and wool novelties, of which there are so many, and a little later will be found admirable for French serge and fabrics of the kind. All moire effects are to be smart this fall and moire silk with trimming of satin would be handsome or with the waistcoat and collar of contrasting color as well as material. The skirt consists of just two pieces and the front portions are slightly draped. The side seams can be left open for a few inches or closed for the entire length as liked. The back is gathered at the upper edge and the skirt is joined to a belt while the blouse and peplum are joined one to the other by means of a second belt.

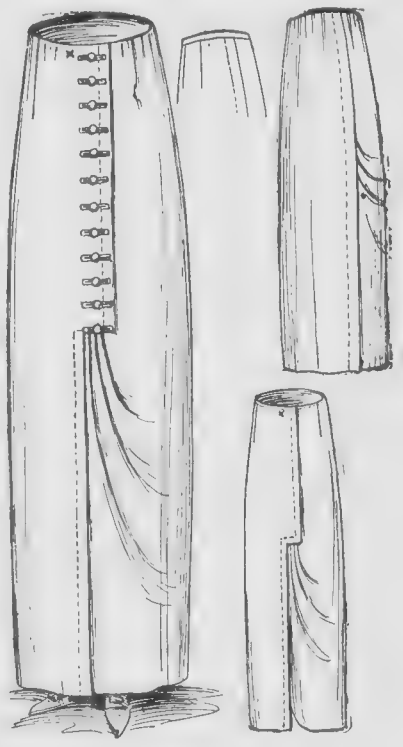
7926 Semi-Princesse Gown, 34 to 44 bust.

With two-piece draped skirt, with or without peplum, with elbow or long sleeves.

For the medium size, the gown will require 6 yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 18 inches wide for the waistcoat and collar. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1½ yards.

The pattern of the gown 7926 is cut in sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Almost every week sees some new variation of the draped skirt. This one is especially pretty and graceful. The shaped front edge is distinctly novel and the folds and plaits are singularly well arranged. Women of slender figure will like to gather the skirt at the upper edge but those who find it necessary to dispense with all bulk may use the darts. In one view, the left side is shown with curved edge and there is the least suggestion of an opening without being objectionable. Such a skirt can be made from any material that will take good lines and good folds. With the new season looming up in the near future, light weight wool and silk suitings present themselves immediately and both are well adapted to the design. Everything is soft and pliable in these days and these are necessary characteristics. There are literally no seams in the skirt, the edges of the two pieces being finished and lapped one over the other.



7924 Two-Piece Draped Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

With high or natural waist line.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 3¾ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 1 yard and 11 inches.

The pattern of the skirt 7924 is cut in sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

The simple blouse finished with hemmed edges and rolling collar in Robespierre style is a favorite. This one can be made with or without an applied yoke. It is very smart in effect and very generally becoming and it can be utilized for both washable material and silk. In the illustration, it is made of a plain silk with the collar and cuffs of a fancy one. It would be pretty made of white with collar and cuffs of color or it could be made all white with collar and cuffs of embroidery and, for the plain every day waist, the collar and cuffs could be of same material with stitched edges or perhaps narrow plaited frills. The long sleeves are of the regulation shirt waist kind with openings and overlaps, but they can be made with soft turned-over cuffs or plain straight ones as liked.

For the medium size, the waist will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs.

The pattern of the waist 7940 is cut in sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

7940 Plain Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

With three-quarter sleeves and rolled-over cuffs or long sleeves with rolled-over or plain cuffs, with or without yoke in back.

Here is a frock that includes all the newest features. The blouse is closed on a diagonal line and is cut with the elongated shoulders. The skirt is slightly draped and there is a peplum that can be made plain or finished with plaiting. Such a dress is designed for many needs and for many occasions. If something new is wanted with which to finish out the summer season, it would be pretty made up in foulard with the plaiting of chiffon, or voile with the same material. If the girl is looking ahead to the autumn outfit, she will like it made up of charmeuse satin or messaline for dressy occasions, or she will like it made up of French serge or some material of the kind without the plaiting, for every day wear. The model is a smart one and, at the same time, as simple as can be. The skirt is all in one piece. The left edge is draped and the right is lapped over it.

For the 16 year size, the dress will require 5¼ yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the collar and cuffs, 1½ yards 27 or ¾ yard 44 inches wide for the plaiting to make as shown in large view.

The pattern of the dress 7933 is cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

7933 Semi-Princesse Gown for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

With one-piece draped skirt, cutaway or straight front edge, without peplum and plaiting.

No costume ever devised is more satisfactory than the semi-princesse gown closed at the front. It is simple and easy to adjust, it is smart in effect and this one means no difficulty whatsoever for the making. The blouse and skirt are joined by means of a belt and the skirt, while it is an extremely graceful and attractive one, means only two seams to be sewed up, the front edges being arranged over a panel. The blouse is just the fashionable plain one with prettily shaped collar and novel and attractive sleeves that can be made longer or shorter as liked.

For the medium size, the gown will require 6 yards of material 27, 5 yards 36 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is one yard and 16 inches.

7954 Semi-Princesse Gown, 34 to 42 bust.

With three-piece skirt, elbow or long sleeves.

The pattern of the gown 7954 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

She: "They say there are germs in kisses. Now what do you suppose a girl could catch that way?"

He: "A husband."

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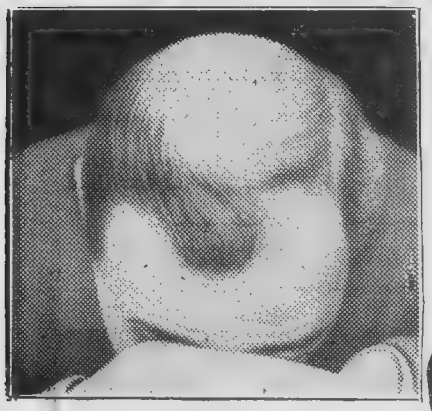

This Man is Growing Bald—"Crystolis" Is Just the Thing for such Cases.

In Europe "Crystolis," the new English Hair Grower, has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century.

The judges of the Brussels and Paris Expositions enthusiastically awarded Gold Medals to this marvelous hair grower.

Already since we secured the American rights hundreds of men and women have written telling of the phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have got a clean, healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful treatment.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching scalp or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee, without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it—and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. $1,000 has been deposited in our local bank as a Special Fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Creslo Laboratories, 5X St., Binghamton, N.Y.

FREE COUPON

The Creslo Laboratories,
5X St., Binghamton, N.Y.

I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly. Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps and restores prematurely gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

Designs for Embroidered Pillows

Readers will Please Note that the Prices Quoted are for the Stamped or Tinted Pillows Only, We do not Quote on Embroidered or Made Up Designs.

There are so many uses to which embroidered pillow tops may be placed and many of our readers are sometimes at a loss to obtain suitable additions for living rooms or those especially sacred to the men of the household, that the designs pictured here may fill a long felt need. Patriotic, Society and Smokers always appeal to the masculine fancy and the designs illustrated are effectively tinted on neutral materials and may be embroidered either simply or elaborately as one prefers. Simple outline stitch using the shades of silk suggested by the tinting will effectively bring out the designs or certain portions may be embroidered solidly and the remainder outlined, for instance on the Union Jack the red flag only requires outlining, but the bars and the small crest should be brought out solidly unless one prefers to carry out the whole design in outline stitch.

No. 5255, Tinted top with back ... $ .60
Ribbon Frill ... 1.10
Silk to embroider ... .75

September and October so that our readers may have an opportunity of preparing in advance a remembrance for their Autumn friends and in our next issue we will show November and December. For the information of those who wish to remember other friends we would say that January shows the Forget-me-Nots, February the gorgeous Tulip, March the Violet, April the Pansy, May Daisies, June, American Beauty Rose, July, Carnation, August the Poppy, September, Autumn Leaves, October, Acorn, November, Chrysanthemum, December Holly. These embroidered cushions show a

No. 5231, Tinted top with back ... $ .60
Name of any town ... .25
Ribbon Frill ... 1.00
Silk to embroider (part solid) ... .75

The design No. 5231 shows Flag and sprays of Maple Leaves finished with a patriotic frill of red, white and blue ribbon, these frills are already made up and are easily sewn on the edges of the cushion. On this cushion as well as on No. 5230 the name of any town could be

No. 5230. See 5231.

inserted thus making these "Souvenir Pillows" and suitable to send to friends at a distance. The combined British and American Flags will appeal to those of our readers whose interests associate the two and this cushion is also finished with the red, white and blue frill.

No. 5255 shows an effective Smoker's Pillow tinted in browns on a tan back ground, this design could be effectively brought out with outline stitch excepting the letters, which are handsomely brought out by working in solid over and over stitch, a shaded brown ribbon ruffle finishes this attractive pillow.

Souvenir Birthday Pillows are another popular idea and each month shows its suitable flower together with an appropriate motto. We show both

No. 6409, Birthday top and back .. .60
Lace to edge ... .75
Silk to embroider ... .75
Fringe for ends (if preferred) ... .60

trimming of lace, but if preferred ribbon frills could be used or the ends of the cushion may be finished with fringe.

Readers entrusting their orders to us will please mention the article as well as the design number thus avoiding any possibility of mistake. Articles will be sent postpaid on receipt of the prices quoted, and silk to embroider the designs at 55 cents per dozen skeins, allow at least three days from the time the order is received, and for further information send a stamped addressed envelope to the Needlecraft Department, Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Montreal, and such queries will be cheerfully and promptly answered.

No. 6410. See 6409.

Design 206

TINTED IN SHADES OF BLUE, BROWN AND GREEN

GIVEN

Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away absolutely free in order to introduce **Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss** into every home. Pillow Top is made of **Pure Linen Russian Crash;** stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent free and prepaid if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of **Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss** to commence the work with and 5 cents for postage. Outfit includes:

One Pillow Top, size 17 x 22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

Six Skeins Belding's Royal Silk Floss.

ALL SENT FOR ONLY 35c. AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME.

HOW TO GET THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada, and may be withdrawn any time.

SEND TO-DAY. Do not delay. Just send 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and we will send you the entire outfit. Write TO-DAY.

Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. 306, Montreal

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Special Rates in combination with other papers

The "Movie" as a Factor in Teaching

Better Farming in Manitoba and the West

Written Specially for The Western Home Monthly, by H. E. Vialoux.

LEARNING that Prof. Dryden, of the Oregon Agricultural College, had loaned his film of moving pictures to the Industrial, and that they were being shown under the grand stand, I hied away to see this new method of teaching poultry-raising by pictures. The exhibition board are to be commended in getting the loan of these splendid films, which were shown at the Oregon state fair with marked success not long since, and are used in institute work. The day is surely coming when many phases of farming will be featured in this clever way, teaching by the eye.

These mental pictures can be understood by the foreign farmer without any knowledge of English and will help to solve the problem of teaching him better methods in his grain growing, the culture and use of alfalfa, dairying, etc.

No doubt, when the Better Farming Train pulls out of Winnipeg for another jaunt through this country, next year, a moving picture machine depicting up-to-date poultry-raising, will be included in the already splendid outfit.

The pictures are real photos, and the 1,500 feet of film takes half an hour to run through the moving picture machine.

The pictures explain themselves through the titles that are on the film.

No. 1 showed farmer John, driving away "the cussed hens that are no use to anybody," his wife, however, when his back is turned steals grain in her apron and feeds the neglected hen—result, many eggs.

No. 2. John goes to town with his wife, who manages to slip a large basket of eggs under the seat, unknown to him. He gives her 50 cents for her shopping in town.

No. 3. When they arrive home again she shows the many parcels she has purchased, including a becoming new hat. John is bewildered and rather horrified, until she shows him her account book, kept for some months, where the jottings show the sale of 300 dozen eggs, $75.

His surprise turns to delight, and the farmeress puts a poultry Bulletin in his hand to study.

Now, follow pictures showing the result of John's studies, improved methods of feeding the hens, no more sly stealing of grain, food hoppers, containing a balanced ration in the morning, and plenty of buttermilk to drink—John making a colony house, and the team drawing it out to pasture land, hanging up cabbage for the fowls to pick at, and giving them sheaves of grain to thresh themselves—Billy, the farmer's son, being made poultry helper, before and after school. His method of setting hens in a weather-proof coop, two nests in each coop, with a roomy yard in front, all enclosed in a large mesh wire netting, chicken run on good grass.

The picture of the eggs hatching is particularly good and clear, the cleavage of the shells and the baby chicks struggling out is awfully clever. Then, Billy's good hatch is thrown on the sheet. The splendid type of Barred Rocks and White Leghorn hens, kept on the Oregon College farm, is shown and some individual birds that lay 200 eggs per annum and over.

Trap nesting, is pictured and the vigorous flocks of fowls on this farm.

The series of views of "Tommy" Jones hunting eggs, laid by stray hens under barns, etc., and getting eggs from under cluckers, taking them to mother, who counts them with glee; crates them for town, and away they go to market, rattled over the roads, temperature 104 degrees in the shade, but crate of eggs lies out in broiling sun, is true to life on the average farm. The picture of the town man sitting down to his daily breakfast and opening his "new laid egg from the said farm" is a study in disgust. Candling of eggs in a warehouse is well pictured.

The old fashioned way of John selecting all the old "hen dames" by their hard and scaly legs, and sending them to market, and the city man's despair in trying to get his teeth into his "spring chicken," all come out in a most life-like manner.

Following these poultry pictures were some most beautiful views, featuring the work of the Canadian Forestry Association. Mr. James Lowler giving much interesting information in regard to each view.

The great need of the preservation of our noble forests, was very clearly brought out. Spring floods, and subsequent droughts, barren lands, and wind swept wastes, where the forest had been destroyed. The nurseries at Indian Head were most interesting, and Mr. Lowler explained that only land that cannot be used for agriculture will be utilized for reforestation. Even muskegs, such as abound in the foot hills, near the Yellowhead, can, in time, be drained and made to grow good trees.

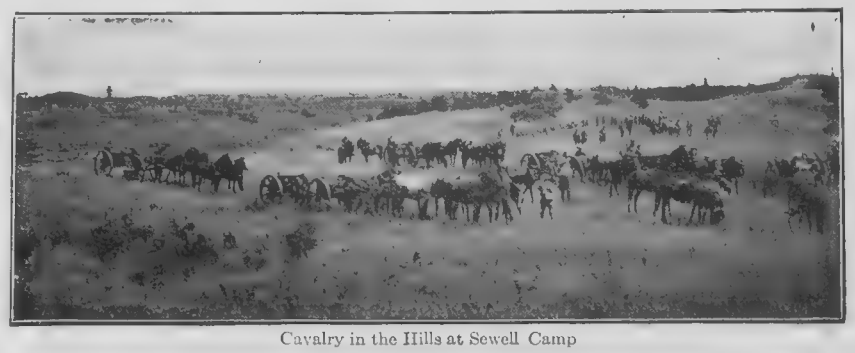
The dreaded forest fire was very real, and one has only to travel up in the Rockies to see the terrible waste of timber where millions of acres have been burned over, and the great mountains show their pitifully scarred sides.

A young American girl—a bride—was traveling in England and, naturally, she saw a great many souvenirs of great events. One guide was a particularly pompous fellow. "This," he explained, "is a cannon captured from the Americans at the Battle of Bunker Hill."

"Um-indeed, yes," answered the bride, "but we've got the Hill."

Cavalry in the Hills

The Cavalry at the camp lately held at Sewell would start out for the day's work early in the morning. After a run through the valleys and over the hills a halt would be called, guns stationed, ammunition placed alongside, and the supply wagons despatched to a nearby wood and behind a hill. Practice in sighting would take place and possibly blank firing. At times there was firing at long range with regular ammunition. There were of course other manoeuvres but these were the chief. Strict discipline soon brought the men up to good standing in efficiency.



Cavalry in the Hills at Sewell Camp

Young People

Loyal

Sister Kittie's home from college with a host of modern kinks
In the way of hygienics, sanitation, food and drinks.
Proteids nad carbohydrates she combines exactly right
For the strictly balanced ration she identifies at sight.
She knows all about digestion, what is best for us to eat.
What we need for body-building, growth and force, repair and heat;
And the dinner-table's lovely when my sister has it set;
But we haven't lost our confidence in Mother's cooking yet!

Kitty's Lesson

What Grandma Told

By Laura Rosamond White

"When your mamma was a babe," said grandma to her three young grandchildren, who were clustered about her knees asking for the frequent twilight treat of a story, "she was fascinated by every bit of fire she saw. From the time she began to "take notice" she would stretch forth her dimpled, chubby hands, trying to touch the blaze of a lamp or the bright wick of a tallow candle (for we did not have so many lamps as we have now, and we often used candles for every day, especially in the kitchen)."

"I used to do my own housework. Women were strong and well in those early days, and your grandpa was paying for his farm, little by little, and we could not afford to keep a housemaid. Your mamma was a wideawake baby, and though generally good-natured, she would not always lie in her wooden cradle contentedly, and I often carried her snuggled closely to my side, holding her with one arm while I set the winter tea-table with my free right hand. I always had to watch your mamma then, for whenever we came near the lamp or candle, she would suddenly spring and try to reach the flame. I was very much afraid she would sometime be harmed by her clothing catching fire when she might be out of my sight, or not carefully guarding her. I used to lightly tap her little fingers, hoping to teach her to keep away from a blaze; but she was too young to understand the meaning of the attempted rebuke, and I gave up trying to teach her for the time, and tried only to protect her from danger. As she grew older and could creep, she needed more watching, and as we had a fireplace in our sitting-room, it was a great care to look after the baby, and prevent her crawling straight to the blazing sticks. I used to take wooden chairs, lay them down with strong cord, and put them on the hearth as a barricade; but the mischievous, innocent baby finally found out she could move them, and my care increased.

"One evening little Kitty sat in my lap by the table. We had a whale-oil lamp on the table; you never saw one like it. It had no chimney, and the blaze was right out in the air, without any glass or globe around it. I was talking with your grandpa and Kitty was watching the light. It was at a safe distance—too far for her to touch the burning wick—but she stretched out her pretty hands and tried to reach it as usual.

"David," said I, for that was your grandpa's name, "what shall I do to cure Kitty of this bad habit?" He watched his daughter, for he loved her dearly; she smiled at him and he smiled at her, and then his face grew grave.

"It is becoming a serious question," he answered, "and she makes you a great deal of trouble."

"Come here, Kitty," said he, as he walked around the table and took her into his strong arms. She was delighted to go to him, and while he held her I slipped out to another room to get Kitty's nightdress, so that I could soon put her to sleep. When I came back, what do you think your grandpa had done—your kind, loving, wise grandpa? Why, he had held Kitty's soft, small hand in his own big hand, and protected it, all but the tiny forefinger, and had let her touch the lamp-blaze with that one finger. With tender kisses and comforting caresses he quieted her quick, sharp cry of pain and fright. There was a red spot, but not quite a blister on the cushiony end of your mamma's finger. I covered it with cold cream, undressed the dear little one, sang a lullaby; the transient pain was soon forgotten, and Kitty was in the land of dreams. She was cured of wanting to touch fire, and maybe, grandpa saved her life by the way he taught her that fire hurts."

"I'm glad he did," said the children, and eight-year-old Georgie added, "for she couldn't have been our sweet mamma if she had died."

And just then mamma came, rosy and smiling, and the three children ran to her and hugged and kissed her, and told her what grandma had been telling them.

Enough Said

As an architect met a lady of his acquaintance on the street he remarked that he had just been to see the nave of the new church of which they were both members. "You needn't mention names," said the lady with an apprehensive glance; "I know the man to whom you refer."

The Woman of it

A charming young woman went into the office of one of the best-known publishing houses in New York to explain with enthusiasm her plan for a book of travel. The idea was approved and the lady was told that if the book was equal to the conception it would be accepted. She went abroad for a summer to live the travel experiences of which she was to write, and in due time the manuscript was submitted. It was rather crude, yet there was a note of freshness about it—evidence of an original point of view—which made the publisher hesitate to "turn it down." So they wrote the author an encouraging letter, criticising her lack of style, suggesting lines of revision, and offered to reconsider it in its revised form.

The author was optimistic and found it easy to believe what she wanted to believe. She told her friends that her book was practically accepted. Then came word that the revised manuscript fell far short of expectations, and it was politely declined.

Two weeks later the author appeared at the publishers' office and tearfully explained that she had told her friends that her story was to be issued, and that she never could bear the humiliation of confessing that it had, after all, been rejected. Her tale of woe was listened to sympathetically by the young man whose business it is to stand between the head of the firm and the host of people who wish to see him personally. He explained gently that they could not reconsider their decision. Upon this the lady burst into silent but visible weeping and the young man fled. Ten minutes passed and the disappointed author continued to sit disconsolately in a corner of the reception-room, still dissolved in tears. The young man was perplexed. He sought the head of the firm and laid the case before him; that gentleman went to the unhappy lady and endeavored to show her that she had been treated fairly in the matter. There was no articulate reply to his reasoning—only more tears. He continued gently talking, but the writer was not to be consoled.

Suddenly she stopped crying. "At last she sees my point of view," thought the publisher with a sigh of relief, and as he waited for her next words she turned her charming, tear-stained face once again upon the august head of this great company. "Excuse me, sir," she said, with a fresh sob, "but will you loan me your handkerchief; mine's all damp!"

The house brought out the book.

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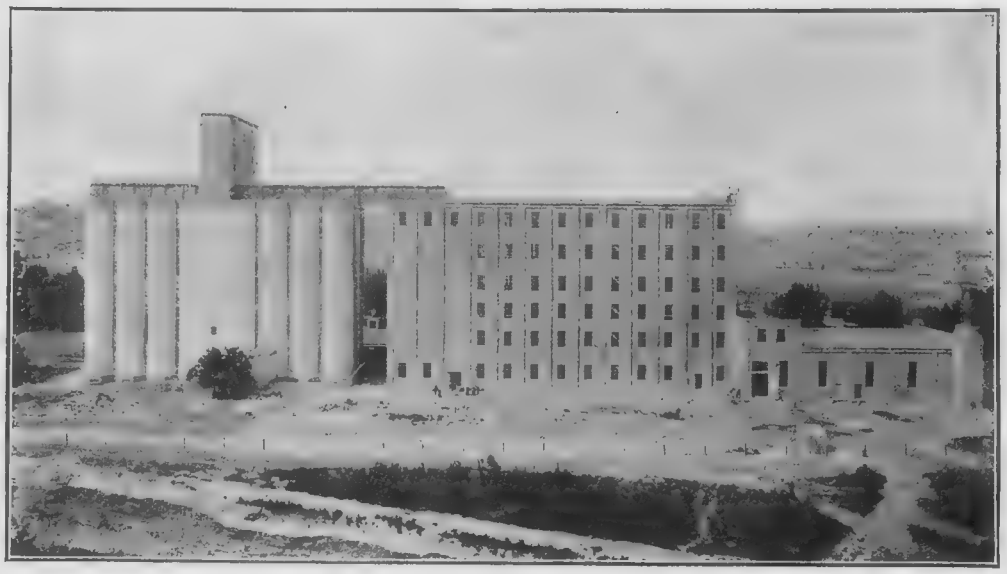
The New Ogilvie Flour Mill at Medicine Hat



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Every modern device that can in any way improve the quality of Royal Household Flour has been incorporated in this new plant. Royal Household Flour is the best flour made for bread and pastry. It is always uniform in quality and yields more baked product than any other flour.

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Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited

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Reproduction of a Sanitas design

Before you select a wall covering—for any room see

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Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, dust-and-dirt-proof, never cracks, never tears, is instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

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Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

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H.P.
SAUCE

is the new sauce imported from England. It is made by blending together the most delicious Oriental fruits and spices with pure malt vinegar by a secret process.

In Lighter Vein

Under Her Bed

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there from under the bed I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy," exclaimed a woman—"the burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear, my husband's legs. He had heard the noise, too."

Frivolity of Outward Show

Dear old Aunt Jane was making a visit in the early spring at the home of her newly-married niece, and spring clothes was the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the family.

"I feel sure this hat's not broad enough in the brim, Aunt Jane," said a worldly niece, who wanted to appear just as bewitching to her young husband as she did in her going-away costume.

"What does it matter, child! Look at me!" replied Aunt Jane, in a comforting tone. "I put on anything! Don't I look all right?"

Sixty Girls Not One too Many

A New York firm recently hung the following sign at the entrance of a large building: "Wanted: Sixty girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

The Training of Charlie

Little Charlie, who had been taught to be very polite on all occasions, and that he must never keep a seat when there were ladies standing, was one day riding in a crowded car perched on his father's knee.

When a young lady stepped in the little fellow jumped down at once, and, with a polite bow, said: "Please, Miss, will you take my place?"

Her Literary Loves

They had just met: conversation was somewhat fitful. Finally he decided to guide it into literary channels, where he was more at home, and turning to his companion asked:

"Are you fond of literature?"

"Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not——"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description—one can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

A Festive Day at Tete Jaune Cache, B.C.

Why He Would Like It

The little son of the minister, at Sunday dinner, said at the family table:

"Father, I wish I could be 'a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord,' as you said this morning."

"Indeed," said the minister-father, with a pleased look across the table at his wife.

"Yes," said the boy, "for then I wouldn't have to listen to the sermon."

Cured Without Medicine

A clergyman has had in his employ for so long a time a colored man named Julian that the latter has come to regard himself as something of a confidential adviser to the divine.

Early one Sunday morning the pastor awoke feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt at breakfast, he summoned his old and faithful servitor, saying:

"Julian, I want you to go to my assistant, and tell him that, as I am unwell, he will officiate for me in this morning's service."

At this Julian demurred, and, after some argument, persuaded his master that he would feel better if he officiated as usual. This the latter did, and, as predicted by the servant, he did return home feeling much better.

"Youse better, sah?" asked the man, meeting his master at the door.

"Very much better, thank you, Julian."

The servant grinned. "What did I tell you, sah? I knowed you'd be all right jest as soon as you got that sermon outer your system."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you find anything more heroic than his grand auld Scottish characters and his graphic, forceful pictures of feudal times and customs? You like them, I am sure."

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's Emulsion," he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

Nothing New About This, is There?

"My dear, listen to this," said an economical little housewife to her husband. "This evening's paper advertises a man who makes a business of taking new tables and chairs and treating them in some way so they look as if they were a hundred years old. And he makes a great deal of money by it," she added, reading on.

"Does he, indeed?" replied her husband doubtfully. "Well, I'd trust our Tommy to make a new table look as if it were a good deal more than a hundred years old, but I handn't thought of it as a paying business."

Strangled with Asthma is the only expression that seems to convey what is endured from an attack of this trouble. The relief from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is beyond measure. Where all was suffering there comes comfort and rest. Breathing becomes normal and the bronchial tubes completely cleared. This unequalled remedy is worth many times its price to all who use it.

WAS TROUBLED WITH

INDIGESTION

FOR TEN YEARS.

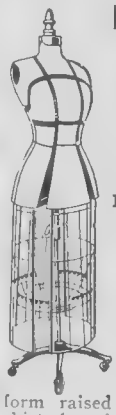
Almost Despaired of Ever Getting Well.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURED HER.

MRS. MARY MACKAY, Hunter's Mountain, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with Indigestion for more than ten years. I tried several doctors' medicine, claiming the power to cure, but all without success. Having heard of the many cures effected by Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to give it a trial. After taking two bottles, I was completely cured. My appetite which was very poor, is now good, and I can eat most everything without any disagreeable feelings. I can strongly recommend B.B.B. to anyone suffering from Indigestion.''

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is the best known remedy for all Stomach Troubles. It has been on the market for thirty-nine years, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



BUST AND HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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Prop. Dr. H. E. HILLINGS

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10 CENTS PER ROLL

All Sizes of 6 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.

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Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores
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THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT
Ready Roofing

gives lasting protection to all your buildings.

The natural oils of Trinidad Lake asphalt keep life in Genasco through all kinds of weather on all kinds of roofs.

This makes them proof against rain, sun, wind, heat, cold, alkalis and acids. It is the economical roofing for every building on the farm.

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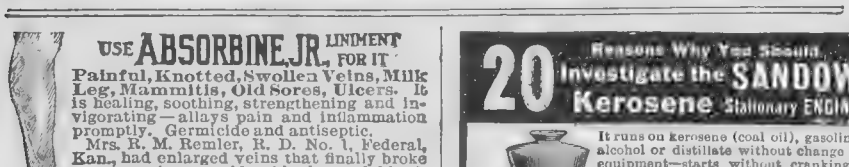

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It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F.,
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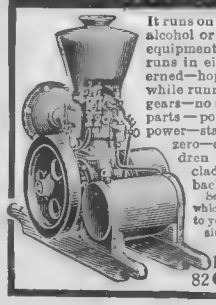
20 Reasons Why You Should Investigate the SANDOW Kerosene Stationary ENGINE



It runs on kerosene (coal oil), gasoline, alcohol or distillate without change of equipment—starts without cranking—runs in either direction—throttle governed—hopper cooled—speed controlled while running—no cams—no valves—no gears—no sprockets—only three moving parts—portable—light weight—great power—starts easily at 40 degrees below zero—complete, ready to run—children operate them—5-year ironclad guarantee—15-day money-back trial. Sizes 2 to 20 H. P. Send a postal today for free catalog, which shows how Sandow will be useful to you. Our special advertising proposition saves you one-half cost of first engine sold in your county. (167)

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co.
82 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Scotch Column

Scots Proverbs

Hope is sawin, while Death is mawin
Fire is gude—for the fireside!
If I'm no kind I'm no cumbersome
Like draws to like; like an auld horse to a feil dyke.
Nae weather's ill an' the wind be still.
That will be when the de'il's blind, and he's no blear-ee'd yet!

The Yellow-haired Laddie

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat doun on you brae.
Cried, "Milk the yowes, lassie, let nane o' them gae!"
And aye as sh milkit, she merrily sang,
"The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my guidman!"

Old Song.

A Waterloo Story. A Highland sergeant, formerly billette in Mr. Van Mon's house in Brussels, came back with the basket-hilt of his sword so bruised that he could not get his hand out of it till relieved by a blacksmith. He made light of his wounds, and only hoped soon to be "at the enemy again!" At anyrate, they had not disarmed him!

Tannahill Concert. This great anniversary occasion had a dull day overhead; and so there "were only 7,500" people out! Twice that, last year. The "Tannahill Choir," of 500 voices, made the Braes of Gleniffer resound with Songs of the Paisley Bard.

Flags. A Sunday school in Hamilton, Lanarkshire, has made a pleasing exchange of flags, with a Sunday School in a town of the same name, in New South Wales. Some of our Sunday Schools might do likewise. Only, would not the "Canadian Flag," so called, be infinitely better with a white Maple Leaf on the "fly" of the Union Jack, than the meaningless and undecipherable "Canadian Coat of Arms?"

A Dunfermline "Sark." As an instance of ingenuity in the art of weaving, a shirt wrought in the loom, completely finished, and ready for wearing, made a century ago, by an ingenious artist of the name of Inglis, is still preserved in the chest of the Corporation of Weavers of Dunfermline. It is without a seam; and, with the exception of the neck button, was completed without the assistance of the needle.

Out of Work. What between a strike and a lock-out, some 5,000 moulders lie idle in Falkirk.

Going Ahead. 150 new houses are to be built at once in Auchinleck, Ayrshire, for the employees of Baird & Co., Iron and Coal masters. Auld "Affleck" is going ahead!

For Sale. An estate in Dumfriesshire, at an upset price of £30,000, is advertised for sale in Edinburgh by auction. How much better for the country, if it had first been divided into 20, 40 and 80 acre "farms."

Lang Nebbit Words. Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of Edinburgh, (whom I heard two or three times, 50 years ago,) loaned auld Davie Gibson the weaver, a volume of Dr. Chalmers' Sermons. When he returned it, he declined to take another volume. "Minister, I have not time for him!" he said.

"Time!" Dr. Guthrie replied, "David, what do you mean?"

"You see, Sir, I got on so slowly. I had to sit, wi' the book i' the tae hand, and the dictionar' i' the tither, and the warst o' it was, that I couldna find his lang-nebbit words in the dictionar'!"

For the Schools. The London School officials have placed "Livingstone the Pathfinder" on the Requisition List of Books for School Lending Libraries.

The Centenary of Livingstone's birth—he having been born in 1813, was duly observed in Great Britain. One great meeting in Westminster Abbey, and one in Blantyre. A daughter, Mrs. Livingstone-Wilson, was at Blantyre.

Speed of Vessels. At Skelmorlie on the Clyde, at a measured mile there, vessels built in all parts of the United Kingdom run their speed trials.

A man in the Highlands set a trap in an open field, "to catch a crow"; but a pheasant got into it, and the man was fined five shillings.

Fossils. Fossil fishes have been found in the Old Red Sandstone, in Fifeshire. We are only yet feeling after the material history of this planet!

The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are naught to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenic!

Tannahill.

Montrose allows no places of refreshment to be open on Sundays, except Temperance Hotels, and the Corporation's Pavilion at the beach. The ice cream shops are also closed.

Severe Justice. John Denholm gathered some whelks on the foreshore in Galloway, and was arrested, found guilty of theft, and consigned to two months in jail! Who owns that foreshore?

Immigrants. The rush of immigrants is mostly in the Spring. Up to the end of May this year, 11,086 "homesteads" were taken up in Canada this year. Largely in the Western Provinces. A large percentage from Scotland.

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon,
And the green leafs on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day,
Than his wife could do in three!

Old Song.

Harry Lauder. People who have not heard him personally, have heard him on the phonograph, and they could imagine what a chuckle and a "Ha! ha!" he would have when his son—the other day—passed from the University of Cambridge, with the degree of A.B.

Peat. The partly-carbonized roots of heather and oth r plants for countless ages, is, in the moors of Scotland, not very deep, averaging about 12 feet. At that depth, it will yield 12,000 tons to the acre. For some reason, peat-casting—mainly for next winter—has begun very early this year.

In the garb of Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come;
Where the Romans tried vainly our country to gain,
But our forefathers fought, and they fought not in vain!

Sir Harry Erskine, 1765.

The Common Riding. The old towns of Selkirk and Hawick both held their annual "Common Riding" in June. At Selkirk, Lord Rosebery was made a "Souter," and had to "lick the birse"; and at Hawick the "Teries" had a great time. Sports of various kinds terminated the proceedings. Of course "Teribus" was sung:—

Teri bus e teri Odin!
Sons of sires who fell at Flodden!

In January, 1912, Dr. Hodgkin, from an Edinburgh Missionary body, went to India, to see what could be done to establish a School for Missionaries to learn the various dialects. Such a school has been in operation all last winter. Before spring the pupils increased to over 40. It is at Lucknow, under Messrs. Greaves and Johnston; and patronized by nine different "Societies"; among others, the Canadian Church and Presbyterian Missions.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Temperance Talk

Players Need to be Abstainers

The danger of drink to anyone who wishes to excel is illustrated by the advice given to baseball players by Connie Mack in the "Saturday Evening Post." He writes an article entitled "How to Make a Winning Ball-Team," and among the records of his experience are the following items:

Before we played the Cubs for the world's championship in 1910 I had one talk in particular with my men about the series. I told them that we had something "on" Chicago, and ought to win; but, win or lose, we wanted to come out of the series without any regrets. I reminded the boys how, after some world's series, there were stories about—I don't know how true they were—that the losing club had dissipated, and so hadn't shown its best baseball. Nothing like that must be said of the Athletics, I insisted; and my players agreed with me. Then I told them that I wanted each man who could do so to say that he wouldn't take a drink for the two weeks covered by the series and the preliminary practice; but I made the point that any player who couldn't go without his drink was to say so. I wanted him to speak right out. We called the names, and every man promised.

One of my old players, who did not handle a ball until the deciding game, did some great work in the coaching lines. After the fourth game he was so hoarse he could hardly speak—had a bad cold and seemed in for a case of grippe. He came to me that evening and said:

"Connie, I'm half sick. I need something to brace me up, or I may be in bed to-morrow. If you don't mind I want to take a drink."

"All right," I told him. "Do as you like, but I'd rather die than take a drink!"

"That settles it," he said, "no drink for me."

Next day I put him in the game. He got on first, stole second at a critical moment, and helped turn the tide of victory in our favor. And he did it without his drink! Not one of the regulars or the substitutes took so much as a glass of beer during those two weeks—I am morally certain of that. We came out champions, but had we lost there would have been no regrets that could have been helped.

It was easier for me when we played the Giants last fall. I had something to work on, and all there was to do was to draw conclusions from the preceding world's series and let the players see for themselves that our best chance was to follow the same rules. So I gave them this talk:

"Boys, you were mighty successful against the Cubs. Now I feel that that success was due, to a certain extent, to your not taking a drink—any of you. I am going to ask you to do the same thing in this series. I know there will be times when the temptation may be great. If one of your friends sees you taking a drink he will naturally want you to have one with him; but if you are not taking it you can say to your friend, "I'm not drinking," and that makes it easy to refuse. I think you will agree with me—because you know it's good business.

The players agreed. Every man promised, and they all kept their word. And we beat the Giants!

The Prohibition Movement

The abolition of the brewery and the distillery means a freedom from a tyranny and bondage, for which the world's history can not furnish a parallel. The corruption, criminality, degeneracy, and race destruction, that is carried forward by the legalized liquor traffic stands alone in the annals of man's deeds. The union of forces to terminate the life or such an agency is a call to action to the highest Christianity and to the noblest patriotism. The motive that brings these men together is one that will be recorded by the future historian as the highest and holiest that ever brought men together in the interest of this old world. Whatever the outcome through the strength or frailty of human flesh, the meeting will go down in history as an endeavor worthy of a Christian civilization by the men appointed as watchmen.

Our faith in the character of the men who meet in this assembly rises to a vision of united wisdom and action. The differences that may have dissipated their energies in different lines of action in the past will sink out of sight and their united energy be put to work along lines that will mean the abolition of the liquor traffic, so that no man will dare to talk of manufacturing liquor any more than he would dare to talk of buying and selling slaves.—Iowa Prohibitionist.

Indian Mail Carriers starting for Norway House from Mafeking, Man.

Substitute for the Saloon

The "substitute man is again abroad in the land. Rev. James J. Burd, rector of the Holy Cross, of New York, comes out in a paper urging "substitutes for the saloon." Several movements of this sort have been made in the past two decades, but they all ended in a joke. The non-drinker had no business there. the drinker always went where the drink was, and the "substitute" went broke.

The social settlements of the big cities, which have been developing rapidly of late years, have done and are doing a mighty work in social betterment of the slums, and, in a way, are undermining the adverse work of the saloon. But these people propose no "substitute" for the saloon.

The saloon is wholly an evil; and as such should be rooted out.

Westerville, the publishing home of the American Issue, is just now wrestling with diphtheria. The assistant editor is quarantined out of his own house, and one of the advertising clerks is quarantined in. Medicine men even stalked into the American Issue office

So Simple!

A cake of Maypole Soap Dye—the directions in our Booklet "How to dye"—some faded discarded clothes, curtains or cushion covers—and a few minutes work—will yield **new things for old.**

MAYPOLE SOAP

THE CLEAN, EASY HOME DYE

washes and dyes, at the one operation, cotton, wools, silks or mixtures.

Gives even, brilliant, fadeless colors, without muss or fuss. 24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c., Black 15c., at your dealer's or postpaid with Booklet "How to dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

How to prepare

'CAMP' COFFEE

A teaspoonful of 'CAMP,' sugar, milk, boiling water —that's all! Result — the most fragrant, delicious, refreshing cup of coffee you ever tasted in your life.

Put 'CAMP' on your grocery order to-day.

R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

Elbert Hubbard says:

"I hate drunkenness, but I do not hate the drunkard." He is right, too, for drunkenness is a disease and the victim is helpless until he has taken a treatment to rid himself of it.

The drink habit can be successfully treated, the desire for strong drink removed and the alcoholic poison eliminated from the system by the

NEAL

Three-Day Treatment

The Neal Treatment is purely medicinal, no hypodermic injections being employed, and leaves no bad after effects. After the Neal Treatment the patient experiences the joy of steady nerves, clear brain and renewed vitality.

The short time required by the Neal Treatment is another point in its favor, as the absence of the patients for a few days only from their regular vocations will not cause comment or attract attention among their acquaintances.

The Neal Treatment for the Drug Habit is as effective as the Neal Treatment for the Liquor Habit, but takes longer.

Write for "A Little Journey to the Neal Institutes," by Elbert Hubbard.

Neal Institute

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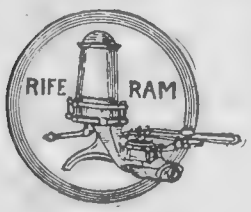

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is such that every man can have running water night and day. It operates with any fall from 2 to 50 feet, and will pump to a height 3 to 25 times the fall.

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Address Nearest office. **Dept. 146**

National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco Toronto

at night and burned sulphur till the neighbors said some one had tapped the infernal regions.

Is Health Officer Dusenbury hunting around after some "substitute" for diphtheria?

Not on your life; he is going about stamping it out, quarantining, fumigating, and has about succeeded.

Nobody is yelping about being deprived of their "personal liberty" by being quarantined in or out of their own home.

In the days of the tallow candle the tavern did supply something in the nature of club life for the community. But practically all this has been legislated out of existence chiefly by the saloon men themselves as a matter of self-preservation. The chairs, tables, lunches, music and those things are largely under the ban of the law.

There is nothing left but the saloon.

It is all very well to substitute good for evil, but when the evil has been eliminated there is nothing left but the good.

A Noble Crank

The London "Standard" takes occasion to warn Mr. Wilson against gaining the fatal reputation of a "crank," because he announced yesterday that alcoholic beverages would not be served in the White House during his term of office. This splendid act of Mr. Wilson has added one more "dry" spot to the "dry" territory of the United States. It has put the representative family dwelling-house of the nation and the national reception rooms where the president entertains on behalf of the nation in line with the better thought of the people, and under the same prohibition restriction as is most of the territory of the country. The "Standard's" impudent warning will be understood by Mr. Wilson, if not by the United States. The "Standard" is the organ of beerocracy and of snobdom. Its comment is just such an expression as one would expect from a certain class of club Englishman, who is certain that his manners and customs are superior to those of all others. It used to be common on this side of the water to call prohibitionists cranks. The expression has become almost outworn, even among the members of the trade, as the prohibitionists have become so numerous and are so generally of the better class of the community as to make it obviously ridiculous. Mr. Wilson has given to the trade which makes its money by the manufacture and sale of liquor throughout the world a heavy blow. He is going to teach society ,and even the foreign ambassadors, that toasts may be drunk in water or Apollinaris, and that there is no social need to offer wines in any society.

A Good Answer

A liquor dealer, in the town of Ayr, in Scotland, had a particular brand of whisky, which he wished to advertise. One day the circus was coming to town, and to add interest to its performances, and to advertise his whisky, he offered a prize for the best answer to the question, Why his particular brand of whisky resembled a certain bridge across the water of Ayr? Just over the bridge were some public institutions.

The successful competitor proved to be a poor boy, who, perhaps, knew from experience what he was speaking of, and his answer to the question, Why the publican's whisky was like the bridge was, "Because it leads to the poor house, the lunatic asylum, and the cemetery."

I Made Him What He Was

A while ago a saloon-keeper in Delaware, who patronized his own bar very liberally, stepped into a back room where some men were at work about a pump in a well. The covering had been removed, and he approached to look down, but being very drunk he pitched in head foremost. He had become so much of a bloat by the use of strong drink that it was impossible to extricate him in time to save his life.

There was great excitement in the town. Men and women who had never been inside of his saloon before were the first to rush to the rescue, and to offer sympathy to the bereaved family. As he was being dragged from the well and stretched out dead upon the saloon floor, a wholesale liquor dealer from Philadelphia stepped in. After the first shock at thus finding one of his good customers dead, he turned to a prominent lady, a Crusader, and said, pointing to the wrecked victim, "I made that man what he was. I lent him his first dollar and set him up with his first stock of liquors, and he's now worth ten or fifteen thousand dollars."

Looking him full in the face, she responded:

"You made that man what he was—a drunkard, a bloat, a stench in the nostrils of society, and sent him headlong into eternity. What is $15,000 weighed against a lost soul, a wasted life, a wife a widow, and children orphans?"

He turned deadly pale, and without a word left the house.

And so we ask, What is all the business and all the revenue, to the millions whose homes are despoiled, whose children are beggared, and whose loved ones are sent headlong to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom. Put yourself in the place of that mother whose son is pursued day and night by this demon till the hairs of his head become serpents, and live coals burn into his flesh, to the very bone, and, fighting devils, he leaps into his grave, and then ask: Are my hands clean? Do I love my neighbor as myself? Am I doing all I can to stay the tide that is bearing so many down, and may yet bear me down?—Christian Woman.

The Corn Question

One of the most effective arguments in favor of liquor manufacture has been the downright falsehood that the farmers of the country would be heavy losers if their corn and rye could not be sold to distillers.

The impression has been created that the bulk of these grains has gone into distilled liquor, and that if distilling should cease the market for these farm products would be overthrown.

A more glaring falsehood has never been used to prop up a wretched cause, and it is a matter of satisfaction that this falsehood has recently been exploded anew.

The confession has now just been made by Mr. T. Gilmore, president of the Model License League, that the distillers and liquor leagues have long been attempting to deceive the people, and especially the corn and rye producers as to the consumption of grain required for distilled spirits. Some recent criticism expressed on the New York produce exchange as to the consumption of corn by the distillers brought from Gilmore the very prompt declaration that the liquor business required comparatively little corn. The president of the distillers' league has also made this effective statement: "The production of distilled spirits in the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, was 172,221,129 gallons, which required only 30,000,000 bushels of corn and 8,000,000 bushels of rye and barley malt. One per cent, of 3,700,000,000 bushels, the corn crop for the year, would be 37,000,000 bushels so the distillers used 7,000,000 bushels—less than one per cent. of the crop."

There you have it straight. Less than one per cent. of the corn crop of this country was required for the largest output of distilled spirits ever produced. And yet the distillers have sought to have it believed that something awful would happen to the corn producers of this country if the whisky distilling business should be further disturbed and limited.

Let farmers take good notice.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

The indications of worms are restlessness, grinding of the teeth, picking of the nose, extreme peevishness, often convulsions. Under these conditions the best remedy that can be got is Miller's Worm Powders. They will attack the worms as soon as administered and will grind them into atoms that pass away in the evacuations. The little sufferer will be immediately eased and a return of the attack will not be likely.

Make the most of every trip with rod and gun.

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Illustrated catalogue at your dealers or by mail. Free.

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No need to suffer bunion torture another day. **Dr. Scholl's BUNION RIGHT** removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE Guaranteed or money back. 50c each. Write for Dr Scholl's great book on "Bunions."

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About the Farm

New Potatoes by Supertuberation

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by W. R. Gilbert

In calling attention to this singular method of obtaining a crop of new potatoes, I am indebted to a friend in England for the two illustrations showing the cave in which the tubers are grown by Mr. J. T. Powell, gardener at Park Place, Henley, England, particulars of which are here given:

Some of the largest and best matured tubers of last year's growth are selected and placed in single layers in a cool place, such as a loft or cellar, where a temperature of 45 degrees or thereabout can be maintained. The tubers are looked over occasionally and as the leafy shoots appear they must be ermoved. This is most important, as it prevents the exhaustion of the potato in the production of haulm. The effort to develop leaf stems will have exhausted itself by about the middle of August, and the tuber will then resort to another form of growth, namely the production of young potatoes direct from the eyes. To make the most of this, the retarded tubers are subjected to a little warmth, such as that of a warm border, laying them on the surface and covering them with a thin layer of fine leaf mold. If this be done about the end of August, new potatoes may be picked towards the end of October or early in November. A frame or coal pit is most suitable for this purpose or they may be placed in empty boxes or shelves, or on the floor of a shed, covering them with light dry soil and keeping them at about a temperature of about 50 deg., though a few degrees more or less would not matter. By starting batches fortnightly in this way a constant supply can be kept up from October till the spring. The variety, Windsor Castle has proved to be one of the best for this treatment, but other varieties will no doubt succeed.

In the first volume of the "Transactions" of the Royal Horticultural Society there is a note by Mr. A. Sherbrooke, Oxton; dated March 5th, 1811, and entitled "On raising young potatoes in the winter months." The particulars there given are essentially those of the method practiced by Mr. Powell at Park Place, except that Mr. Sherbrooke recommends placing the potatoes in September, in boxes of dried leaf mold and keeping them in a dry place free from frost, never giving them any water. It is remarkable that though this simple, easy method of obtaining new potatoes in winter was made known 100 years ago, gardeners do not appear to have practiced it until quite recently. A potato is really a modified apex of a subterranean branch, which although for the purpose of reproducing a plant capable of bearing more potatoes is, under certain conditions, capable of producing potatoes direct.

Feeding the Brood Sow

The brood sow not nursing a litter must be kept in a thriving condition, and this must be done economically. Some of the cheaper foods must be used, and they, if judiciously fed, tend to keep the sow in a very suitable condition as a breeder. Prof. Thomas Shaw, discussing this matter in "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal," of Winnipeg, says:

"Brood sows should be fed a nitrogenous diet when pregnant. This is greatly important; while ground rye may furnish a part of the meal fed to them in winter it is too carbonaceous a food to feed them alone, but may form a part of a ration; nearly the same things may be said about ground barley and ground speltz. Ground oats furnish a good diet, bot they are costly; wheat middlings are excellent and are very suitable if made to constitute the bulk of the ration. Wheat bran is good to add to the more carbonaceous meal of rye, barley or speltz. Ground screenings are also good, providing they do not contain too many weed seeds of a stimulating character as mustard for instance. Peas are exiellent; they are so highly nitrogenous."

These feeds are all right, but in Eastern Canada cheaper material may be used to good advantage. What better feed is there than field roots. It is not necessary to pulp or slice them, although this may be done if one prefers, but a sow will readily eat whole mangles, or sugar beets, and even turnips.

When alfalfa hay is cut at the stage just preceding blossoming and is well cured, it is, according to Prof. Shaw, an excellent food for brood sows. It is well to feed a little grain to the brood sow in winter, but avoid too much water or sloppy feed. A little is necessary but where the sow is in a cold pen, or is outside, or in the straw-stack, a good part of the time, as many are, cold water, when forced into them in large quantities with their feed, is a detriment, because the animal is forced to draw upon the body for heat to bring the water up to body heat. Where roots are liberally fed water is not needed in considerable quantity, and the chopped grain fed dry or mixed thick with a little kitchen slop, skim milk or water is far better than a thin slop.

Tete Jaune Cache, B.C. The last of the end of the Steele Towns.

Twin Lambs

There is very little difference between the weight of single lambs and of twins at birth. Single females weighed about three-fourths of a pound more than twin females and the difference between the single and the twin males was even less while the twin males were actually slightly in excess of the single females.

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NOTE how refreshed and invigorated you feel after using it.

Palmolive Soap is a delightful cleanser and has all the soothing and beautifying properties of imported palm and olive oils.

We have doubled their value, in Palmolive Soap, through our exclusive blending process.

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Palmolive Shampoo makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 50 cents.

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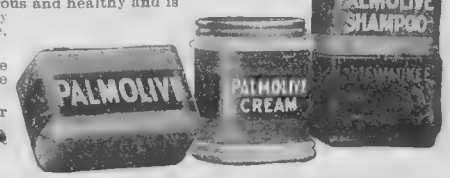

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10¢

KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

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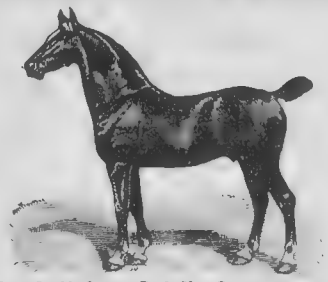

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As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

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The light but rigid angle steel frame the bolted trunnions the combined foot and hand drive, the roller bearings, the strength and durability — these are features that have made Maxwell's "Favourite" famous the world over.

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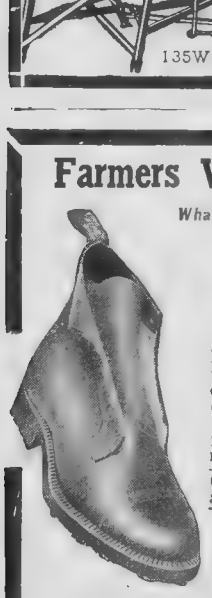

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Once a 'Fife' Wearer always a 'Fife' Wearer.

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The "Fife" is honestly built from finest waterproof Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired. Trial Order proves its worth. Send size, or draw outline of foot, and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P.O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE.

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The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post Trade"

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. **Dr. de Van's** are sold at $5 a box, or three for $10. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.**

Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

The smaller size of twin lambs observed in most flocks is undoubtedly more the result of insufficient nutrition while suckling than it is the inferior size at birth, says Prof. F. B. Mumford, Missouri College of Agriculture. Very few ewes yield sufficient milk to properly nourish two thrifty, early-maturing lambs. If such lambs are early taught to eat grain and hay, the twin lambs will in most cases thrive equally as well as the single lambs of the same birth weight.

With a little attention lambs may be taught to eat at a very early age, and grain fed at this time, while the lamb is suckling, will produce larger gains than at any later time. If the twin lambs begin early to supplement the milk of the mother by eating oats, clover hay and possibly a little oil meal, they will thrive and in the end become as thrifty as single lambs.

A flock of ewes that has been bred for the production of twins may thus become considerably more profitable than a flock producing single lambs only. On the other hand, if the breeder fails to supply the extra feed and care necessary for the twin lambs, it may be, as often stated, that one good single lamb is better than two puny twins.

How Soils Hold Water

This is the title of Pamphlets I. and II., which are reprinted from the Journal of Physical Chemistry, Vol. 16, No. 9, December, p. 750 (1912). They deal with a discovery, the result of several experiments made by Dr. C. J. Lynde, head of the Physics Department, Macdonald College, P.Q., which was made known to the public for the first time in an address by Dr. Lynde to the American Society of Agronomy, at Lansing, Mich., July 11, 1912. Osmosis may be defined as the tendency of liquids to become equably diffused, i.e., liquids of vary densities will become mixed if placed in the same vessel.

Dr. Lynde's experiments show for the first time: (1) That soil acts as a semi-permeable membrane; (2) that matter is moved through the soil by osmotic pressure.

The materials used for the experiments were a clay subsoil and a solution formed by boiling clay subsoil in distilled water. These materials were placed in tubes, covered at the lower end with one layer of cotton cloth. Each tube was fitted with a rubber stopper, in which a glass tube was inserted, then placed in distilled water, and kept at varying temperatures for a period of thirty days.

The conclusions arrived at show that for clay subsoil prepared in a certain way that the following is true:

1. The soil acts as a semi-permeable membrane.

2. The efficiency of the soil as a semi-permeable membrane increases with the depth.

3. Water moves through the soil towards a solution and develops a certain osmotic pressure.

4. The osmotic pressure developed increases with the temperature.

In the application of the theory of osmosis in soils to agricultural practice in general it probably explains one of the beneficial effects of tillage, drainage, use of manures, mineral fertilizers, increase of temperature, the soil mulch and dry farming. For instance, in the different operations of tillage, plowing, harrowing etc., these stir up the soil and permit air to enter. This makes the conditions more favorable for the growth of bacteria; the bacteria produce plant food, that is, salts soluble in water, and the concentration of the soil solutions in the upper layers is increased. This in turn increases the osmotic pressure of these solutions and the amount of water raised from the lower depths brought the subsoil.

Take as another example that of increase of temperature:

1. The increased evaporation would increase the concentration and, therefore, osmotic pressure of the solution near the surface. This would increase the amount of water raised through the subsoil.

2. The increased bacterial action, at higher temperatures, would increase the concentration and osmotic pressure of the soil solutions. This would increase the amount of water raised through the subsoil.

3. With increase of temperature more soluble salts would be dissolved in the soil solution, and their osmotic pressure would thereby be increased. This again would increase the amount of water through the subsoil.

4. The osmotic pressure of the soil solutions would be increased by an increase of temperature. That is, in summer, when the plants need more water, they would receive it.

This theory opens a large field for investigation in soils.

Don't Get a 'Scrub' Bull

A Good Pure-Bred Dairy Sire is Worth all You Pay for Him.

Dairy records prove conclusively the marvellous value of a good pure bred sire. Every dairy farmer ought to be keenly alive to both the value and economy of using only dairy sires for dairy purposes. Special dairy quality is a market feature of some breeds and families, their power and perfection come by reason of having been bred with a definite purpose in view from long lines of ancestors of like quality, veritable dairy kings and queens. Then, if breeds are crossed, or grades used on grades one can only be working at random, worse than that, actually demolishing the painstaking and patient building of the intelligent breeder who for years had striven for definite improvement.

What can be expected of a "scrub bull?" The very name, a term of reproach and contempt, is an instant index of his utter worthlessness. It is a good investment, and an excellent one, and will pay better than anything else on the farm to put $150 into the right kind of dairy sire, for he will return practically 10 times $150 within three years. There will be a gain in milking capacity of his daughters of about 1,000 lbs. milk, over their dams, worth $10 a year. They are likely to be more persistent milkers, while there will be a marked improvement in the general efficiency of the herd as a result of the good blood the better breeding accumulates.

Men seeking real herd improvement should co-operate; 15 or 20 men could club together under a six-year agreement and purchase three good bulls. With the herds in three groups the members of each group could have one bull two years; then redistribute the sires and at the end of the second two-year period change again. Thus there is the use of three good sires for three years each of far lower cost than if each man bought one himself.

Pure dairy type is of utmost importance, some breeds of animals may produce milk and beef, but not with economy, and net profit is our object in view. A trotter is not expected to haul a load of hay, nor a pampered pug dog to go deer hunting—economic milk cannot be expected from beef type. The sire must not only be pure bred, but he must be a good pure bred. Mere entry in a herd book is neither a guarantee of personal excellence nor a sound reason for a lofty price. See that the dam and grand dams have been fine producers and that the sire is a good individual of dairy type, not coarse and beefy. Don't worry delving in the archives for records of five or six generations ago, the immediate ancestry counts.

The carefully selected sire should be used as a nature animal. A youngster is not ready for general or extensive use till three or four years old, about the age many are killed, but he can continue till the age of ten or twelve, at least. Of untold damage, most serious detriment to her improvement is the young, immature scrub sire running loose in a herd.

Ontario Agricultural College

These annual June excursions to the Ontario Agricultural College have been found most helpful in establishing a bond between the college and the farm, and sympathy and co-operation have been quick to follow. If they did nothing more than offer the farm people a pleasant holiday they would be worth while; but in addition they materially contribute to the sum total of agricultural information and give the farmers a new though hurried insight into the science of their calling.

Yet even this was not considered enough. The college was gaining in favor, the yearly excursions were being well patronized, and the efforts of the agricultural department were being increasingly appreciated; but farm education must be made still more popular, for the majority of the farming people were still unreached. The department resolved to apply its college system to a larger constituency and in a more direct way. Therefore in 1907 it initiated a plan of personal instruction in the country itself. In other words, the college was moved out to the farmers.

Feeding for Beef.

By G. E. Jobe, Green County, O.

When you meet your neighbor at this time of the year, the usual questions asked after greetings are: "What are you feeding this year?" or "Have you bought your feeders yet?" When a feeder gets into the work it is hard to quit, even though the price of feeding cattle is high and the future finishing prices uncertain; but as it is with most every other feature of farming, the one who stays by the post is the one who will make the most successful farmer and feeder. Probably the next most important question after the feeders have been secured is for what market they will be got ready, and what will be the ration mostly used as feed. Usually I want to select what is thought will be the best season for feeding and avoid the extreme cold, or the muddy season; but the seasons change as often as men. One year we will have a nice autumn and the next year exactly opposite, so no one can tell what the future holds.

A large number of feeders are trying to overcome some of the perplexing problems that have been the bone of contention heretofore. They are building silos to store large quantities of food for winter use. These will save the necessity of going to the fields to haul in the feed regardless of the weather or the condition of the field. One question I was asked in making up the last monthly crop report was: What per cent. of the corn crop went into the silo? By silos feeders will be able to cope with the fickleness of the markets. This means a good deal to the farmer having one or more loads of steers ready for the market. If the market conditions are such that he cannot afford to let them go, he can carry them on with silage, waiting for a better market. If he sells he may get enough only to pay the cost price, and not any in addition for either feed or labor.

The quality of feeders has more to do with success sometimes than feed or the feeder. It is the same old story: it does not take any more feed or care to fit a good steer for the market than it does a scrub. Hence, it lies in the judgment of the feeder what kind of steers to put into the feed yard.

Men differ as to the best methods of feeding and best feeds as much as they differ on a great many other subjects. The more we raise on our farms for feed for steers the better we are off, and I think that fact is fully realized. It is a very easy matter to purchase large quantities of high-price feeds, but will the final account justify the act? We should have a variety of feeds, and use them in a way that will be to the best interest all around.

Artificial Brooding.

Many Methods, But Good Judgment Necessary in All Cases.

By M. A. Jull, Macdonald College, Que.

There are many different methods employed in the brooding of chicks. The main things in artificial brooding are sufficient, even temperature and cleanliness. Little chicks, three or four days old, are fairly hardy creatures, but when placed under extreme conditions, weakness or death is sure to follow. The chick's lungs are situated along the spinal column,

and are protected only by a thin membraneous lining over which a light covering of feathers grow. Provided with such meagre protection, the lungs may become readily chilled, or overheated. An even temperature with as few variations as possible, is most desirable. The brooder should be started up a day or two before the chicks are ready to be placed in it, so that an even temperature of about 95 degrees may be maintained. This temperature should be gradually lowered, and it depends upon the season of the year just how much it should be lowered. The poultryman must use his judgment and operate the brooder according to the condition of the chicks. Many poultrymen use no thermometer in their brooders. They study the chicks, and can tell by looking at them if the temperature is right. This emphasizes the fact that for best success the poultryman must understand his business.

If a brooder has contained chicks before it should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected before putting in a new brood, both to discourage lice and to kill any disease germs that might be lurking in the cracks and corners. Scrub thoroughly with hot water, in which has been placed good commercial disinfectant or cresol soap. The brooder should in every case be thoroughly dried before the chicks are placed inside.

Feeding the Chicks

Some good commercial "chick food" is good to start them on, and after they learn to scratch they can be fed dry mash from a hopper. Finally cracked wheat and corn make good chick feeds. The drier the food for the first few days the better. The dry mash should not be given them all at once, rather let them have a little from time to time, as in this way they will become accustomed to it gradually, and will not overeat. A good mash may be composed of wheat, bran, shorts, oatmeal, cornmeal, equal parts by measure, and from 5 to 10 per cent. beef scraps. The beef scraps will go towards the formation of bone, which is so essential in the development of the chicken. Another excellent food which serves the same purpose and cannot be excelled is skim-milk.

Green food in some form is necessary. It is surprising what large quantities of green food little chicks will consume. Lettuce, grass-tops, and kale are relished. Charcoal, fine grit, and oyster-shells are other requisites for the growing chicks. The premises should be kept in the most sanitary condition and the food should also be kept sweet and clean. Sanitation is one of the most important factors in the poultry industry, and the most careful and thorough consideration should be given to every detail while the chicks are young.

A New Advertising Manager for the International Harvester Company.

F. W. Heiskell to Direct its Future Advertising Policies.

It has been announced by the management of the International Harvester Company of America that F. W. Heiskell, for two years assistant advertising manager, will succeed M. R. D. Owings as advertising manager, and that A. C. Seyfarth, formerly head of the production department, will take the position left vacant by Mr. Heiskell's promotion.

Both of these promotions are along the regular civil service system of advancement laid down by the Company in building up its organization. Mr. Heiskell began his work in the harvesting machine business twenty years ago while still a high school boy in Indianapolis, working in the r pair room under James B. Heywood, who was guiding the McCormick destinies in Indianapolis at that time. After his graduation in 1895, he was given a permanent position.

He worked his way up from the repair department, until in 1905 he was sent to Fort Wayne to be assistant to J. W. Wisehart, who was the International general agent at that place. The following year he was sent to Akron, Ohio, to establish a Transfer Agency, using the Buckeye plant recently purchased by the International Harvester Company from the Aultman-Miller Company. In 1907, he went to East St. Louis to establish a transfer and distributing house for the southwest territory, for the purpose of relieving the congestion at Kansas City. He was later made assistant general agent at Indianapolis under "Jess" Everson, which position he was holding when he was transferred to the Chicago headquarters to be assistant advertising manager.

Mr. Seyfarth has been identified with the advertising department of the International since its formation in 1903. Beginning as a catalogue writer, he has gradually gone ahead until the last few years he has had charge of the production department, which issues catalogues, folders, calendars, the I H C Almanac and Encyclopedia, and other literature. He is a University of Michigan man.

Both Mr. Heiskell and Mr. Seyfarth are well known to the trade. They possess the confidence and esteem not only of the fellow members of the International organization, but of the farm machine world in general.

The Onion Maggot.

By G. W. Bartlett, Gladstone.

Few if any garden products offer a better return than the onion. With proper attention and the right kind of soil, this vegetable gives a generous yield and never fails to command a good price in every city, town, or village of the west. There is,

RU-BER-OID
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The original prepared roofing, which for 22 years has withstood the severest climatic conditions, on all classes of buildings. RU-BER-OID has over 300 imitations, but no equal. It is weatherproof, fire resisting, easy to lay, and gives longer service per dollar of cost than any other roofing.

KA-LOR-OID (colored RU-BER-OID), in Red and Green, makes very handsome roofs which never lose their color.

For Samples and Booklets write
Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited. 107
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ROOFING

Adding Power to the Farm

Your *power* to make money by getting as *much* profit from your farm as you *should* get---depends upon how much you *know*. The owner of a Telephone khows---when the other fellow has to *guess* and probably guess wrong. That's why a Northern Electric Telephone will add power to your farm---power to make more money.

Facts That Speak For Themselves

Supposing you had produce to sell—butter, eggs, poultry, fruit or livestock—and you could *know* when to sell so as to get the *highest* prices, that would be a good power to have—wouldn't it? And supposing you could know in advance whether there was going to be frost- or rain—or snow—in time to save your crops, that would also be a great power, wouldn't it? Then supposing that you had the power to talk to the town—right from your own home—the doctor, the veterinary, the mill, the farm machinery factory, the forge, or that son or daughter in the city,—at any time you wanted to, that would be great—wouldn't it?

A Northern Electric Telephone Will Give You This Power

You And Your Friends

Can build, own and operate your own Rural Telephone System at a *cost* to each of about the *value of 20 bushels of wheat.*

Our Free Book

Tells you how to form a company among your neighbors and how to build the system from start to finish by your own labor.

It Explains Everything

In simple, straightforward language that even a child could understand. It makes the work of construction as easy as building a fence.

We Will Help You

The Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Limited—the oldest and largest Telephone manufacturers in Canada—will back you up and guide you and advise you in every step of the work until success is assured.

When You Are Ready

To purchase the equipment write to our nearest house and our experts will place their knowledge at your disposal. And remember that Northern Electric equipment costs no more than many inferior makes, and is the best Telephone equipment money can buy.

MORE THAN 95 PER CENT. OF THE TELEPHONES IN CANADA ARE NORTHERN ELECTRIC TELEPHONES

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THE Northern Electric AND MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED

Manufacturer of Telephone and Fire Alarm Apparatus and Distributor of Electrical Supplies for every possible need.

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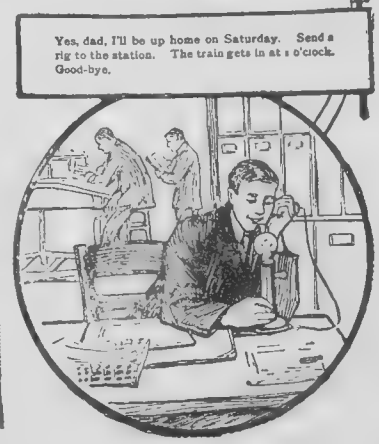

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Please send me FREE, one copy of your 100-page bound and illustrated book, on "How to Build Rural Telephone Lines."
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however, one enemy to onion culture, which has made such ravages on the crop, that many gardeners have become discouraged from growing this popular vegetable. The onion maggot is becoming a more serious menace every year.

Many a gardener who, in early June, has looked with pardonable pride at his fine rows of Danvers and Weathersfields, has returned a week later to find the healthy green foliage drooping with a sickly yellow spreading downward from the tips. He recognizes the deadly work of the onion maggot; but as to what this pest is, whence it comes, or how to fight it, he is helplessly in the dark.

This maggot is the larva of a small fly, anthomyia ceparum, and related species, which lays its eggs in the earth beside the onion about the end of May and later. In due time the grubs hatch out and begin gnawing at the base of the bulb. Beside destroying the outer tissues and absorbing much of the juice, the maggots by their attacks cause a sort of inflammation analogous to suppuration or festering of wounds in animals. As in the case of animals, the damage done depends on the age and health of the tissues attacked.

No known method has succeeded in combating the grub, once the eggs are laid. The two most effective methods of dealing with the pest have, as their aim, the prevention of the fly from laying its eggs, and the bringing of the onions along as early and as quickly as possible past the young tender stage when they are most palatable to the grubs and succumb most speedily to their attacks.

For this latter purpose, the planting should be as early as the season will permit. The ground should be thoroughly cultivated and the rows at planting treated with a dilute solution of nitrate of soda. Even if the onion worm were not troublesome, an application of this salt would amply repay the time and expense in the largely increased crop, and better quality of the bulbs.

The next effort of the gardener is to make his patch of onions distasteful to the parent fly. For this purpose, the ground along the rows is sprinkled with a dilute solution of creolin, crude carbolic, or any similar liquid; or with sand or sawdust into which has been stirred all the crude petroleum which it will absorb without remaining damp or lumpy. Where the crude petroleum is available it is usually found the cheapest liquid, otherwise a 5 per cent. solution of crude carbolic makes an excellent preventive. If either of these are applied to the rows, as soon as they are clearly defined above the ground, and a second sprinkling administered about two weeks later, the fly will be kept away until the most critical period in the growth of the onion has been passed.

Nearly every noxious insect has parasitic enemies which keep it in check. Happily, the onion fly is no exception. Two tiny creatures prey, one on the fly, the other on the grub, and though scarcely larger than a pin point destroy these pests, by eating into their vitals. Such tiny allies may prove of inestimable value to the onion grower in combating his worst enemy.

Keeping the Hogs Well.

C. C. Pervier, of Illinois, writing on the "Cure of Hogs," says:

"I do not know of any cure for the hog cholera. I do not believe it is possible to so handle swine as to make them able to resist disease. Only once in thirty-five years have I had disease on my farm, and then one-third of our hogs survived the attack. The three things I think absolutely essential to the health of the herd are clean feed, pure water, and dry, comfortable sleeping quarters. The food of the hog should be as clean as that given any other animal, because every particle of dirt, filth and indigestible matter that is taken into the stomach impairs digestion, reduces the gain as well as injures the health of the animal. There should be a clean feeding floor in winter, or when it is too muddy to feed elsewhere.

It is a law of nature that the excrement of all animals is poisonous to themselves, but not to other animals. Hogs may follow cattle without injury, but the thing most essential and most difficult is to keep the food of the hog from becoming contaminated with his own excrement. Hence the value of the feeding floor and the importance of keeping it clean. Be sure to locate the floor where the sun can shine on it.

A pig will not walk 80 rods to get a drink of clean water if water of any kind, no matter how filthy, is nearer. The pig's body is 40 per cent. water, and if the supply is below normal requirements, gains will be proportionately low and the health of the animal impaired.

In very cold weather pigs will not drink enough water to supply their needs, unless it is warmed. There should be an abundance of clean water before the hogs at all times. We use what is known as the barrel and float plan, which consists of a concrete barrel with a concrete drinking box about 12 inches square and 5 inches deep built on the side of it. The box is separated from the barrel by a piece of sheet iron with holes about 2 inches from the bottom, through which the water passes from the barrel to the box. With this plan no mud or filth can enter the barrel, and the box can be readily cleaned. By putting a tank heater in the barrel, pigs are supplied with pure water of right temperature in winter.

Easy Money for the Doctor.

A prominent physician in an Arkansas town has an extensive practice among the laboring classes where economy is the best policy. One day the little daughter of one of the men became very sick, and the doctor was hurriedly called. He arrived, and administered a soothing treatment to the patient, who was soon sleeping soundly, and upon leaving prescribed some medicine which was to be obtained at the drug store. The next day the visit had to be repeated and some more medicine bought. This was kept up until the little girl was entirely well, when the father went to see the doctor to settle the bill.

As his purse was rather slim, he approached the doctor with many misgivings.

"Here is your bill, sir," began the doctor, handing him the paper. "This for the drugs from the store, and this for my visits."

The poor man looked and was horrified at the amount requested, realizing that he could not pay it all. Then after thinking a moment he took out his purse and laid some pieces of change in the physician's hand, saying: "Here is the money for the drugs, Doctor, and—we will return your calls."

And She Never Let Go

It was a wizened little man who appeared before the judge and charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye.

"In the first place, where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

The Great West Life

On the 18th August, The Great-West Life Assurance Company, "attains its majority." Founded in 1892, with headquarters at Winnipeg, the Company has enjoyed twenty-one years of remarkable success.

In that short time, as financial matters go, a business has been placed in force exceeding $92,000,000, protecting more than 44,000 Policyholders. The Assets of the Company now exceed $12,500,000; Branch Offices and Agencies have been established in every part of the Dominion and in North Dakota; and last year applications were secured for over $25,000,000.

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.

HER BLOOD WAS TURNED TO WATER.

She Doctored For Three Years But Was Finally Cured By Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

MRS. JOSEPH SMITH, Box 25, Creelman, Sask., writes:—"I write you these few lines hoping they will be a help to someone suffering from heart and nerve trouble. I doctored for three years but continued to get worse. I tried three different doctors, and got no relief, and tried all the drugs I could find but all failed. I became very weak, and my blood was turned to water. I tried MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS, and after taking five boxes, I got great relief. I was so thin, I only weighed 90 lbs., but after taking five boxes I was completely cured, and I am well and strong to-day, and weigh 159 lbs., and I can now work all day, and do not feel tired or fagged out. If anyone would like to hear more of my case, I would be pleased to answer any questions."

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WINNIPEG

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Independent Men.

Alta., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a silent reader of your most valuable paper for several years, and think you are publishing the best magazine for the money in the country. Many an hour I have spent reading the W. H. M. I always read it from cover to cover, and will always be a subscriber as I don't know what I would do without it. Nearly all the writers to your correspondence column tell their description and accomplishments, but those who want to know mine will have to write to me. I am a native of British Columbia. I live in the country, and wouldn't leave it for anything. I am between 16 and 20 years of age. I have black curly hair, a fair complexion, and dark blue eyes. I will answer all letters and I would like to correspond with "Johnnie on the Spot." My address is with the Editor.

Curly Head.

Education Obtained from Travelling.

Man., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I believe I have scanned your popular paper for as many years as most, and still I have never taken time to correspond with your friendly columns. While in a few idle moments I read over the letters a statement made by Western Bell caused me to pick up my pen and decide to write. Now there are so many things in these modern times to take up one's time and attention, that trivial amusements seem scarcely worth discussion. Unless we are putting the best into this life as well as taking the best out of it, we are falling short of the highest aim. Now in my opinion we can do neither without experience, and the greatest education of all is obtained from travelling—an education that can never be obtained from books. As to its safety in this age as in all others it depends entirely on our personal character. I have been half way round the world, and if health is spared me, I hope to accomplish the remainder of the circuit

39 team of Oxen removing a 100-year-old house in Nova Scotia

will say that I am a farmer and think they are the most independent men today. Although hard times come once in a while when crops are bad you never hear the farmer complain so much as the business men in the town. Some of the lady writers think it is awful for women to work outside. For my part I don't think it is a woman's place to do outside work, but when a man is busy and can't attend to the few little chores, I think he would be proud of his wife if she would do it. When a man and wife love each other, they should try and help one another when ever possible. I know some women that wouldn't do a thing outside no matter how busy the man was or what time of night he got home he always had the little chores to do. How nice it would be for him to come home and find them all done. I am sure he would be so pleased he would be only too glad to do a turn for her. Well I had better stop. Wishing the W. H. M. every success and the same to all its readers, I will sign myself,

See Pea Are.

A New Reader.

B. C., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I am a new reader of your magazine and am greatly pleased with it. I could never do without it now. I, like many more turn to the space reserved for correspondence first of all. It gives me great pleasure to read the many friendly letters in your paper. It no sooner gets inside our house than there is a scramble for it. As this is the first letter I have written I would like to see it in print. I will now tell a little about myself. I before long. I will not burden you publicly with my private experience, but if any of you readers care to hear of them I will be pleased to endeavor to give an interesting reply to any letter received, and exchange any snap-shots. I am well aware all cannot have the privilege of travelling, hence I deem it the duty of those who have to impart their experiences to others less fortunate. With best wishes,

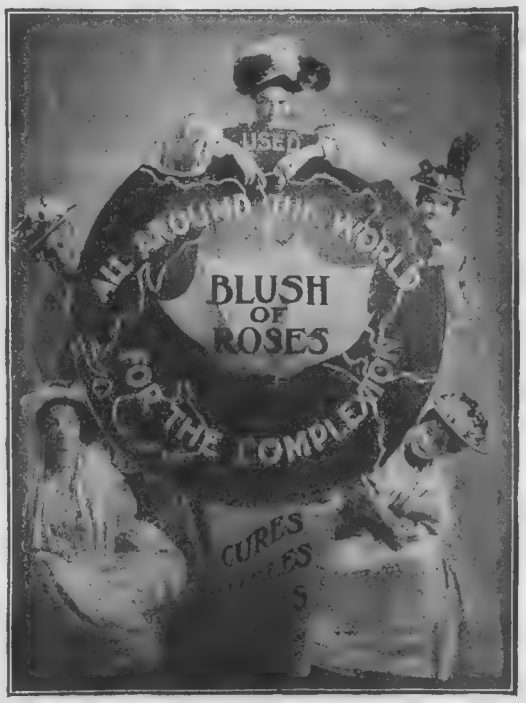
A Lady Traveller.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

Nova Scotia, June, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers:—Please allow another lonely lad to enter the charming circle of the Correspondence Column of your most delightful paper. I am not a subscriber, but a very dear friend of mine has been sending me the W. H. M. for some months and I think it's just splendid, and am afraid that I'll never be able to repay my friend for her kindness. I read with interest every word of the W. H. M. and am often very much interested and amused with some of the letters in the Correspondence Column, especially those which denounce dancing, card playing and smoking. We will leave the whisky question out for not one of us want to have anything to do with people who drink. As to dancing, I for one like to dance and have never found any harm in it so far, and I've done lots of it in my time, and was considered a fairly good dancer, so the girls said, but perhaps they only said so out of sympathy, tender-hearted girls did not want to hurt my feelings you know, however I never had any trouble to get good part-

FREE! FREE! TO LADIES



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The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whitens the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liverspots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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WONDERFUL BOOK DESCRIBING THIS STRANGE FORCE AND A CHARACTER DELINEATION POST FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE AT ONCE.

The National Institute of Sciences has appropriated $25,000 toward a fund for the free distribution of Prof. Knowles' new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of Eastern Yogis, and explains a wonderful system for the development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, and the curing of diseases and habits without drugs. The subject of practical character reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away. The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book and character delineations indicate clearly the universal interests in Psychological and Occult Sciences.

"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character
And send me your book."

Also send me your full name and address (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), write plainly and address your letter to:

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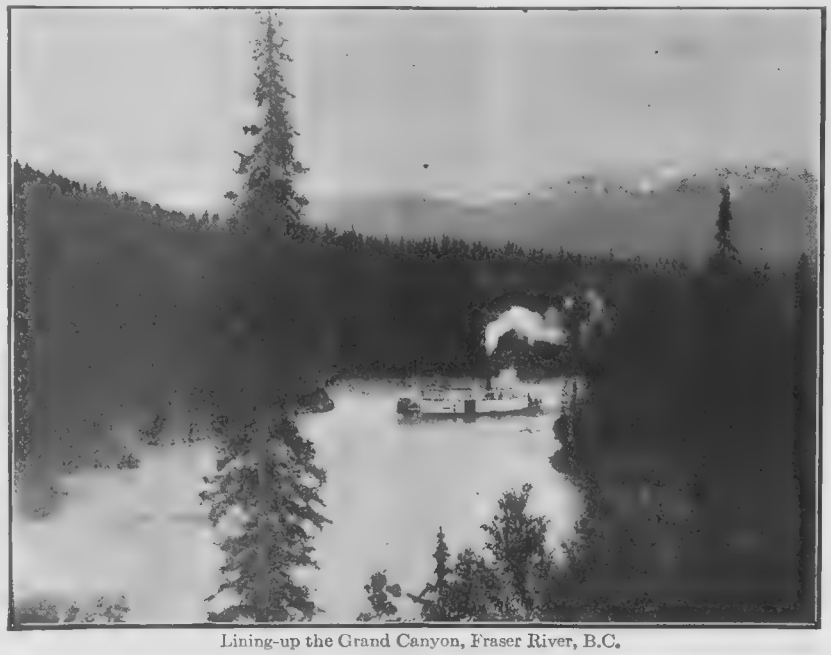
ners for as much dancing as I cared for. I also like a good game of whist, or five hundred, and don't see any harm in it, but I never play for money and don't believe in it at all. Lastly, "Oh! you old Pipe." I have smoked for quite a few years and would not be without my pipe for anything, right or wrong, so any of you readers who think it very wrong to smoke had better not seek my acquaintance for I'm sure we could never get on together. I know very well that smoking never did anyone any good but if all the sin committed in this world was committed through smoking our world would be far too good for a very great many of us to live in, and we would be forced to seek quarters in another sphere where we would have a wider margin for our habits. I am not a farmer I am sorry to say, but Oh! I love the farm. I was brought up on a small farm and spent my childhood in a farming country, and I often wish that I had never left the soil for "A life on the ocean wave." I have followed the sea for over fifteen years and have seen quite a lot of the world in that time, having sailed on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, most of the time, however was spent on the Atlantic, and two thirds of the total time at sea was spent in old "Wind-jammers," but am a captain in the merchant service. I'll tell you though, that I have sailed in every capacity and don't think I'm one bit better now than when I was a boy in an old square rigger filling the pipes and polishing the boots for the A.B.'s., and I have great respect for the boy making his first voyage for I don't forget my own first trip. So don't be afraid to write little girls for I am not one bit dangerous. I hope that I may be spared the disgrace and humiliation of the W.P.B. and will tell you Mr. Editor that I have often dodged things far more dangerous and hope to steer clear of this too. Hoping that I have not taken up too much space in your valuable paper, I will wish the W.H.M. and all the readers every success and sign myself,

A Jolly Tar.



Lining-up the Grand Canyon, Fraser River, B.C.

so you see I am no "fresh-water" man. Of the different parts of the world that I have seen I think our own Canada compares very favorably with any of them and far surpasses many of them, and I know it's quite good enough for me. Although my work often takes me to a foreign land I am always glad to get back to dear old Canada. My home is in Quebec but I see very little of it, not having been home for eighteen months and then only for about three weeks. Now do you wonder why I smoke? I must do something to keep me from being lonesome you know. I am not old although I have been going

Mode of transporting Locomotives on the Fraser River

Agrees with Scotch Blue Bell.

Sask., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I am another bachelor coming to join your columns. I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for some time, and take considerable interest in the Correspondence column which I think is a great benefit and a blessing to the bachelors of the West. I like Scotch Blue Bell's style. I think she just "hits the nail on the

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The acknowledged leading remedy for all Female Complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores
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are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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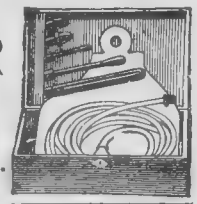

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Soon Follows If The Liver Is Not Active.

Constipation is one of the most frequent, and at the same time, one of the most serious of the minor ailments to which mankind is subject, and should never be allowed to continue.

A free motion of the bowels daily should be the rule of every one who aspires to perfect health.

Keep the bowels properly regulated by the use of MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS, and you will enjoy the very best of health.

MR. O. J. PIXLEY, Medicine Hat, Alta., writes:—"I have been troubled with Constipation for the last couple of years until just lately. I tried a great many remedies without any success, but at last I heard of MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS, so I gave them a trial, and began getting better right away, and now I really believe I am cured, and can heartily recommend them to any one."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for a dollar, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by the proprietors, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Rid your house of Bedbugs, Fleas, Cockroaches, Chicken Lice and all insects. Leaves no stain, dust or disagreeable smell. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere. One package enough to kill thousands of bugs. Parcels Post, in plain wrapper, 25c, or 6 for $1.

Domestic Mfg. Co. Desk 11 Minneapolis, Minn.

Very Hopeful

Sask., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have read with great enjoyment the latest issue of the W. H. M. and the Correspondence column I have found particularly interesting. It is always beneficial for one to read the opinions of others on common topics, no matter what that topic may be, for a great deal of education may be derived from so doing. Such has been my experience in reading the various opinions of dancing, card playing, etc. I do not propose to enlarge on these opinions, neither do I propose to give mine, for I think some other topic might now be chosen about which to talk. There is just one question on which I should like to have the opinions of your readers, viz.: "Is the theatre beneficial or detrimental to the community." I am a poor and lonely bachelor age 22, who intends to make many W. H. M. friends, so I think when they read this letter they will take pity on me, and assure me through your valuable columns that "Where there's life there's hope." I will sign myself, Well Wisher.

Fond of Outdoor Life

Sask., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been reading the letters in your valuable magazine for some time, and it is needless for me to say that I get very deeply interested in them as that is the first thing I look for when we get your paper. I especially liked "Scotch Blue Bell's" letter. I also like "Western Bell's" letter and also country life better than city life, as I have had quite a lot of experience in both. I am exceptionally fond of horses and cattle and out-door life. I have tried school teaching and office work, but gave it all up for a place in the open air, and now I am an Alberta Homesteader as poor (financially speaking) as Job's turkey, but as happy as a king. I won't write much this time but I will write at greater length again and give the readers some of my experiences as I have travelled quite a bit at home and abroad. I will be glad to correspond with any of the readers of the W. H. M. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself,

Alberta Homesteader.

No Place Like B. C.

B. C., July, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your fine paper for some time, and would like to contribute to your columns. I come from the East, but I have been in B. C. for 14 years, and I think there is no place like it. I am not a rancher, but have a good position with the Western Canada Lumber Co. as timber foreman. I would like to correspond with any one who would care to write, and will be pleased to tell about B.C. as I have been over it all south of the C. P. R. main line. I am six feet tall, have blue eyes, etc., and will leave my address with the Editor, I will sign myself, B. C. Tillikum.

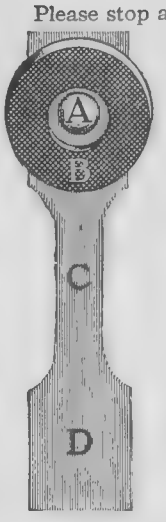
The Heroes of the West

Alta., July, 1913.

Dear Editor:—As your paper has come to our home for a number of years, I have derived a great deal of pleasure from it, and at first I used to omit reading the Correspondence column, but I see that now it is not a matrimonial bureau at all, so would very much like to contribute to it. I will first tell you that I am a bachelor, and live the free happy life of one, but the wealthiest and happiest bachelor will tell you that there is something lacking. There are

Corns Ended Forever For 15 Cents

Please stop and consider.



The corns you are paring, and daubing, and doctoring can be ended forever in 48 hours. And without any discomfort.

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster, and the corn pain stops at once.

Then forget the corn. In two days take off the plaster and lift out the corn.

This is the only scientific way to terminate a corn.

It is so efficient that folks now use it on a million corns a month.

It is gentle and easy and comfortable. And Blue-jay does what nothing else will do. Try it on one corn.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(285) **Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.**

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."

If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Address—**CHARLES GORDON No.100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks., England**

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ANAEMIA
WEAKNESS
BRAIN-FAG
"RUN-DOWN"
SLEEPLESSNESS
CONVALESCENCE

If you suffer from any of the complaints mentioned above—**you need suffer no longer.** Take the first step towards renewed health to-day by buying a bottle of "Wincarnis." Note how it invigorates you how it strengthens you—how it gives you a delicious feeling of exhilaration—how it sends the blood dancing through your veins. Note how quickly it dispels that "run-down" feeling, and gives you new life, new vigor, and new vitality.

WINCARNIS

Test "Wincarnis" free by sending 6 cents Stamps (to pay postage) to Coleman & Co., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. "Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

LITTLE BOY WAS SO SICK

Did Not Think He Could Live.

CHOLERA INFANTUM WAS THE CAUSE.

This trouble is the most dangerous of all the summer complaints of children. It begins with a profuse diarrhœa, the stomach becomes irritated, and the child is soon reduced to great languor and prostration.

Cholera Infantum can be speedily cured by the use of DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY.

MRS. JOHN FOOTE, Hantsport, N.S., writes:—"I can recommend DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY for Cholera Infantum. My little boy was so sick, I did not think he could live, as he was out of his mind, and did not know any one. I gave him "DR. FOWLER'S," and the first dose helped him, and one bottle cured him. I recommended it to a friend whose children were sick, and it cured them too."

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY is a remedy that has been on the market for over sixty-five years and has been used in thousands of families during these years, so you are not making any experiment when you buy it, but be sure and get "DR. FOWLER'S" when you ask for it, as there are many imitations of this famous remedy on the market.

The price is 35c., and it is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE DRINK HABIT CAN BE CURED

Those who are sincerely desirous of curing themselves or to have friends cured s hould communicate with

The Keeley Institute

Corner Hugo and Jessie
WINNIPEG, Man.

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To anyone who has not used Mentholatum we will send a sample on request, or for ten cents in coin a large trial size package.

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Dept.D, Bridgeburg, Ont.

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a great many bachelors in our Western country who are away from home, some of them divided from it by sea and land; away from all their loved ones and all that went to make their young lives happy, and it is needless to say that their ambition and courage is grand when they have left all behind and come out here to try to make a home, having had very little to start with. When they receive your paper it should help to banish a great deal of their loneliness, and they should heartily thank any sensible correspondent who will take the trouble to write to them once in a while, for only the bachelor knows, how it helps to pass the time to think of the letter he is to receive from an unseen friend. I know for I talk from experience, although I have never corresponded with one of your readers. I would like to correspond with "Scotch Blue Bell" providing she can spare a little time to write, at least I am going to look for a letter from her, or any one who would care to write to me. Perhaps they will wonder what I look like. and if I drink or smoke. I do not drink or gamble, but I have all the other bachelor habits. I am 27 years of age. My address will be with the Editor. Wishing the paper every success, I will sign myself,

Black Hawk.

Prefers the Country.

Sask., July, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your paper for a year. I am not a subscriber myself, but my brother, whom I live with, is. I must say I have enjoyed The Western Home Monthly very much and think it is the best magazine we have, although we take several others, most of them from across the line, so when I go back to the States (if I do) your paper will follow me. I came to Canada from Illinois just about a year ago to pay my brother (who has a homestead here) a short visit, and liked it so well that I stayed and stayed on, and am in no hurry to go back. I sometimes miss the good times one can have in the city with old friends, but I like it here better, it is not nearly so dreadful as some of the Easterners think, and if you tried both you would know more. I have had enough of travelling to last me a long time. I do get a little lonely at times, so I would like very much to have some correspondents. Would be glad to hear from some of those who claim to be lonely, and who think the girls could do lots of good for them by writing them a few letters. My address will be with the Editor. Sea.

Pleasure comes before Work.

Alta., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader and subscriber of your valuable paper for some time, and I would hate to have to be without it. The Correspondence column seems to be quite an attraction to a good many to discuss their likes and dislikes. I myself would just as soon read the good stories. I am one of those much talked of Homestead Bachelors. I wonder why so many girls discuss the pleasures they like best. Is it because pleasure comes first in their minds? So few of them speak of the work they like best. Wishing the paper every success, I remain,

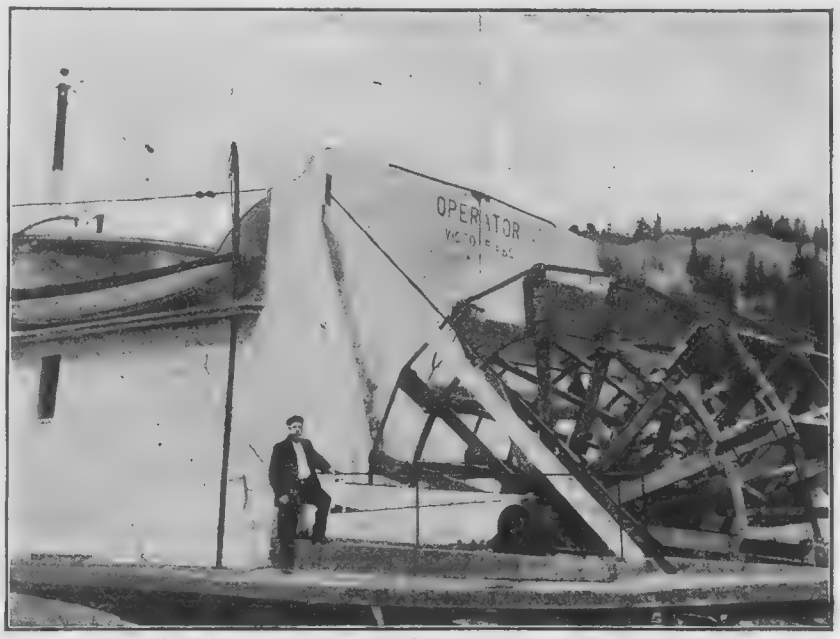
Critic.

Requires Consideration

Man., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Having been an interested reader of your valuable paper for some time, especially the correspondence column, I hope you will spare me a little space for a "wee' bit talk too. I think your new topic on marriage an excellent one, in my opinion, it is one that should be spoken of much more, for I am afraid too many enter into the contract with too little thought, consequently there are a great many failures. If a couple would just realize that neither one can be perfect and give and take in proportion, I think there need be little trouble. I do not think there is anything sweeter on earth than a loving, happy home, and nothing more wretched than an unhappy one. But we should remember that each one must do their part. I neither dance nor play cards, I am very fond of music and singing, and any other innocent amusements. I would be pleased to correspond with "Black Knight,, or "Confirmed Bachelor," if they would write first. My address will be with the Editor. Wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself,

A Manitoba Girl.



A wheel which helps to build a great Canadian Railway. Fraser River, B.C.

An Eastern Correspondent

Ont., June, 1913.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your happy paper, and thus I come to enter your merry little circle. I am a Toronto girl, but I have many friends in Western Canada, and hopes to visit them soon. I was brought up on a farm, where I spent my school days, and although I have lived in Toronto for several years, I still like country life best. I cordially invite any of the young men or women of the correspondence circle who would care to write to me to do so and I will assure them of a prompt reply. I think the correspondence column is a grand idea, as it enables those who are far from friends or neighbors to hear from many interesting people, and thus make life wherever God may have placed us, brighter and happier for all concerned.

Scotch Bluebell.

Would Scotch Bluebell kindly send her name and address please?

A Pill for All Seasons. Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Aretic temperature. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

PLEASE PUBLISH MY TESTIMONIAL

So Other Sufferers Will Take "Fruit-a-tives" And Be Cured,

Gratitude — heartfelt gratitude — prompted this letter. Madame Langlois was so thankful to "Fruit-a-tives" for restoring her to health and strength, that she gladly allowed her letter to be published.

MADAME VALERE LANGLOIS

ST. ROMUALD, QUE., SEPT. 23rd. 1912.

"I have pleasure in stating that I have been cured of severe Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation by using "Fruit-a-tives." I was a terrible sufferer from severe Constipation for many years, and I tried every remedy I heard of, and also was treated by physicians without any permanent benefits.

Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives", and this fruit medicine has completely cured both the Constipation and Indigestion.

I cannot praise "Fruit-a-tives" enough".

MADAME VALERE LANGLOIS.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50—trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE WORLD'S WORK DEPENDS ON THE WORLD'S DIGESTION

From the captain of industry to the hod carrier—from milady in the auto to the woman with the scrubbing brush—the accomplishments of every one of us depend absolutely on the accomplishments of our stomachs. Backed by a good digestion, a man can give the best that is in him. When his stomach fails, he becomes a weakling.

To this loss of power no one need submit. Right habits of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, aided by Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, will restore and maintain the full efficiency of the human mind and body.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start, to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.

If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. 50c. at your druggist's National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 145

C. & G. KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL

WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

Prompt and reliable, *for Ladies.* The only genuine. *AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation.* Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles 40c and 90c. Agents: *THE GORDON-MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg.* Mfrs.: C. & G Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

The Weary Work;
To get respite
He will not shirk,
But use Fluxite.

It is an easy matter to repair pots and pans, and other articles with

FLUXITE

The paste flux that
SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

With a little Fluxite and solder the work is done in a few minutes. Both amateurs and mechanics use Fluxite in all parts of the world.

Of Ironmongers and Stores in small and large tins.

The "Fluxite" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

Sample Set Postpaid Direct $1.32

Auto-Controller Co., 268 Vienna Rd., Bermondsey, Eng.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

A Reply to "A Young Sufferer."

Winnipeg, July, 1913.

In reply to your letter in the current issue of The Western Home Monthly. It is a subject of great importance on which you touch, and which can hardly be discussed in such short space. Decidedly, as a man of some experience, I should say your mother was to blame. The greatest error of which a parent can be guilty is of expecting to keep a girl innocent through ignorance. It has been proved, and the result is before us every day, that as soon as the severe restrictions can possibly be evaded, the natural tendency is to fly to the other extreme. It has degenerated from a platitude to a truism that all or nearly all clergymen's sons are notorious for a life the reverse of that for which they were intended. It is human nature. Parents must take into consideration the temperaments of their children; unfortunately parents are generally ignorant of how to treat children, especially is this true of people who have been "buried" in the country and fed on a narrow religion. These restrictions placed on the young can lead only to one thing, deception. It is unnatural to expect "old heads on young shoulders." A youth has a right to expect the pleasure of that age. "Young Sufferer," you have but another year before you can act for yourself; possess what patience you can in the meantime, do nothing that would give people occasion to comment, then, strike out for yourself, first making yourself proficient in something. In the meantime I would suggest that you speak to your parents, remind them that you are not a child, that you have certain rights, and that the rebellion which must necessarily arise from such repression, can but result in adverse action. I, personally, am of that school that believed that the duty between parent and children is reciprocal, that if the parent fails the child is exonerated from cavil or faults. When parents bring children into the world their responsibilities are greater than such parents think of. This is a long and great subject, too deep for the average. I can only in finishing say that "Young Sufferer's" parent or parents are to be strongly reprehended, and through ignorance and narrowness are driving this young lady into those deceits from which in their gross ignorance they are trying to protect her. If you care to write to me do so care of the Editor.

L. K.

Vote as You Pray

By F. A. Conners

We've got a class of men to-day,
Who go to church and sing and pray,
Then go away to scoff and sneer,
And vote for whisky, wine and beer;
Yes, vote for whiskey, gin and rum,
And then they pray, "Thy kingdom come."
They claim to be of God's adoption,
But vote against the "Local Option."

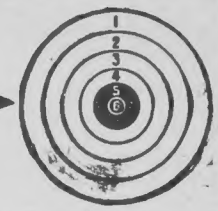
Is there a son from Erin's Isle
Who is so wretched, base and vile?
Is there a son of Scotland fair,
Who'd stoop to such, or even dare?
Is there a son of English birth,
Or such a soul in all the earth,
Who'd dare to bear such fearful blame,
Support such infamy and shame.

If such there be, go mark him well,
He clears the way to death and hell,
For in God's Holy Word 'tis given,
"No drunkard shall inherit heaven."
May God enable all to see,
That such a Christian could not be,
But men shall reap just what they sow.

No agency between the poles
Has cursed and wrecked more homes and souls;
And yet we have this bar-room den,
By vote of so-called Christian men;
Such temperance men we have enough,
God give us those of nobler stuff,
Who will upon election day
Vote just exactly as they pray.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

The Stomach Is the Target



Aim to make that strong—and digestion good—and you will keep well! No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his stomach. With stomach disordered a train of diseases follow.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

makes the stomach healthy, the liver active and the blood pure. Made from forest roots, and extracted without the use of alcohol. Sold by druggists, in liquid form at $1.00 per bottle for over 40 years, giving general satisfaction.

If you prefer tablets as modified by R. V. Pierce, M. D., these can be had of medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50c in stamps.

Special Advice for Men

Vitality Restored by New Method

MANLY MEN ARE THE WORLD'S POWER TO-DAY

The little book described below (which I gladly send free, sealed by mail, to any young or elderly man anywhere), contains in its 86 beautifully illustrated pages, everything a man need know with regard to certain strictly personal subjects, and as a guide through his entire life, from the delicate period of youth when wholesale advice is most needed, on through early manhood to a ripe, vigorous, healthy old age. Over a million of these books have been thus distributed by me all over the world. Therefore, please use coupon below and get YOUR free copy by return mail. SANDEN CO., DISTRIBUTORS.

Do you know, my friend, that there is a wonderful new way to apply a certain, great, natural FORCE to your body and by which you may, without effort, trouble or inconvenience, treat your own self in the privacy of your home for debility and lost vitality, without using a single drug or medicine? This great FORCE as a restorer of vitality and as a means to overcome those weaknesses which result from indiscretions and unnatural practices, is to-day being used all over the civilized world, and I give it as my honest opinion, based upon a vast observation and study, that any man anywhere, who leads a decent, manly life and who applies this marvelous FORCE in a scientific and rational way, can without employing a single drug, be restored again to a state of perfect, rugged health and vigor, without a remaining ache, pain or weakness.

As we all know, these various debilitating weaknesses handicap a man in every condition of life, while, on the other hand, a perfect specimen of vigorous, robust, lusty manhood is ever admired by both women and men alike, while, of course, it is certainly only such a man who can attain the really great successes of life. Therefore, I say to you, no matter what your size, whether you are small or large, no matter what your occupation, no matter whether you are a college graduate or working on the farm or in the factory, no matter whether you are young or elderly. It is all a question of your vigor and your vitality, and if I can give you a good, abundant supply of this same great power of VITAL FORCE, then it is easy to believe that I can completely restore your vigorous health, can overcome the evil effects of past indiscretions, so you will be exactly the same in your influence over people, exactly the same in your manly bearing as other manly, strong-nerved, warm-blooded fellows of your acquaintance.

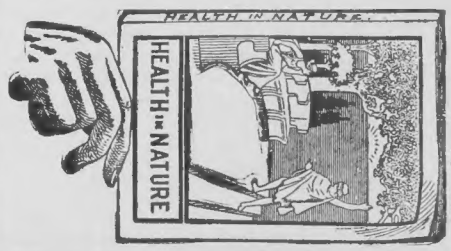
With an idea of attaining all this for you, I recommend you to investigate a simple little VITALIZING APPLIANCE of my invention, which I am now sending out in great numbers for use by men everywhere who need new manly strength. This little VITALIZER is very light, weighing only several ounces, and can be worn without any one suspecting that you are wearing it. You buckle it on your body upon going to bed and take it off mornings. Thus, while you sleep it sends its wonderful power which I call VITALITY or VITAL FORCE, into your blood, nerve and organs. Users say it takes pain and weakness out of the back upon one application, and further say 60 to 90 days' time is sufficient to restore a state of health, strength and vigor. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but want you to first send for my book that you may learn all about the whole wonderful subject, and why I get such quantities of testimonials from users everywhere telling of results after drugs completely and utterly fail.

NOTE—With special attachments my VITALIZER is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness and general ill-health. Please write for book to-day, or, if near by, I should like you to call. Hours—9 to 6, Sundays excepted.

Use Coupon; Get Free Book

Remember, the little illustrated book which I send free, sealed by mail, as per coupon below, not only fully describes my VITALIZER, telling of a special offer by which you may get one on special terms for use in your own case, but contains a great fund of private advice for men, some good wholesome cautions, and a lot of general information that may be of value to you to the end of your days. Therefore, please write today.

W. A. SANDEN CO., 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Dear Sirs,—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free, sealed.

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Household Suggestions

WHAT TO PUT IN THE COOKIES.

In these days of small flats and houses, with scant pantry room, those who are within reach of confectioner shop or grocery store too often learn to depend on bought cake. Possibly it may be cheaper to buy than bake, as so many claim, but did you ever notice how quickly the family tires of the cheap bought cakes and biscuits? Every kind seems in the end to taste the same, and the effort to get something different, as a rule, results in the buying of what is much more expensive and much less satisfying than the home-made article.

A jar or tin of home-made cookies can be tucked away in the smallest kitchenette. As the cookies will keep indefinitely they can be prepared when the oven is not needed for other things, and the housekeeper is not too tired to enjoy making them.

If time and strength are not sufficient for rolled-out cookies, try some of the recipes for little drop cakes. You will still have the same result, a store of dainty morsels ready for any caller who drops in for five o'clock tea or an inexpensive treat for the children, large and small.

Just a couple of warnings before I give you some favorite recipes. Thoroughly chill any mixture you wish to roll out thin. If you do not you will have to add so much flour as to harden and spoil your cookies. Be sure to have an airtight receptacle for these little cakes when cooked, even if you have to turn out the family cookie jar and substitute a tin biscuit box

Spice Cookies—Half a cup molasses, quarter of a cup sugar, one and one-half tablespoons butter, one and one-half tablespoons lard or dripping, one tablespoon milk, two cups of flour, half a teaspoon soda, half a teaspoon salt, half a teaspoon ground cloves, half a teaspoon ground cinnamon, half a teaspoon grated nutmeg. Heat molasses to boiling, add sugar, shortening, and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Chill thoroughly. Take small portion out on floured board, roll as thin as possible, cut in rounds, place on buttered baking tin and bake in a moderate oven.

Rice Cookies—Half cup butter, one-third of a cup of sugar, one egg well beaten, three-quarters of a cup of flour, half a teaspoon vanilla, raisins, nuts, or citron. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, egg, flour, and vanilla. Drop from tip of spoon in small portions on buttered sheets two inches apart. Spread thinly with knife first dipped in cold water. Put raisins, almonds, blanched and cut in strips, or citron cut in small pieces on each cookie.

Hermits—One-third cup butter, two-thirds cup sugar, one egg, two tablespoons milk, one and three-quarters cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one third of a cup of raisins stoned and cut in small pieces, half teaspoon cinnamon, quarter teaspoon each of cloves, mace and nutmeg. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then raisins, egg well beaten, and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Roll not too thin. Bake in moderate oven.

Chocolate Cookies—Half cup butter, one cup sugar, one egg, quarter teaspoon salt, two ounces chocolate, two and a half scant cups of flour, two teaspoons baking powder, quarter of a cup of milk. Cream butter, adding sugar gradually, egg well beaten, salt, and chocolate melted. Beat well and add flour sifted with baking powder, alternately with milk, Chill, roll very thin, shape with small cutter, first dipped in flour; bake in moderate oven.

Rice Cakes—Half a pound of rice flour, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, one egg. Beat butter to a cream, stir in rice flour and pounded sugar, moisten the whole with the eggs well beaten. Roll out, cut in small rounds, and bake in a very slow oven twelve to eighteen minutes.

THE ART OF FRYING.

A French chef recently said that the average English cook could no more fry than she could fly. The statement was a sweeping one and not perhaps just, yet there are very many households in which a piece of fried fish comes to the table in whitish grey slices or flakes, with here and there a bit of brown. When other things are fried they are sodden and nasty or over-cooked and greasy.

Now this is the season when, if ever, fried food is palatable and wholesome. It will often tempt children and older persons to eat the fat they need in cold weather when in simpler forms they turn from it in disgust.

The first requirement for success is sweet, pure fat. Some people think any scraps of fat which cannot be used in any other way is good enough for frying. Others think that to succeed they must use the best of butter. Neither extremes is wise, butter scorches too quickly to be used alone, while any fat having a disagreeable taste becomes still stronger when heated and flavors everything cooked in it.

The Best Medium.

The best medium for what may be called rough frying—that is to say, the frying of dishes which are in every day use—is classified dripping. Never on any account use dripping which has not been clarified. Never use lard, which leaves an unpleasant flavor, but render out all beef and mutton fat and keep that for frying. The mutton fat burns less quickly than the beef, and a mixture is good. A pure vegetable oil will become hotter than any animal fat before burning, but for ordinary use it is as yet difficult to secure pure and is more expensive than the dripping.

After every frying, pour warm water into your fat, stir well and set it aside until it is cold. Then run off the water, scrape the cake of dripping which remains, and start again with your fat fresh and clean.

Deep Frying Most Economical.

Do not be stingy with the fat. It is a mistake to think that frying in a shallow frying pan with a small quantity of fat is economical. Deep frying, which means frying in sufficient fat to cover what is fried, and a pan deep enough to contain it, is much more economical. The fat can with occasional additions be used over and over again, and if properly heated does not soak into the food which comes out quite dry.

Whatever You Fry, However You Fry, First Heat Your Fat.

Use iron or steel pans, as enamel cracks and solder melts under the intense heat. When you are going to fry, set your fat to melt slowly at the back of the stove. Then draw it to a hot place and bring it quickly to the boil, watching it all the time. When it stops bubbling and is quite still, with a thin blue smoke beginning to rise, it is ready for frying, and never before. The failures are the result of using fat that is only half heated. A special thermometer would, if used at this moment, show you that the temperature is 350 degrees or more. A more homely test is to drop in a piece of bread, taking it out in half a minute. If it is crisp the fat is about 350 degrees or more. This is the moment to begin frying. Throw in one piece at a time of the food to be cooked, waiting a moment between each that the fat may regain its heat.

Never take fried things out with a fork, as the prongs breaking the hard surface let the fat through to the inside. Use a frying basket for delicate things, or a fish slice, skimmer or iron spoon for others. For fritters the basket cannot be used as they stick to the wires.

When lifted from the fat place all fried things in a wire sieve, set on a plate or on sheets of clean paper, and set in the mouth of the oven. Keep hot.

Serve Very Hot.

All fried dishes should be served very hot. If you have them in a cold place they will turn limp and clammy.

Most things which are fried are coated with eggs and bread crumbs or flour and milk, or a batter, in order that the fat may be kept out and the juice kept in. The essential thing is to cover them completely and leave no crack. Fish may be wiped and covered lightly with flour, and vegetables well dried in a cloth. Before dropping in anything containing much water, lift the pan off the stove as the fat is likely to bubble over and catch fire.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

BEET AND CELERY SALAD

Cook till tender 4 large beets; peel and let cool; chop fine; take all the coarser stalks of a head of celery; chop fine, and add to beets. Use following Salad Dressing:

1-3 cupful granulated sugar
Small piece butter
½ teaspoonful pepper
1 teaspoonful salt
1-3 cupful white wine vinegar
2-3 cupful cold water
2 well beaten eggs
1 teaspoonful mustard

Mix and cook in a double boiler till thick, stirring frequently to keep it smooth; when cool add to beets and celery. A little vinegar may be added if sharper taste is desired.

CABBAGE SALAD

5 tablespoonfuls milk or cream
2 eggs
1 tablespoonful sugar
1 teaspoonful mustard
5 tablespoonfuls vinegar
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook until it thickens and pour over the sliced cabbage when cold, or just before serving. For an Egg Pickle thin the dressing with vinegar and milk.

WALDORF SALAD

1 cupful chopped apples
1 cupful chopped celery
½ cupful chopped walnuts
Lettuce and salad dressing

Mix apples, celery and walnuts with salad dressing and arrange on lettuce leaves or in apple shells, made by removing top from red apples scooping out inside (leave sufficient to enable apples to retain shape). Fill with salad and place on lettuce.

SALAD DRESSING

Three eggs, beaten well; mix ½ cupful sugar with 1 large teaspoonful mustard, a little pepper and salt, and stir into beaten eggs and beat again; add melted butter, size of walnut, 1 cupful milk; boil 1 cupful vinegar and stir into it the above ingredients; cook until it thickens.

From Abroad

We relish cheap wine from the hills of Bordeaux,
Because it has come from abroad.
We buy English Cheddar—a cheese, as you know—
Because it has come from abroad.
But tannin and sugar and water, one finds,
Of American make, constitute these French wines;
And New York makes "Cheddars" of numerous kinds;
So they don't always come from abroad!

We buy Lyons silk, for they're awfully swell,
Because they have come from abroad.
We wear French high heels, but you never can tell
Just why they have come from abroad.
We seem to forget that the mulberry grows
From Texas to Kansas; but every one knows
Where the leather from Newark and Omaha goes—
To the makers who use it abroad!

We buy olive oil from Italia fair,
Because it has come from abroad.
For only the genuine can come from there,
Because that, you know, is abroad.
But we seem to forget, when we savor this oil,
That the peanut and cottonseed grow on our soil;
So smug foreign tags their identity spoil,
Just because they don't come from abroad!

Let us come to our senses; we can only dream,
Of things that may come from abroad;
Imported goods may not be just what they seem.
Although they have come from abroad.
We can make better oil, we can make better shoes,
And half as much more than we ever can use.
Let us come to our senses; we can only amuse
The eyes that look on from abroad!

—Edwin W. Jones.

An Inspiring Model

Little Johnnie, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens, which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit on a plan. Going the next morning to the fowl-run, Johnnie's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with the words: "Keep your eye on this and do your best."

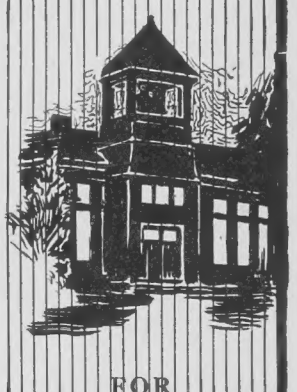
The WONDERFUL LIGHT

Home-Made Gas on the Farm

FOR COUNTRY HOMES

FOR COUNTRY STORES

FOR CHURCHES



FOR SCHOOLS

ARE YOU A SLAVE TO YOUR FARM?

Are your women folk martyrs to your crops or your cows? Are all of you working like Trojans and putting up with inconveniences and discomforts that sap your energy and courage and take the "fun" out of it all.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO RELIEVE THE SITUATION?

Wouldn't you like to take the sting out of the long winter evenings and enjoy all the comforts and advantages of city illumination in your farm home? If so this will be a welcome message to you and your family. Read every word.

WE ARE RURAL LIGHTING CONTRACTORS

We set up and equip individual home gas lighting plants in Farm Houses, Country Stores, Halls, Churches, Schools, Theatres, and rural buildings of every kind.

Over 500,000 of these automatic home lighting systems are now in use and giving immense satisfaction all over the world. More than 3,000 Canadian farmers are at present enjoying the comfort, convenience and economy of this modern "home-made gas."

WE WANT TO DOUBLE THIS NUMBER THIS YEAR

We want to put into your home on special terms and under a rigid guarantee one of our modern simplified gas light plants that will give you the whitest, brightest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory illumination the world has ever known.

No matter where you live we can install in your cellar or outbuilding one of these simple home equipments that with only ten minutes' attention each month will yield a flood of beautiful, white, soft, radiant light for your sitting room, bedroom, kitchen, attic, cellar, barn and dairy—any part of your home or outbuilding where you need light.

This modern system of home-made gas is creating a revolution in farm life. It is giving city comforts and conveniences to prairie homes—adding years to the life and happiness of women and youngsters on the farm. Once installed in your homes you would not be without it for one hundred times its cost.

And this wonderful acetylene light is the simplest, safest and *least troublesome* of all lights to maintain. Anyone can manage it. Yourself, your wife, your child or hired man or woman can operate and understand it and keep it going with less trouble than you can keep a kerosene lamp.

All the attention it needs is to drop a few lumps of fuel in the generator once a month. The rest takes care of itself. Turning a thumb screw and striking a match gives you all the light you want at any time. Cheerful, beautiful illumination in your home will be yours to own and utilize and enjoy for many years.

Are you interested in this modern illumination for your farm home?

Would you consider a proposition to equip your home with one of our acetylene plants under a responsible guarantee and on easy terms of payment?

OUR PROPOSAL

If you will fill out the coupon below and mail to us we will be glad to send you complete information regarding our plans of installing these systems. We will answer fully all questions as to probable cost in the first place and cost by the year to maintain. We will explain in detail the safety, simplicity and eco omy of acetylene gas as sold under our guarantee plan. We can probably refer you to somebody whom you know that is already using this fine light. We will send you a complete explanation of how this light is installed and operated and numerous testimonials from farmers who have used it for years. If necessary we will send one of our lighting experts to talk it over with you. He will give you exact figures as to cost. If you are ready for this great convenience in your home do not lose any time in filling out the coupon and mailing it to us. In return you will get information that will be worth to you hundreds of dollars a year.

ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO. LIMITED

608 LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER BUILDING :: MONTREAL

LAMPLIGHT IS HARD ON THE EYES

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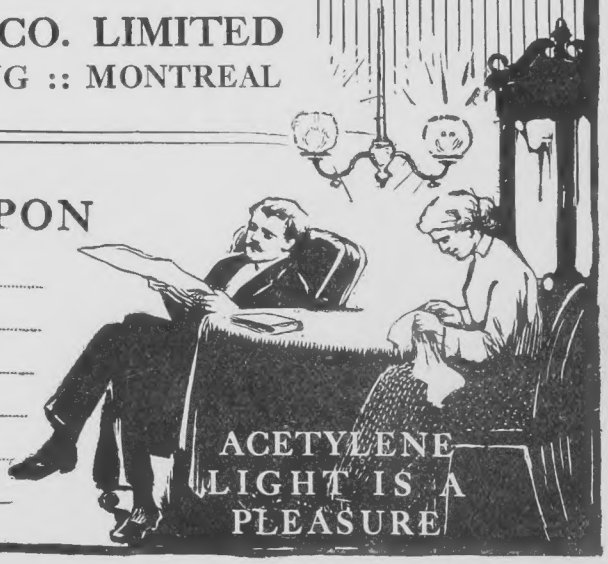
Building to light .....

No. of Rooms .....



ACETYLENE LIGHT IS A PLEASURE

PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"

Ask your dealer